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amráin muiġe seóla.

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IN explanation of the title we make the following excerpt from  
“Onomasticon Goidelicum” :—

*Mag Seola*, al. Uí Briuin Seola: between Loch Riach and  
Ath Cinn (Headford): nearly co-extensive with barony of  
Claregalway: stretching from Clarinbridge to the Northern  
boundary of the parish of Donaghpatrick: the district around  
Cnoc Meadha Seola (Castlehacket Hill): a district bounded by  
Loch Mask and Loch Corrib on the West.

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*ACM*  
*C*

*Costello, Eileen*

# amráin muiġe seóla.

TRADITIONAL FOLK-SONGS FROM GALWAY  
AND MAYO. COLLECTED AND EDITED BY  
MRS. COSTELLO, TUAM.



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## PREFACE.

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IN making this collection of Western Folk Songs I think it well to state at once that until very recently I had no intention of offering them for publication. They were noted down by me at intervals during the past ten or twelve years, partly to satisfy my own longing to acquire an accurate knowledge of the airs, partly also with the intention of doing something to encourage and popularize Irish singing in the schools and Gaelic League Branches in my immediate neighbourhood. When I came to live in Tuam, some fifteen years ago, I had already formed the acquaintance of members of the Hession family of Belclare (beside Tuam) at different Feisanna, had admired the beauty of their singing, and I regarded myself as fortunate in being brought into such close proximity with them. I soon realized that their singing was merely typical of the district to which they belonged, and that I had discovered a rich field of song practically untouched, but in imminent danger of being lost through indifference and neglect. The work of reviving and fostering it was pre-eminently that of the Gaelic League, and the subject was discussed at several meetings of our Gaelic League Branch. The programme we outlined for ourselves was a rather ambitious one, and perhaps somewhat premature, and though so far it has failed of full realization, chiefly for lack of sufficient encouragement from those who should be primarily interested. it may be useful to state here what we purposed doing. The project of starting a school for traditional music was in the air, and we were convinced that the place for starting it, as in the case of the Gaelic Colleges, should be the centre of an Irish-speaking district where the traditional music still survived. Tuam is the centre of an Irish-speaking district with a wealth of traditional music on every side of it; then why not interest the advocates of a school of Irish Music in the claims of Tuam? With this end in view we decided to hold a series of open-air competitions ("Δεμιζεδάττα") throughout the district, at which prizes would be offered for the best singers, and by means of which we should be able to ascertain the material

at our disposal. The prize-winners were to be invited to Tuam when the *seirígeas* were over, to give an exhibition of their talent before a selection of Irish musical experts representative of the whole country, with whom the decision was to be left as to the advisability and means of establishing therein a school of Irish Music. The project of starting the school has never materialized, chiefly for the reason I have stated; but the holding of the competitions brought me into touch with many native singers, and was the first genuine fillip in forming my collection of songs. In speaking of help and encouragement in our efforts, I should like to express here our gratitude to Mr. Edward Martyn, who gave us a generous subsidy for years, and took the keenest interest in our work.

I have said that the collecting and registering of the songs has been a pleasure to me, but the work was not always easy, and it required a certain degree of diplomacy. My husband's profession, however, which brings him into close contact with the people within a ten-mile radius of the town, made matters easier for me than for most people, and tided me over many initial difficulties. The older people who have the songs are often shy of singing them; they feel somehow that their singing is out of date, unappreciated. The children coming home from school with their little anæmic school songs, the youth with their music-hall inanities, combined with the recent introduction of the gramophone, are gradually ousting the popularity of the native music, and the effect is clearly noticeable in many Irish-speaking districts. Perhaps, however, it is less true of this neighbourhood than others, for the country people, as a rule, have a good spirit and will not readily give up their language. Their only fault—and of course it is the most serious of all—is that they are neglecting to speak it to their children, and are thus severing the one link that binds them to their rich traditional past—severing it for something which they will certainly find incomparable to the treasure they will have lost. But even in this matter I think I notice already an improvement; and the proffered encouragement of our new Archbishop and the priests of the district will doubtless soon have a decided effect. The wholesome tradition handed down by such men as the great Archbishop MacHale, Canon Ulick Burke, and John Glynn—all giants in the language movement—still prevails, and the memory of their efforts must always serve as a stimulus to workers in the Gaelic revival.

And quite apart from these human influences there is another of a material yet romantic kind which I must not omit to mention. The

proximity of Knockma—the home of Finvarra and his fairy host—must ever be an inspiration to work for the revival and preservation of the folk-music and folk-lore of the Tuam district. There is not, I suppose, in the whole of Ireland another place figuring so largely in the realm of traditional song and folk-lore in general as this comparatively insignificant hill of 552 feet. Its summit is occupied by a huge cairn dating probably from the dawn of history. For the benefit of my Tuam readers I shall quote the description of their famous hill given by Sir William Wilde in his “Lough Corrib” (now out of print).

“‘Cnoc Measóð’ (Knockma), the great ‘hill of the plain,’ so conspicuous in the landscape, is about five miles to the west of Tuam, in the barony of Clare and County of Galway; its northern slope is occupied by the woods and cultivated grounds of Castlehacket, the seat of Denis Kirwan, Esq.; and on its summit stands the great cairn within which tradition and ancient history say Ceasair, one of the earliest colonists of Ireland, was interred. Perhaps we do not err in assigning to this ancient burial-place a date anterior to that of any other identified historical locality in Ireland; and hence tradition, as well as popular superstition, has thrown over it the investiture of fairy legend beyond all other places in the country; for here Finvarra, the Oberon of Irish sylvan mythology, holds his court. From this point may be obtained one of the grandest panoramic views in Ireland:—the great plain stretching beneath and around Knockroe; the beautiful Abbey of Knockmoy; the towers and city of the Ford of the Kings; the Tuam of St. Jarlath; the Round Tower of St. Bennan; the ruined keeps of the De Burgos; the ships riding in the Bay of Galway; the Slievebloom and Clare mountains; the blue, island-studded waters of Lough Corrib; and in the far western background, the Connemara Alps, with their clear-cut edges, and their sides momentarily varying in tints from the marvellous atmospheric effects of that region stretching round by the Partry range to the lofty peak of Croagh Patrick; and in the extreme north-western distance the bulky form of Nefin, and even some of the Achill mountains skirting Clew Bay.”

Sir William Wilde wrote out of profound knowledge and a wide and generous understanding. We have had other distinguished visitors to the neighbourhood, notably Thackeray and Sir Richard Burton, whose father was born here, who have not been so appreciative; but they came and went seeing only the surface of things.

I have spoken so much of Tuam, because it is here most of this collection



was made, and I wished to show the influences which have helped, and will continue to help, in keeping the native language and music strong in the district.

And now I must tell how I collected and registered the songs. It was an easy matter once I knew of a singer to get him to call and see me the next time his business brought him to Tuam. Many a pleasant evening have I spent thus—evenings which I could see my visitor also enjoyed, for he was always as enthusiastic as myself, singing and remembering the old songs.

It was my practice to listen to the whole of the song first, then to write down one or two verses, and learn the air on those, paying particular attention to phrasing and tempo. Afterwards I had to hear the whole song again until I was satisfied that I had caught both the air and the emphasis on the words exactly as the singer rendered them. With the simpler songs this was sufficient. I then played it over, wrote down the notes, assigned the words to them exactly as the singer gave them, and finally barred it according to the emphasis. This I found the most difficult part of my work, for in each case I had to give first importance to the words, as the singer himself does. To him the air is only the medium of conveying pleasantly to his audience the story he has to tell, and he will even frequently break off in the middle of a fine phrase to explain some difficulty in the verse.

For the more difficult songs a second or third visit was necessary, and some I had to hear many times before I ventured to write them down.

With regard to others I myself was the visitor, my trips extending from the slopes of Mwaoilrea, overlooking the Killeries, where I listened to *Suibán* *oe búicá* singing of far away Murrisk, down to the little Irish-speaking village of Tawin on the southern borders of the Co. Galway.

The songs most popular still in Connacht are those of the poet Raftery, who died in 1835. It is really wonderful how this poor blind fiddler poet has set all Connacht singing for the past hundred years, and is likely to continue so doing as long as the language lasts. I have been enabled to give eight examples of his poems through the kindness of Dr. Douglas Hyde, who allowed me to use the versions given in his collection of Raftery's poems, published in 1903. As the book is now out of print, I have thought it well to give the complete version of each song as published by Dr. Hyde. One of his most popular songs, which I have not given, is the "*Beán an fíri Ruairí*"; but this air is almost too well known, and has already been printed in the Rev. P. Walsh's excellent collection of Southern Songs, as "*An Capaillín Bón*." (See *Cnuasraíocht beaḡ Ainrián*, Part III.)

Thus after some years I found myself in possession of a goodly number of songs hitherto unpublished, and I determined to make a selection of what I considered the best, and to submit them to the judgment of such experts as Rev. H. Bewerunge of Maynooth, and Dr. Charles Wood, of London. From them I derived many useful hints as to the proper barring of the airs and the modes to which they belong, and received strong encouragement to proceed with their publication. The final decision to publish this volume is due partly to the urgency of those musical friends, partly to the committee of the Irish Folk Song Society, who offered to bring out the book, but more especially to the Rev. Dean Malachy Eaton, of Maynooth, who assisted me from the beginning, and very kindly took upon himself the whole burden of correction and translation and seeing the book through the press. He tells me that in the work of translation (which, by the way, was done merely to meet the wishes of the Irish Folk Song Society) he had the assistance of numerous helpers, and that they do not ask for any thanks from me. The knowledge, apparently, that they may have been instrumental in saving even a few of the old songs is sufficient recompense for them.

I have not considered it advisable to load the pages of the work with grammatical or topographical notes, or to give alternative readings in verses where the singers themselves differed. These I should deem suitable to a text-book, but entirely out of place in a musical volume which I have primarily intended for popular use in the schools and Gaelic League classes of Connacht. For the same reason I have purposely refrained from including in the volume any learned treatise on the old musical modes or on Folk-Music in general.

I have only to thank the many friends who have assisted and encouraged me in the work, the collectors and publishers who have kindly given me permission to use their songs, and more especially the many courteous, generous native singers whose names appear in the volume, and to whose delightful gift of song I gladly attribute whatever charm the book is found to contain.

For myself, the feeling that I have been enabled to follow, however humbly, in the footsteps of such pioneers in the field of Irish Folk Music as Bunting, Petrie, and Joyce, is ample gratification.

eiblin bean míc cóisdealbá.

ԵԱՅՈՒՄ, ՈՏՕԼԱԿՏ, 1918.



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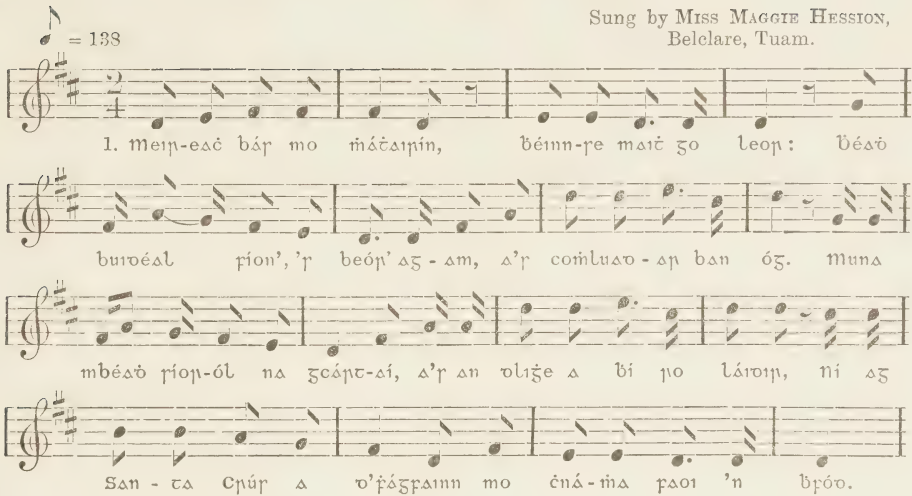


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# 1.—CONNODAE MUIĠEO (i). (THE COUNTY OF MAYO.)

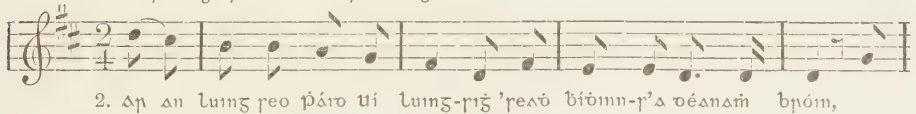


*♩ = 133*

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,  
Belclare, Tuam.

1. Meir-eac bár mo mháistirín, béinn-re maic go leor: Uéadó  
buiséal fíon', 'r beór' ag - am, a'r comhuao - ar ban óg. muna  
mbéadó fíon-ól na gcáirt-aí, a'r an t-úige a bí ro láioir, ní ag  
San - ta Críur a t'ásgfainn mo éiná-má faoi 'n b'róo.

\* For opening of second and following verses.



2. An an luins reo páro uí luins-ris 'reabó bíonn-r' a séanaí bhóin,

Ag ornaigil inr an oirde, a'r ag ríoríol 'ra  
ló;  
Anoir ó dailad m'innleacat a'r mé i b'rao  
óm' muinntir,  
Dair m'fírinne' gur lágad a éaoimínn-re  
Connodae Muiġeo.

3. Agus lioráil mé le "Sergeant," mo éreac!  
agus mo éráb!  
Eug ré leir anonn mé do'n f'rainne agus do'n  
Spáinn:  
Eug ré gunn' ar láim' éam, 'gur cláréam  
fas' ó'n Spáinn,  
'S náir fíl mé féin go mb'féarrr rin ná  
Connodae Muiġeo.

4. So t'agaid Cnoc na Cruaice ar éuairt ag  
an dail mhóir,  
So t'agaid an toimin luára ag buacáill-  
eacat na mbó,  
So t'agaid Cnoc Néifín ar b'ro go loc'éirne,  
ní r'agaid mé go h-éag leat, a Connodae  
Muiġeo.

5. Tá Cnoc na Ceatrainian Caoile riampamail  
go leor,  
Tá ceapca 'gur coilis f'raoic ann, 'r iao ag  
feimne ceoil,  
Tá ubla blarta buiré'ann, tá r'méarca ar  
bárr na g'raob ann,  
'S tá géimneac bó 'r laos ann, ag t'igeadt  
féil' muipe móir'.

\* The remainder of the air as in verse 1.



## TRANSLATION.

1. Were it not for my fond mother's death, I would be in good cheer; A bottle of wine and beer I'd have and the company of maids: Were it not for constant drinking [quarts] and the law that was too strong, In Santa Cruz I would not leave my bones beneath the sod. | 2. On this ship of Patrick Lynch I used to be in grief, Sighing in the night-time, ever weeping in the day: Now since my mind is clouded and my people far from me, In truth, 'tis kindly I'd lament my county of Mayo. | 3. I enlisted with a sergeant, my torment and my woe! He took me with him o'er [the sea] to France and to Spain. A gun he gave me in my hand and a long sword from Spain, And sure, I thought that better than the county of Mayo. | 4. Until Croagh Patrick hill shall come on a visit to Aill More, And the little bunch of rushes go a herding the cows; Until the hill of Neiphin come aboard ship to Lough Erne, I will not part from thee till death, my county of Mayo. | 5. The hill of Carrowkeel is a pleasant place [to see], The grouse and their mates are making music there; There are sweet yellow apples and berries on the branch tops, And cows and calves a lowing there when Lady Day is nigh.

I owe many of the songs in this book to the Hession family. It is famous in Irish-speaking circles. It consists of father, mother, and nine children, all equally proficient in song and story. It is many years now since my little schoolgirl friend, Maggie, used to come in to sing me her Irish songs. She is a dignified young lady now, in charge of a school near Spiddal, where she still continues her good work for the Language, both in her National School and in the Irish College.

She often told me of her grandmother, who was a celebrated singer, and from whom the family learned all their songs. It was the grandmother's father, Pat Greany of Arddrumkilla, who composed the songs, "Σεάξαν ός υα Cιapóυbάιη," No. 12, "Δήμιάν να míne," No. 13, and "Όοctύηη Jennings," No. 26, of this Collection.

This song has many variants, both words and air, and is popular throughout Galway and Mayo. James Hardiman in his "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. i, p. 337, says it was written by Thomas Lavelle, a native of the island of Boffin. A translation appeared in the "Irish Nation" over the name of George Fox. I have been told, however, that Lady Ferguson claimed it as the work of Sir Samuel Ferguson, but that, as George Fox had a hand in it, it was allowed to appear over his name. The translation certainly shows a master hand, and I have given it with the second version of "Connóae mμiζeó," with which it corresponds.


Another version is given by Professor O'Maille, U. C. Galway, in his "Δήμιάν Cláinne Σαεόεαλ," p. 5, consisting of twelve verses. It is there stated that the author was one Cιapctín bpuασαμ.

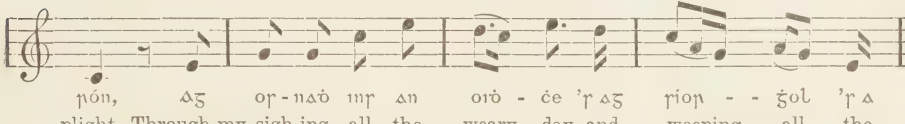
For other versions see:—"Gaelic Songs of the West," by Michael Timony, p. 57; "Ceól Siòe," edited by Norma Borthwick," p. 41; and "Cláiríneac na nSaeòeal," No. 35 (words and air). The English words by George Fox are set to the air, "Billy Byrne of Ballymanus," in "The Irish Song Book," p. 93, edited by A. P. Graves, and an arrangement of the same song is given by Herbert Hughes in his "Irish Country Songs," vol. ii.

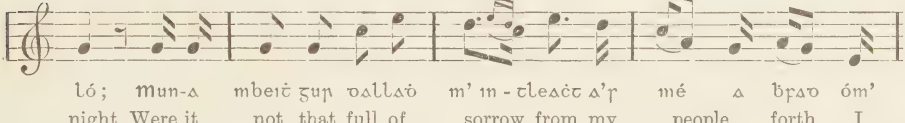
The words of the second air are taken from "Cláiríneac na nSaeòeal," No. 35, published by the Gaelic League, and the air is as the singer, who is a native of Began, Co. Mayo, learned it from his father.

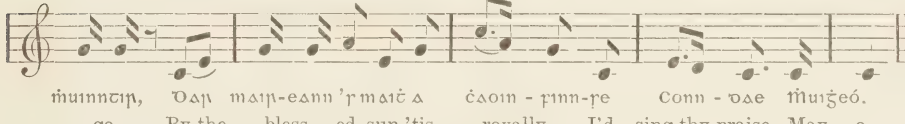
## 2.—CONNDAE MUIGEÓ (ii).

(THE COUNTY OF MAYO.)

 1. Δρ αν lunz reo p̄aro - í loing - re so ḡnim - re an oūb -  
1. On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sit in wo - ful

 r̄on, Δs or - naò m̄r an oib̄ - ée 'r Δs r̄ior - - ḡol 'r Δ  
plight. Through my sigh-ing all the weary day, and weeping all the

 ló; mun - Δ mbeit̄ gur̄ bāllaò m' in - cleact̄ Δ'r mé Δ b̄rao óm'  
night. Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I

 m̄unnt̄ir, Δar̄ mair̄-eann 'r mair̄ Δ éaoin - rinn - re Conn - dae m̄uigeó.  
go By the bless - ed sun 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise, May - o.

2. Δν uar̄ Δ m̄air̄ mo éair̄oe bā b̄réΔs mo  
éuro óir̄,  
O'ólann̄ lionn̄ Spáinneac̄ i gcom̄lusoar̄ ban  
ós,  
muna m̄béaò r̄ior̄-ól na ḡcárta  
'S an ol̄ige beit̄ ró l̄áoir̄,  
ní i Santa Cruz o'f̄ágs̄fainn mo énáma r̄á'n  
b̄róo.

2. When I dwelt at home in plenty and my  
gold did much abound,  
In the company of fair young maids the  
Spanish ale went round.  
'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that  
now I'm forced to go,  
And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz far  
from my own Mayo.

3. Τά γυναικίονα νά ἡ-άτε ῥεο ἀς ἐρηξε ῥό-  
 ῖόν  
 ῥό ἐνοσταδὰ ἀ' ῥ ῥό hair-bag ῥαν τράετ ἀρ  
 βάελαδὰ βρόζ,  
 Ὅδ μαρκαδὸ νοήρα ἀν ἱαυιλ  
 Ὁευνραῖνν νόβς εἰναδὸ  
 μῦνα μβέαδὸ ῥυρ ἐαζαῖρ Ὅδ νομ βεῖτ ἰ  
 ῥεἰανταῖβ ῥά βρόν.

4. Ὅδ μβέαδὸ ῥάορμαῖς λοέλαῖνν 'ν-α ἱαῖλα  
 ἀρ ἱαυιλ ῥο ῥόλλ,  
 Ὁρῖαν τοῦβ ἀ ἐλῖαῖνν 'ν-α ἐῖγεαῖρνα ἀρ Ὁαδὸ-  
 μόρ,  
 Δοῦ τοῦβ μαε ῥῖαυα  
 'ν-α ἐοῖρμέαλ ἰ ῥεῖαῖρα,  
 ἰρ ἀνῖρῖν βέαδὸ μο ἐῖαλλ-ῥα ῥο Connuae  
 ῖννῖεο.

3. They are altered girls in Irrul now, 'tis  
 proud they're grown and high,  
 With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I  
 pass their buckles by;  
 But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will  
 have it so,  
 That I must depart for foreign lands and leave  
 my sweet Mayo.

4. 'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not  
 Earl in Irrul still,  
 And that Bryan Duff no longer rules as lord  
 upon the hill,  
 And that Colonel Hugh O'Grady should be  
 lying dead and low,  
 And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the County  
 of Mayo.

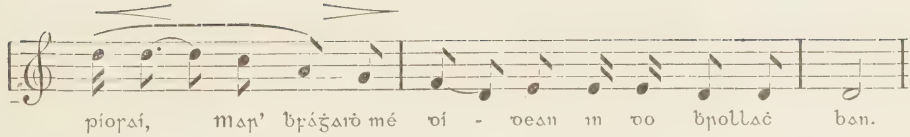
### 3.—mullac mór.

(MULLAGHMORE.)

Sung by Miss MAGGIE HESSON,  
 Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 80$  *Dorian mode.*

1. βῖ μέ οῖο - ἐε ραοῖ φίλ - ε βῖγ-σε ἀρ ἀ' τὸρμαῖν  
 εἰορ ἀρ ἀν μὺλλ-αδὸ μὸρ; ἰρ ἀνν ἀ ὁεαῖρ με' ραν οἶλ - εαδὸ ἀ οῦγ μέ  
 ῥῖαδὸ οἶ, μαρ βῖ ρῖ αοῖβ - ἰνν, οεαῖ ἀ - λῖνν ὅζ. ἰρ τὺ ῥο  
 εἰντε ἀ ἰαῖρβυῖς μ' ἰνν, λεανν νά ρῖον 'ρ νῖ λειγεαῖρὸαδὸ  
 μέ: 'ς ῥο βῖνν μο ἐοῖρθε ἰρ - τῖς 'να μῖ - λε



2. Δι' αν σλέιβ ό'ν σίλινν, ρεαδ βιοννρ μο  
 μίαν-γας,  
 'S ní cób'luigim oíðce, áct ag véanaim  
 b'póin:  
 'Sí com na caoin' í, 'r méara míne,  
 béal tanaité, doibinn, a' r m'eall rí a lán.  
 áct ba éruas' liom uaim tú 'r na gléann-  
 taib uaigneac'  
 ná ceileasdar clúéimh a' r ná ceol na n-éan:  
 'S go mbféar liom go móir-móir a beir rínte  
 ruar leat  
 ná amháin luacímair' ó élan-naib fadéad.

3. Δ'ρ cé fáct μο βυαδάρτα ναδ βρuiγim ceao  
 cuairte  
 go 'oí an baile úo éiof ann a b'pail mo  
 g'rád:  
 Tái m ar uac'tar, a' r míl ar luac'raib,  
 Δ'ri o'ar an fóg'mair a b'iof na ba ó'á mblea-  
 g'ain.  
 bíonn báibín laoiğ ann, bíonn b'ric 'na luigé  
 ann,  
 Δ' r an eala doibinn ar an loc, 'r í ag  
 r'naíh.  
 'S óá mbéinn fáctac c'pionna béad mo f'arò-  
 b'p'ear véanta,  
 agur ceao rínte le mo múirín b'án.

4. Δ εúilpíonn péacaé, an b'pail tú ag éir-  
 teact  
 le g'ac don ruo a b'pail mé a ráó?  
 Oá mbéinn 'mo éléipeac in don é'arpo o'  
 éipinn,  
 leat an méio rin, ní féar'paimn r'g'riob'.  
 ní ba, ná caoirig, a bí mé a' fannu'g'ac,  
 áct an cailin cumarac a bí lán te meon,  
 'S an m'aignean m'uinte óf cionn na cúirte,  
 a béar'p'ac róg'ar oam ag t'g an óil.

1. It was the evening of St. Brigid's Feast Day,  
 I went to a wake down at Mullagh More:  
 My love I saw there, and my heart's torment,  
 The freshest beauty that eyes beheld.  
 My soul was slain there by you, my fair love,  
 Nor wine nor whiskey can give me rest:  
 And a heart once careless will break with  
 yearning,  
 If it find not refuge in your white breast.

2. To the far off mountain my thoughts fly  
 countless,  
 And I sorrow all through the sleepless night.  
 Ah! slender her waist is, her fingers graceful,  
 And her sweet mouth lures with bewitching  
 smile.  
 The glens are lonely, and miss you more than  
 The cloistered choirs of the feathered throng,  
 And my heart desires more to be beside you,  
 Than all the raptures of Gaelic song.

3. All day I mourn that I cannot go there,  
 To visit my love 'mid the pleasant meads;  
 'Mid cream and butter and hives of rushes,  
 And milking cows in the autumn eves.  
 'Mid young calves leaping and trout in the  
 streamlets,  
 And a lake where white swans proudly glide;  
 And though I wished for a miser's riches,  
 I'd stretch content there with you beside.

4. Head proud and haughty, hair crowned and  
 faultless!  
 Oh, hear me calling, for pity hear.  
 Were I a scholar renowned for knowledge,  
 Not half so much could my passion speak.  
 'Tis not for kine or for flocks I'm pining,  
 But a comely maid of capricious mind,  
 Beyond court ladies, in whose embraces  
 A solace deeper than drink I'd find.



I have heard that the author of this song was one Dominic Cosgrave (Cofzpač), but I do not know anything of him. I think Mullac mór is the place of that name in Co. Sligo, although there is a Mullac mór near Tuam, once one of the strongholds of the O'Kellys.

For other versions of this song see Professor O'Maille's "Δημιάν Κλάννε Ξεούεαλ," No. 15; "Gaelic Songs of the West," by Michael Timony, p. 21; also Céao de Čeóltaib uilaó," by Énrí ó Muirghearda, pp. 50 and 216.

I wrote down another version from Pat O'Neill, Drumgriffin, near Annaghdwn.

I have appended to this song a metrical translation, kindly done for me by a distinguished friend whose modesty will not allow him to have his name appear. A few other metrical translations, which I have thought well to insert, are from the same gifted pen.

#### 4.—Δ ÓΞΗΔΙΞ ΥΔΑΙΛ.

(OH, GENTLE YOUTH.)

♩ = 88

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,  
Belclare, Tuam.

1. Δ Ó-ΞΗ-ΔΙΞ ΥΔΑΙΛ! ΕΑΡ ΕΟΘΑΙΛ - - - ΤΥ Δ - ΡΕΙΡ? ΔΡ

ΕΟΛ-ΒΑ ΘΕ ΘΟ ΛΕΑΡ-ΕΙΘΗ, - - Δ'Ρ ΝΙΟΡ ΔΙΜΙΞ - - - ΤΥ ΜΕ. ΘΑ ΜΒΕΑΘ

ΡΙΟΡ ΔΡ ΜΟ ΛΕΑΤ-ΕΙΘΗ Δ-ΞΑΤ - - ΘΕΑΤΗΑΝ Δ ΞΕΟΥΛΟΕΑΘ - ΘΟΪΥΙΛΝΕΑΛ, ΞΞΥΡΒΕΘΟ

ΕΟΗ-ΡΑ ΒΙ 'ΘΥΛ ΑΝ ΒΕΑΛΑΕ, Δ Θ'ΦΑΞ ΑΝ ΑΡΗΑΙΝΞ - ΡΕΟ Ι' ΜΟ ΕΔΟΙΒ.

2. Nuair a éirísim-re ar mairin, 'r é mo  
 páirtin mo óéir,  
 'S nuair a luísim-re ar mo leabaib, bim as  
 oirdeáil ó! go móir,  
 Tá srúas mo éinn as tuitim  
 a' r as iméadé ó! mar an gceol,  
 'S gur le cuimh mór 'eo óiaib, a rtoirín,  
 ní béir mé i b'ao beo.

3. Tógfaib mé mo feóltá go tóitíe seoiḡeac  
 go moé ar mairin,  
 ar cuairt éirí mo míle rtoirín, 'r go deo  
 deo ní filleao abailé.

nac cuma liom céaró óéarpar donnuine  
 nuair nac noéarparó mo ḡrób raié.  
 déet má 'r rinn-e a ruḡaó o'á ééile,  
 fearaib éiréann ní éuirfeao eoiruinn.

4. b'feairi liom fear ar rógnaib, lá an  
 rógmair 'r an eairiaḡ:  
 'Sé a bairfeao óam an eóina, a' r a éóiré-  
 óad na bearta.  
 míle b'feairi liom buacail óḡ,  
 muna réititíeao ré déet mo leabaib,  
 ná raibbair seoiríe o'fáḡail i ḡeoiríe  
 le rean-bairteabailé.

## TRANSLATION.

1. Ah! gentle young man, where slept you last night? On the side of your bed, and you heeded me not. Did you know my affliction, not a wink you'd have slept, 'Twas your bier going the way, left this pang in my side. | 2. When I rise in the morning my prayer is a tear. When I lie on my bed 'tis sadly I moan; My hair is now falling, and going like the mist, And through grief for you, darling, I shall not long live. | 3. I will hoist my sails for Joyce country at early morning, To visit my thousand treasures, and home I shall never return. What matters to me what any one says, when my love says not a word? But if we were born for each other, all Ireland would not separate us. | 4. I would prefer a useful man, in autumn-time or spring, Who would cut for me the barley, and tie it up in sheaves. I'd far prefer a young boy, were he only to make my bed, Than the riches of George in coaches, along with an old widower.

For another version of this song see "Gaelic Songs of the West," p. 30, by Michael Timony; "Amráin Élainne ḡaeóeal," by Professor O'Maille, p. 92, v. 2, and p. 99, vv. 4 and 5; "An Ulreós," an Ulster song-book by Donnódo ó Seaircaḡ, p. 5, v. 2; also "An Fíbin," by An ḡruaḡac b'an, p. 10, v. 4.

There are two airs, Nos. 1571 and 1572, given in the "Complete Petrie Collection," which are evidently meant for another version of the same song.

## 5.—ΣΟ ΟΤΑΞΑΙΟ ΑΝ ΝΟΟΛΑΙΞ.

(TILL CHRISTMAS COME.)

♩ = 132

Sung by Mrs. Hession, Belclare,  
Tuam.

ΣΟ ΟΤΑΞΑΙΟ ΑΝ ΝΟΟ - ΛΑΙΞ 1 ΞΕΑΡΤ-ΛΑΡ - - ΑΝ

ΤΡΑΜΠΑΙΟ, 'Σ ΣΟ ΝΟΕΑΝΑΙΟ ΜΕ ΟΕΞ - ΡΑΡ Ι ΛΑΡ ΛΟΕΑ

ΚΙΔΒΑΙΞ, Δ'Ρ ΣΟ ΒΡΑΡΑΙΟ ΝΑ ΡΕΑΜΠΑΙΞ Ι ΞΕΛΑΡ - Δ - ΕΑΙΟ ΜΟ

ΕΟΜΠΑΝΝ, ΡΑΙΡΤ ΟΕ ΟΟ ΞΡΑΟ 'Σ ΝΙ ΦΑΞΡΑΙΟ ΡΕ ΜΟ ΕΡΟΙΟΕ.

2. ΜΟ ΒΡΟΝ ΑΡ ΑΝ ΗΞΡΑΟ ΡΕΟ, ΙΡ ΞΑΛΙΑ ΔΞΥΡ Ο'ΦΑΞ ΡΕ ΜΟ ΕΕΑΝΝ ΒΟΕΤ ΞΑΝ ΡΙΥ ΑΝ  
 ΟΥΒΑΕ Ε: ΟΥΝΡΑ ΟΕΙΛΛΕ  
 Ο'ΦΑΞ ΡΕ ΜΟ ΕΡΟΙΟΕ ΒΟΕΤ ΕΟΜ ΟΥΒ ΛΕΙΡ ΑΝ ΔΞΥΡ Μ'ΙΝΤΙΝΝ ΔΕΡΑΕ ΔΞ ΕΑΛΥΞΑΟ ΥΑΙΜ.  
 ΝΞΑΛ,

## TRANSLATION.

1. Till Christmas come in the middle of summer, Till I make a swift race through the depths of Loch Reagh, Till the shamrocks shall grow on the boards of my coffin, No part of your fond love will fade from my heart. | 2. My grief on this love ! 'tis a mournful disease. It has left my poor heart as black as the coal. It has left my poor head without one ounce of sense there, And my light airy spirit departing from me.

Although I made exhaustive inquiries, I could not find any other verses of this song, nor does it seem to be known to any one but the Hession family.

## 6.—CAISLEÁN UÍ NEÍLL (i).

(CASTLE O'NEILL)



1. 1. CAIS - leán uí neíll - (o) - tá an éadó beán bain  
 vion - - ra mo fhúad, mo éradh go bprádh mé - - , má  
 ghrúim - re Δ caithfe níor mó.

2. A éirle 'sur a éirce!  
 ní féoir go dtug tú dom cúl,  
 tá mo éumann leat réidh [ó],  
 'Sé mo léan gearr mar éannaic mé tú.

3. Tá na gearróiní 'n-a bprádh,  
 a mhíle gearr gearr, ó o'imeis tú uaim;  
 tá na h-ábaimn' as uil le rannaidh  
 'San áit i bprádh bláit uilleabhar na  
 gearradh.

4. Níor éadar ceól cláiríge  
 'Oul an t-ppáio reo, ná ceileabhar na n-éan,  
 ó o'imeis mo gearr uaim,  
 cúl áluinn, go CAISLEÁN UÍ NEÍLL.

1. In Castle O'Neill  
 An enchantress has changed me with spells,  
 My doom be declared  
 If ever I court her again.

2. My heart-beat, my treasure!  
 From me you have hidden your face.  
 Our love-time is ended,  
 My grief! that my eyes on you gazed.

3. The gardens are waste-land,  
 Bright love, since you fled from the bowers.  
 The rivers are straying,  
 Dead leaves strew the beds of the flowers.

4. I hear no harp's music  
 On the street nor the piping of birds,  
 Since vanished the beauty  
 To Castle O'Neill, whom I loved.

This song seems to be equally well known in the provinces of Munster and Connacht. There is a fine version given in the second part of "Poets and Poetry of Munster," edited by Dr. Sigerson (Éireannaic), p. 82.



The above version was given me by the Rev. M. J. Conroy, P.P., Kilmeena, Co. Mayo, and he told me he learned it from an old woman in Connemara.

Nos. 7 and 8 are Tuam variants of the song. It is interesting to note the change from *bean* (in all the other versions) to *buacáillín* (in No. 8).

For other versions see "Love-songs of Connacht," by Dr. Douglas Hyde, p. 22, vs. 2 and 3, p. 26, v. 5; "The Irish Review," June, 1912; also "Céad oíche Ceóltaibh Uile," p. 76.

An air of this name was printed by Bunting in his first volume of airs, 1797.

### 7.—CAISLEÁN UÍ NÉILL (ii).

(CASTLE O'NEILL.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,  
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Δ cúir - le 'gúr Δ ann - ráé! 1 tóir Δ'

τραμή-ραϊό - - τὰ νῆλαιρ - τεὰ λιόν [Ó] - ρίρ σο τῖρ

Δηλῆσῶ, 'S σο μβέδομυρ ann ρὺλ τὰ ν-έιρῖςεσθ αν ορῦέτ.

2. Ní ba, caoiriḡ, ná gáimna  
Δ fannuiḡ mé leat mar rphé,  
Δét mo tὰ láimh raii vo éann,  
mar iḡ tú cpaob álunn aḡ Cairleán uí  
néill.

3. Tà an gáirínn reo 'n-a fárac,  
Δ míle gáob bán, aḡur mipe liom féin.  
Tà an t-uballtóirín reo aḡ fár ann,  
'S an bláé bán ar bapraib na gcpaob.

4. Δét tὰ bḡéacá Δ cúir i gcéill tam,  
Deamán Δ b' féiríρ liom cooḡsá ḡo crínn;  
Δét arpaing ó mḡé ar  
An té Δ éuair 'cúir ioríρ mé aḡur tú.

1. My heart's love, I'm calling,  
In the young summer days let us speed  
Away down to Tirawley  
Ere morning spreads dew on the fields.

2. No dowry I hope for  
Of sheep, or cattle, or lands,  
But my two hands supporting  
Your head like the clustering branch.

3. The garden is waste-land,  
Bright love, and lonely I keep.  
One apple-tree waves there,  
White blossom is strewn on its leaves.

4. Ah, if I heard you calling,  
No quiet of sleep would I know.  
But sorrow befall him  
Who came between you and my soul.

The following version of the song was written down for me by Mr. Michael Diskin, N. T., Milltown, Tuam, from Simon Steed, Milltown, but I failed to get the air from him :—

1. Τά αν γάιρσίν ρεο 'να πάραδ,  
Δ míle γράδó γεαλ 'γυρ Δ εúιρλín μο έρσοιθε.  
Τά αν υβαλλετόρι Δγ páρ ανη,  
'S αν βλάε βάν έρι βαρραιβ ná γεραοβ.

1. The garden is waste-land,  
Love, that quickened my pulses with pride :  
One apple-tree grows there,  
On its branches the blossom is white.

2. Δ εúιρσ αν τ-ραοξάιλ 'ρ Δ ανηραέτ !  
1 οτúρ αν τραήηραιθ νό αν ηγλωαίρρεά λιον  
    féin,  
Δμαέ ρίορ pá ná γλεαννταιβ,  
Δ'ρ βέαθ μυρσ αν ρυλ οά λαβρμυζεαθ ná η-έιν.

2. Oh, come from the castle  
With me when the summer is born,  
Afar through the valleys.  
Ere bird-song has startled the morn.

3. 1ρ Δρ hallaíθ αν τίγε μήοιρ  
'Seαθ 'έοήμμυζεανηρ 'ρ Δ έοολμυζεανηρ μο  
    ξράδó.  
Δ ραήαιλ ní'λ 1 ηέιρμνν,  
Δέε αν ρέατε εόλαιρ bí Δρ αν μβαίλ' ύοαίγ  
    έαλλ.

3. But I cannot follow  
My love to the halls where she shines  
A bright star of knowledge,  
Whose equal no sage has descried.

4. ηίορ έυαλαίθ μέ εεόλ ná γελάιρρεαέ  
Δγ γαβάιλ αν τ-ρράίρσ ρεο μνóε  
    buó binne ná Δ βέίλín,  
Cúl álumnn bí 1 γεαίρλεάν υί ηέίλλ.

4. No minstrelsy joyful  
Of harps I heard going the street,  
So sweet as her voice is,  
My love, that's in Castle O'Neill.

5. Δ'ρ ní ba, εαοίρμγ, ná γεήηνα,  
Δ míle ρτόίρín, Δ fanntóέaíμνν leat féin  
    μαρ ρρρίέ,  
Δέε μο οά λάηη ραοί οο έεανν-ρα,  
'γυρ εεαο εαίμντ' leat γο μβυαίλρθε αν οó  
    όέαγ.

5. And I ask for no dowry  
Of cattle, or sheep, with my bride,  
But my two hands around her,  
And converse of love in the night.

6. Δγυρ εuirim-ρε léan γεάρ γο η-έαγ  
Δρ αν τέ βαιν τόιον μο ξράδó ;  
Αρα ! ρυαίγ μέ έ γο Saρana  
Αη άιτ Δ ηοέανταρ αν ουμεουβ bíονηρ βάν.

6. But sorrow betide him  
Who stole the desire of my soul :  
'Tis my wish I could drive him  
To exile on Sassenach shores.

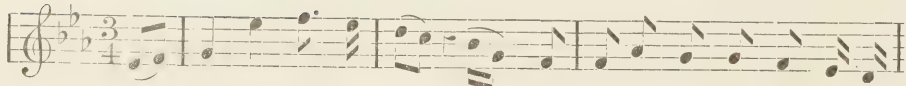
7. Τά long Δρ αν γεείβ ρεο,  
Δ'ρ βέαρραίθ ρί μίρε οο'η Spáíμνν ;  
Δγυρ μά φίλλím ανυαρ γο η-έαγ,  
βέαρραο ρέηίμνν αβαίλε Δγ η.ο ξράδó.

7. On the quay there is riding  
A ship that will bear me to Spain :  
I'll sail to the wild geese,  
Forgetting dead passionate days.

## 8.—CAISTEÁN UÍ NEÍLL (iii).

(CASTLE O'NEILL.)

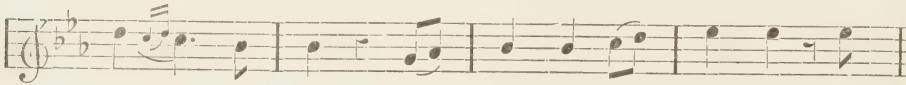
♩ = 72

Sung by MRS. FLANNAGAN,  
Gardenfield, Tuam.

1. Céad rlán do'n oíche' a-réir, 'ré mo léan gan í a - nocht in a



túr, leir an mbuácaill - in rpreaíamail, a b'réasraó mé - - go



vear ar a glúin. mar éir tú orim t' éirí, a



mí - le céad ghráó, ní leat - ra mo rún. ádt céad far - aor



gáir! tá na rleibé' a' uil 'oir mé a'gur tú.

2. Tá an gáirínní reo i n-a fárad,  
A míle ghráó bán, a'gur míre liom féin.  
Tá na póraí ag fáar ann,  
I' b'réasraó d'á b'paca tú ariam.  
Ní cluinnfead ceól cláiríreac  
Uil an t-ghráo reo ná ceól binne na n-éan  
Sur éaluis ré ear fáile,  
Craob álunn go Cairleán uí Néill.

3. Ó i' r' gCairleán uí Néill  
'Tá an péarla bain oíom-ra (ó) mo ghráó,  
Go tuis mé féin rpreir ó,  
'Sé mo léan gáir, 'n gan-fíor do'n tréad.  
Ag teallac tige móir  
'Sead do éimhuigeann a'gur éoluisgeann  
mo ghráó;

A fámaíl ní'l le págáil  
Ádt an réalc éolair 'tá 'ar an mbailé úsais  
éall.

4. Duó míre liom do rógín  
Ná an póir a éagann ar bláct,  
A'r le cuíad mór i noisid mo rógín  
Ní mó ná go gcóuluisim féin tréad.  
Bliadain a'r an oíche a-réir  
'Sead do réad na capaille an fáil,  
A'gur éuair ríad ne léim,  
'Sé mo léan gáir, amac in' an ríad.

5. Ní'l tuile d'á méad  
Nac noéanann real tamall ar tréid;  
Ní'l ann ádt luét b'réas,  
A'gur ní féirir nac b'illiró mo ghráó.

## TRANSLATION.

1. A hundred farewells to last night (Oh, alas!) That this night is not still quite new, With the sportive young swain Who would coax me so nicely on his knee. Since you made me refuse (you) Oh, darling! my love is not yours; But a hundred times pity, The hills stand between me and you. | 2. This garden is grown wild, My fair love! and I am alone. The posies now grow there, The finest that ever you saw. No music of harps will be heard Going this way, nor the sweet song of birds, Since he stole away over the sea The fair branch to Castle O'Neill. | 3. Oh! it is in Castle O'Neill Dwells the pearl that took from me my love; To him I myself gave affection, Unknown to the world, 'tis my grief! 'Tis at the hearth of the big house My love has his dwelling and sleeps. His like there is not to be found, The star of knowledge in that town beyond. | 4. I would think your little kiss sweeter Than the rose that springs from the bud. And with loneliness after my love I hardly can sleep at all. A year ago unto last night, The horses burst out through the hedge. And they went of a leap, Alas! out into the flood. | 5. There is no tide, howe'er great, But it comes in a while to ebb, They are all only deceivers, And it can't be but my love will return.

## 9.—CÚAS AG SORU A' CARNÁIN.

(UP AT GORTHACARNAUN.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,  
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 108$

1. AG - ur cúar ag soru a' cár - náin tá áil - ne ban  
 éir - eann 'S an té a gheobas ó na m á - cair i, buò  
 l á g á e í le b p é a g á o. a' r go r u g mo éirí o e  
 g r á o o í le p á r t o e 'n o i t - é i l l - e, 'S  
 o' é a l u i g r í l e i r a n t á i l l u r u a i m : 'S é p á n - a i o e p e a r é i r e a n n.



2. Νί ἱυῦβαλφαὶὸ μέ νιορ μό αῖ  
 ἡδ βοίτρυβ ρεο ἀγαῖβ-ρε,  
 ἀετ τὸςφαὶὸ μέ μο ρεόλτα  
 ἀμαε ραοὶ na ρλέιβτιβ.  
 ὀλφαὶὸ μέ μο ὀόεαιν Οἰα Οοῖναιξ,  
 'S ní βεῖὸ μέ αῖ ρειρζε,  
 ἡδρ ῖνιλ σο βράξαινν βλαρ το ρόιζιν  
 'S tú mo ρτόιρῖν, α βλάε na ριννε !

3. Τά μο ξηρόο μαρ βλάε na n-άιννε  
 ὕιορ ἀς ράρ ι οτύρ α' τ-ραῖρφαὶὸ,  
 ἡδ μαρ na ραοῖλεάιννινι βάνα  
 ὕιορ ἀς ρνάη αῖ na γλεαννταῖβ.

ἡδ μαρ βέας ξηαν ὀρ οἰονν Εάρναῖν  
 ἡρ na ῖρῖαιε ἀς γαβῖλ τιμέεαλλ,  
 ἡρ μαρ ρύο α ὕιορ μο ξηρόο βάν  
 ἀς οέαναιη ράβαιτε ἐρῖ m'ιντινν.

4. Ἐρεόεαὶὸ μέ ι mβάριαε  
 ἡε ράιννε αν ἡεε ἡλέξιλ,  
 α'ρ οέανφαὶὸ μέ μο οεαξ-ράρ  
 ἀμαε ραοὶ na ρλέιβτιβ.  
 ράξφαὶὸ μέ μο βεανναετ  
 ἀς ἡνῖβ οεαρ' αν τραοξαιρ ρεο,  
 α'ρ οεαῖαν α βρῖλλιὸ α βαιε ὀίον,  
 σο mβιὸ αν βαρρ ἀς ελανναῖβ ἔρπεανν.

## TRANSLATION.

1. Above at Gorthacarnaun Lives a fair Irish lady, And he who will get her from her mother, Must be a kindly lover. And my fond heart gave love to her, With some infatuation; But she abandoned me for the tailor, The weakling of the men of Erin. | 2. And I shall walk no more on These rugged roads of yours; But I shall hoist my sails And speed me towards the mountains. I will drink my fill on Sunday, And yet I will be sober, In hope of tasting your little kiss; For you are my treasure, my fair blossom. | 3. My love is like the sloe bud That blooms in early summer, Or like the snow-white seagulls That poise above the valleys. Or like the sun o'er Carnaun, Dancing in the street around, So does this bright love of mine Keep roving through my reason. | 4. I will rise to-morrow With the dawning of bright day, And I will make a swift race Out around the hills. And I will leave my blessing To the fair maids of this world, And never will I return home, Till Erin's cause has triumphed.

I have not been able to identify the place "Gorthacarnaun" (= the field of the little earn) which gives the title to this song. Though from the root origin of the word there must be many places of the name throughout the West, the singer was not aware of any such place in her immediate neighbourhood.

Some years ago, in looking over newspaper cuttings belonging to the late John Glynn of Tuam, I came across the following fragment. It was taken

from a paper called "The Irish American," and was headed: "Gleanings from the Island of Inismain":—

“Θιοτη β’-λ’-άδα-αν ρίοξ δ’ρ uαράν  
τά ζυιανάν ban έρεανν  
’S αν τέ α ξεοβαρό ι ό ηα μάταιήν  
ηαρ λάξάδ ι le bρέαζαδ  
μαρ έυξ μο έροιθε ζηρό οί  
le πάιρ ve’n οίε-έέιλλε  
Δ’ρ ζυρ ευλαίξ ρί leiρ αν τάλιλιρ  
αν παννιλε αν ρεαρ bρέαζαδ.”

The similarity of the lines to the opening verse of our song is manifest, and suggests to me that possibly "Gorthacarnaun" lies somewhere between Athenry and Oran(-more).

# 10.—μάιρ' ní ζρίοβ'τα.

(MARY GRIFFIN.)

*♩ = 76 Dorian mode.* Sung by Miss MAGGIE HESSON,  
and others.

1. Ó! ζηρό μο έροιθε le m' αν - am έύ Seac - αρ α βρουl  
beo, μαρ ιρ tú α ράβ - άις m' αν - am όom αν λά  
ύο α έάιν - ις μόρ. βί οά έύρ - ρα ceangail - ce  
Δξ - am Δξ - - υρ βαρρ - όξ αρ αν ρεόλ Δ'ρ νίορ  
ρζαρ μέ le ceann ζάλ - ύ - ηα νό ζο ο-τάιν-ις μέ'ρτεαδ'ραν ρόο.

2. Dá bfeicteá-ra báo élaínn' Donnada  
 Dá lú dá oteigeaó rí cum reóil,  
 Plúcpaó rí an fáiyrige  
 A' r ní flúcpaó rí ceann reóil.  
 Ueáó túr ar 'cuile fálá aici,  
 Uá oteigeaó an lá móir,  
 A' r go noiolpaínn mo luicéin móna,  
 A' r mé ag cómpaó le mo rtor.

3. mo xpáó í máir' ní xpíobéa,  
 'Sí buó míne ná na mná,  
 Maí rí náir cús amáin an glóine dom  
 Acé an buoéal a' r é beic lán.  
 Nuair a fílinn oul dá ioc léi  
 Ní óeanaó rí óiom acé xpíann,  
 A' r ní rpaípaó mo xpáó-ra córoce léi  
 So oti an oíóce éar éir mo báir.

4. Ir iomáa rin maíoin Donnada  
 Uí mé rúgaó veap go leor,  
 Ag oul ríor le mo luicéin móna  
 A' r dá cúrra ar an reól móir,  
 Níor géill mé ariáin oo níur ar bié,  
 Oo fálá ná oo ceo,  
 Nó go oteigeaó mé á' caínnit le plúr na mbán  
 Uí noíam 'ran mbáile móir.

5. nuair a imceócar mé ar an tír reo,  
 'S nuair a oíbreócar mé 'ran mbáó,  
 Nuair a éaicéir mé oíóce í maíoin  
 Ir dá oíóce ar an tráig-báin,  
 Suubáilrío mé éar í libeici  
 Ir anonn paí Connada-an-Éláir:  
 A' r maíá bpópaó máir' ní xpíobéa mé,  
 Ní fíllrío mé go bpaé.

## TRANSLATION.

1. Oh! the love of my heart and my soul are you Beyond all that live, For it is you who saved my life for me, On that day as the storm arose. I had two reefs tied, And a tight grip on the sail, And I did not ease off Golum Head Till I entered upon the road. | 2. If you were to see Clann Donnach's boat, Each day it went to sea, (How) it would breast the (strongest) wave, And never wet a sail, She would be in advance of every gale, However rough the day, And I would sell my load of turf, While talking with my love. | 3. Oh! Mary Griffin is my true love, More tender she than all, For 'twas she who never gave me a glass, But the bottle brimming o'er. When I'd think to pay her for 't, 'Tis she would mock me fairly, Oh! my love for her will never decay Till the night of death's passed o'er me. | 4. It's many's the Sunday morning I was jolly and light-hearted, Going down with my little load of turf, With two reefs upon the sail. I never yielded to any shower, To a gale or to a fog, Till I came to talk with the flower of maids, Who was before me in the town. | 5. When I betake me from this shore, And am driven from the boat, When I spend a night at Mweenish, And two nights at Trabane, I will walk across by the Liberties, And over through County Clare, And if Mary Griffin marries me not, I'll never return again.

I have known this song for many years. I heard it sung for the first time with great spirit by a young girl from the Claddagh, Galway, in 1902. Since then I have heard it frequently from others: Bridget Forde, Sylane, Tuam; Maire Cuniffe from Tawin, Galway; and Maggie Hession, Belclare, Tuam. It is not known in this district, and is evidently a Connemara song, although an inferior version of the air is known here, and sung to the words of "bean an t-Seanrouine," No. 18.

Professor O'Maille has kindly sent me another version of the song, also from Connemara, entitled “*Brígiro ní'g Dorcá.*” Though in doubt as to the English equivalent of the name, I have called it in the translation “*Brigid Geary.*” Dr. O'Maille in his notes to the song says: “The name is pronounced *ní'g Dorcá*, the latter part of which may equal *Doðaire* (= shepherd). I got an incomplete version from Mr. Pat O'Donnell, Newport, and he has also ‘*Brígiro ní'g Dorcá,*’ but he spells it ‘*Brígiro ní'g Síurá.*’ One might expect a corruption of ‘*ní'g Uíóih*’ (Maguire), but such corruptions rarely occur.”

The places referred to in the songs are nearly all in the neighbourhood of Carna, Connemara, e.g. Meenish, Trabane, Ardmore, Golum Head. The “*Liberties*” referred to are the Liberties of Galway, and “*an baile móir*” is Galway town.

*brígiro ní'g dorcá.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1. <i>Chrean</i>: “<i>Asgur éadé mé an bliadain in-<br/>uaidé leat<br/>mar bí mé ós gan ééill,<br/>’óo ’óo meallad a’r ’óo ’óo éadéad,<br/>a’r ’óo ’óo éadéad amad éom<br/>féin [= féin].<br/>Bí ’óo-éadéad asgan ar t-familý,<br/>Asgur neadé-éion eile ’am ort<br/>féin,<br/>Asgur ’óo éadéad ní ’óo-éadéad míre éú<br/>’óo éadéad tú tuillead míre.</i>”</p> | <p>má fáileann ríad sup caillead<br/>mé,<br/>’éadéad badozal ar bíc ort<br/>féin,<br/>Asgur bád nár fáda mé éadéad<br/>nó ’óo mbi mo éadéad<br/>féin.</p>  |
| <p>2. <i>ire</i>: Céad ríán ’óo géiméad in-uaidé,<br/>Asgur ná cuir ort don éadéad,<br/>’éadéad ar cuir mé ’óo’ éadéad<br/>nó ’óo éadéad tú uadé féin.<br/>b’fúiríad éadéad-ra éadéad a fádaíl<br/>a éadéad líom gan éadéad;<br/>tóis ’óo éadéad a’r bí ’óo éadéad,<br/>Asgur éadéad éadéad éadéad.</p>  | <p>4. <i>Chrean</i>: mo éadéad éú, a <i>Brígiro ní'g<br/>Dorcá</i><br/>ir tú an éadéad-éad éadéad na míad,<br/>níomíad mí éadéad an éadéad ort<br/>nád líonad líom an éadéad.<br/>nuadé a éadéad a éadéad ’óo’ éadéad leat<br/>ní éadéad éadéad éadéad éadéad;<br/>a’r ní éadéad mo éadéad éadéad leat<br/>’óo éadéad an éadéad éadéad líomíad<br/>’óo éadéad.</p> |
| <p>3. Céad ríán ’óo bliadain ’ra taca<br/>éadéad,<br/>ní mar ríán a bí mé féin,<br/>Bí mo éadéad éadéad éadéad<br/>léir an éadéad an éadéad.</p>   | <p>5. <i>Asgur</i> ionnéad mé an éadéad<br/>’éadéad leat,<br/>Sior mar ’óo-éadéad an bád<br/>éadéad,<br/>’óo éadéad mé ar na <i>Libertí</i><br/>Asgur ar ríán ’óo éadéad an <i>Tráig</i><br/>éadéad.</p>   |

- fillleas ar m'air anoir dom  
 beir me oide i n-uachtar áir,  
 ar m'á pórann brisio ní gáor éadain  
 ní fillfe mé go bráde.
6. 1r iomda maidin doinnais  
 bí mé riampadail maid go  
 leor,  
 ar an ceathrú lár de'n focháir  
 bí trí cúrra in mo feol móir.  
 níor éill mé ariam do níur ar  
 bí  
 dá dúinte dá mbéad ceo,  
 do fonn a beir i bpáirt le plúr na  
 mban,  
 brisio dóinnail 'ran áir  
 níur.
7. 1re: Agus gearradh amac mo éonra  
 de fíor-ghoic ar de éar na  
 gclár,
- ar m'á tá Seán ó Cadain i muir-  
 inir  
 bíod ri veanta ó n-a láim.  
 bíod mo éadair moiribín inntirí,  
 ar í go ró-vear ar mo éadain,  
 ar go bfuil tríúr ban veaí fíorí  
 fléibí  
 le mo éadair ór cionn  
 cláir.
8. Eiréan: ar tá pian i lár mo éilí' ó  
 a éiríead na céadta fear  
 'un báir,  
 agus tá mé cionte, veaí bíd  
 ná bfuil mo leigear le  
 fágáil.  
 ná c'ruas anoir mé as geara-  
 mair leat,  
 as teat na huair breá',  
 ó coraig an éad as gearaí,  
 ar an builleabair gearaí.

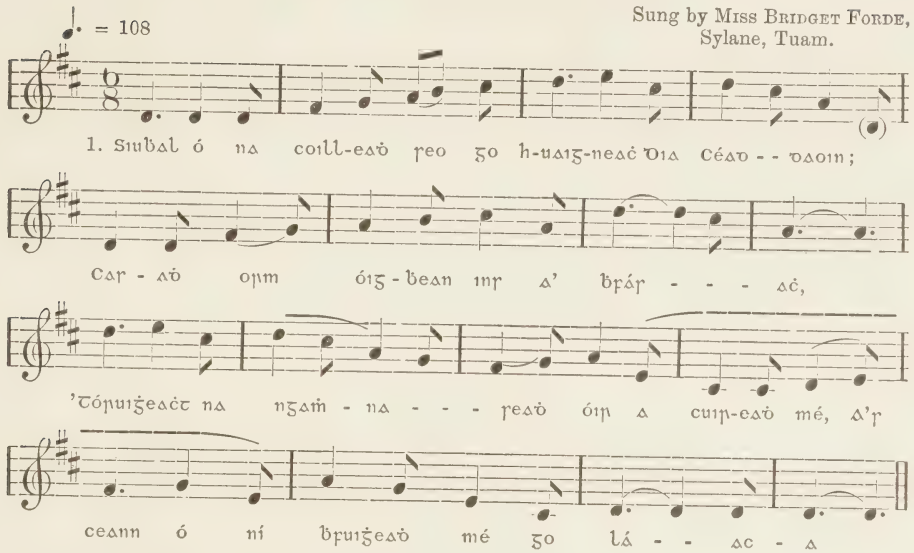
## TRANSLATION.

1. I spent last year with you, For I was young and foolish, Coaxing and beguiling you, And trying to make you mine. I had poor esteem for your family, And a want of love for you, And, indeed, I will never marry you, Till you get a larger dowry. | 2. A hundred farewells to last winter, And do not belie me, Never did I send for you Till you came of your own accord. It would be easy for me to find a man Who would take me without a fortune, So hoist your sails and go away, And I shall be in God's grace. | 3. A hundred farewells to this time last year, 'Tis not thus I used to be, My heart was as mirthful As the little bird on the branch. If they think that I died, There's no fear at all of me, And may death never seize me Until my match be made. | 4. My love are you, Brigid Geary, You are the queen above all women, I never asked the naggin from you, But you filled me out the quart. When I thought of paying for it, You only made fun of me, And my love for you will never depart Until the winter after your death. | 5. And I will head for the Straight Glen with you, As the sailing boat would go, Until I come to the Liberties, And thence as far as Trabane. On my return back again I'll be a night in Oughterard, And if Brigid Geary marries (another) from me, I'll ne'er return again. | 6. Many a Sunday morning I was merry enough, And on the fourth day of Autumn I had three reefs upon the sail. I never yielded to any shower, However dense the fog, Anxious to unite with the flower of maids, Donal's Brigid in Ardmore. | 7. And cut out my coffin From the choicest block of wood, And if John Keane is in Meenish, Let it be made by his hand. Let my hat and ribbon be within, Placed nicely on my head, And let three pretty women from the hills Keen me when laid out. | 8. O, there is a pain within my breast That would kill a hundred men, And I am sure and certain That my cure cannot be found. How sad to be parting with you now When the fine weather has begun, Since the cuckoo has commenced to call, And the green foliage to grow.



## 11.—seolað na nḡaimna 'sa b'pásac̃.

(DRIVING THE CALVES IN THE PASTURE.)



$\text{♩} = 108$

Sung by MISS BRIDGET FORDE,  
Sylane, Tuam.

1. Siubal ó na coill-eað reo go h-uais-neac̃ Dia Céad - - oaoim;  
Car - aó oim óis-bean inr a' b'pár - - - ac̃,  
'Tóruigeac̃ na nḡaim - na - - - reab̃ óir̃ a cuir-eað mé, a' r̃  
ceann ó ní b'púigeað mé go lá - - ac̃ - a

2. Tá crainnín caoréaimn faoi bun ó na  
coilleað reo,  
a' r̃ bérómuro le céile go lá bán ann,  
bérómuro 'n ár riub̃e le bánað geal na  
maione;  
'S geobair̃ tú na ḡaimna inr a' b'pásac̃.

3. Beirim mo mallaéc̃ óo maoraib̃ na  
coilleað reo,  
'Siaó a o'pás annreo le pán mé;  
m' acair̃ 'sur mo mácair̃ go b'pónac̃ 'ra  
mbaile,  
ir̃ ḡan goir̃e aḡam teac̃ in a lácair̃.

4. Anoir̃ a r̃óir̃ín, ó tá tú aḡ imceac̃e uaim,  
'S ó éar̃la nac̃ tú 'tá i noán oam,  
Seo buir̃ póir̃ín ar̃ baip̃ mo éuro méara,  
a' r̃ a r̃óir̃ín, mo éuis céao r̃l̃án leac̃.

5. Cair̃ín ós mé a puḡaó leir̃ a' b'póir̃tún,  
ac̃e fair̃íor̃ nac̃ r̃aib̃ r̃é i noán oam.

Fuair̃ mé reannail go h-ós inr an mbaile  
reo,  
mar̃ ḡeall ar̃ m̃ac̃ uí m̃áille.

6. b'féarr̃ liom go móir̃-móir̃ a beir̃e cpoéc̃ta,  
nó oóir̃te i oem̃nte cnáma,  
ná go otiubraim̃ le r̃áram̃ oo aon m̃ac̃  
mácar̃  
go n-oilr̃inn bliab̃ain oó páir̃te.

7. Cuireað mo cáilín 'na rearam̃ inr a  
b'pobaí,  
aḡur̃ tuḡaó an leab̃ar i n-a láim̃ oí,  
b'éir̃ean oí tabair̃e faoi r̃áram̃ éab̃air̃e,  
le r̃aic̃éior̃ go ḡuir̃fir̃e ar̃ an áit i.

8. a ḡeaḡáim uí m̃áille, tar̃ eura a baile  
liom.  
ná bíoó cúcaileac̃e oir̃ teac̃ in mo lácair̃.  
'S go oeo oeo ar̃ir̃ ní raac̃aó tú éar̃ r̃áile  
nuair̃ a f̃eir̃cear̃ tú oo leaib̃ 'sur̃ a mácair̃.

## TRANSLATION.

1. As I walked through this wood last Wednesday, A young maiden met me in the waste-land, Searching for the calves I was, such was my errand, And one of them I would not find till morning. | 2. A little quicken tree there is, at the end of this wood, And we will be together till the day comes. It's up we will be, with the bright peep of the morning, And you will find the calves in the waste-land. | 3. I give my malediction to the herds of this wood, It was they that left me here a wandering. My father and my mother sorrowful at home, And I without a chance of coming to them. | 4. So now, my darling, since you are going from me, And that it is not you who are destined for me, Here is a little kiss from the top of my fingers, And five hundred farewells to my treasure. | 5. I am a young maid born with a fortune, But alas! I am not fated to enjoy it. In this town, while yet young, I was brought into disgrace, And all through the son of O'Malley. | 6. To have been hanged I would very much prefer, Or to have been burned in a bone fire, Than to give the satisfaction to any mother's son, That I'd rear for one year his offspring. | 7. My girl was put standing before the congregation, And into her hand was put the Bible, She had to undertake to make due reparation, Else from the place she'd have been banished. | 8. Oh, Shane O'Malley, come you home with me; Oh, come to me and have no shyness; And never again will you go across the sea, When you see your own baby and its mother.

For a variant of this song see "Irish Popular Songs," p. 51, by Edward Walsh.

Petrie has two airs of this name, Nos. 1529 and 1530, taken down by him in Clare in 1864.

The following version of the words were written down for me by Mr. Michael Diskin, N. T., Milltown, from Simon Steed; but I was unable to get the air:—

1. D'éirigh mé amach ar maidin Earraigh  
 a' ruabail (ó) na coilleadh 'r mé go fánaí,  
 Cé cailltear orm áit an óig-bean mairéad,  
 'S bí a béilín tanaíde 'r é a' gáiríde.

2. D'fearraigh mé féin si go cé ar b'ar tuite  
 no goiré 'n tír beannuighíte a tóimigh rí ar,  
 áit ar éorúideáit na n-gaínn, fear, cúir  
 mé mo éalín,  
 a' gair ceann (ó) ní bfuair rí go lá aca.

3. 'S tá cpannín beag caoréann ar lúibín  
 na coilleadh,  
 a' gair tairna uait liomra go lá ann,  
 béir ceólta bhinn' na n-éan uair ríor-cúir a  
 coolladh,  
 a' gair tuilleadh na gairann, 'r é mar ríadé  
 orann.

4. Tá toil faoró a' gairn ó mairéad na  
 coilleadh,  
 an fear páigil óibéa go lá  
 áit le bán bán an láe béiríuair féin 'n ar  
 fearann

'S reolamair féin na gairnna 'ra b'fárad.

5. 'S tá an fearn-réic ar a coille oamgean,  
 1r é 1r oígh liom go bfuil ré cúitead,  
 [áit ar éorúideáit na n-gaínn fear, cúir mé  
 mo éalín,  
 a' gair ceann ní bfuair rí go lá aca.]

6. 'S tá an fearn-réic ar a coille oamgean,  
 'S tá ré le bliadain 1 n-óid mo éalín,  
 áit má tá ceart ar bí le páigil mair an áit  
 reo 'bfuilim-re,  
 bairíde mé féin oíleáideáit ar a éiníad.

7. Ելիւմ-բե մօ Եւաննաճէ Ծօ իմօրճաի՛ն նա  
coilleaճ,՝

Ծ'բճճաի՛ն մէ Լե բւաճէ աջսր Լե բճնաճ.

Շա մօ Ծաւօ 'բ մօ իմաւմ Շօ Երօնաճ 'մօ  
Ծաճի՛ն բա մԾաւԼե.

Ա'բ ու'Լ Շօրի աջամ Եւաճէ Ի ն-ա յաճօԾար.

8. Ա ճրաճօ ճեաԼ մօ ճԼեի՛ն', նա Եիօճ օրէ ալցնեաճ,  
Ու ուճ է նաճ յօԾարնաճ Ծօ իմճաւր,

Աճէ օ Եի՛ Ծօ ճօւԼ բեւն Լեւր, ա բճօրի, բիԼ  
աԾաւԼե,

Շօ Երօրի աջսր մօ ճից մեաւմ Ծաւ.

9- Շա մԵիճօնն-բե բեւն մար Եի մե աւսրաճ,  
Տոն է ԵԼաճաւմ 'ջսր աւ Ե-ամ բօ,

Տարօրնն բիօր ար ճօԼԵա Ծօ ԼեաԾճա,

աջսր Ծ'օԼբաւմն ԵարօաԼ բիօն' Լե մօ ճաւԼն.

#### TRANSLATION.

1. As I walked out one morning in the spring, And rambled through the wood quite carelessly, Whom should I meet but a comely young maid, Whose mouth was finely formed and a-smiling. | 2. I (myself) asked her whereto did she belong, Or what blessed country did she come from. And searching for the calves 'twas there I sent my girl, But one of them she didn't find till morning. | 3. There's a little quicken tree at the angle of the wood, And you'll come along with me there till day dawns. The sweet song of the birds will lull us there to sleep, And the foliage of the trees will be a shade for us. | 4. We have the kind consent of the keepers of the wood To get from them the grass until the morning. With the bright peep of dawn we'll be up and on our way, And we'll drive the calves out in the pasture. | 5. Now the old rake is secure in his wood, And my opinion is that he's revengeful; But searching for the calves 'twas there I sent my girl, And one of them she didn't find till morning. | 6. The old rake is now secure in his wood, And for a year he has pursued my girl, But if justice can be had in the place in which we are, From his bones I will exact reparation. | 7. My malediction I give to the herds of the wood Who left me to suffer cold and hardship. My daddy and my mammy grieving sore at home, And I without a chance of coming near them. | 8. Ah! bright love of my bosom, do not be dismayed, You've done only what your mother did before you; And since it was your own will, return home, my treasure. See, I salute you from the top of my five fingers. | 9. Were I only now as I was a year ago, That is just a year from the present time, I would sit down and rest on the stock of your bed, And would drink a bottle of wine with you, my girl.

### 12.—ՏԵԱՃԱՆ ՕՃ ԱԶ ԵԻԱՐՈՒԾԱՆ.

(YOUNG JOHN KIRWAN.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,  
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 84$   
*Mixo-lydian mode.*

Ար ա' մեաճօն Լաճ Ծա Ծօն-նալճ. 'Տեաճ Ծ'եալ բե, աւ Ե-օլց-բօար. Երօ  
է բւն աւ բճեաԼ Երօն-աճ ալ ա Լան բւր 'ջսր մոնա 'ՏօմաԾա



2. 1r tpuais liom bean an "máior"  
 A'r óa tpuais liom í 'na óiaíó rin,  
 A'r níor náir' liom óa péabao rí  
 An epoirde aóa 'n-a láir.  
 Maí rí í a éail an péarla  
 De fíor-ríot na féinne,  
 A éum caol faoa glégeal,  
 'S ní bpéasa 'ta mé a' ríó.

3. Bí búrcatg aςur blácatg  
 Aςur séamar ua óálaig,  
 Fíor-ríot epoirde mo máigirir,  
 Aς fíor-ríleao óeór,  
 Bí íaríai aςur tígearíai  
 Aς ríul leat maí éliamán,  
 Acé, a éuic meaoa fágarí go fíor éú  
 San fear ríaoa na ríóir.

4. Óa bpéicéa-ra an cúpla  
 Ar maíom bpéág óríóca  
 Aς ríubal éríó a bpéar glar  
 A'r a seulaic leo fíor;  
 Acé ní fepiríoeap éiríde an cúpla  
 Fére éiríe ar an uíicéa reo,  
 Óonnéao óg aςur a éú leir  
 1 n-aonraic 'ra ngleann.

5. Tá na h-éclir ar na ríeapíeab,  
 Aςur ceo móp ar na ríealcaib,  
 Tá an "máior" epoirde, mo máigirir,  
 Aς fíor-ríleao óeór.  
 Acé go ríeagíao an ríuo-éimneao  
 Ar buailcaib na h-éiríeann,  
 Tá cúma móp ar éiríom,  
 A'r éagmarí 1 noiaíó óo báir.

6. 1r faoa ríaríomg í óo óuíicé,  
 A'r ó'áur a'r óo éuríe sear,  
 A'r tá míl-beao aς gíoríao  
 Faí bapraib na míléc.  
 Óo éuríe eacraíoe a'r óo éóirte  
 A bí ríuagíe le h-ór buíoe,  
 A'r óa mbéim im' fearí ríaríeír  
 1r oeap a béríaríom éú ó'n mbár.

7. Tá óo nuao-éulaic pórtá  
 'Teacé a baile óia óomíagí,  
 A'r clarpíní oe'n ór buíoe  
 Ar óo éomíaríom sear cláir,  
 Aςur notannaí na béabep  
 Ar óo épóiríoe(?)bpéág glégeal,  
 [Acé tá cúma móp ar éiríom  
 Aςur éagmarí 1 noiaíó óo báir.]

## TRANSLATION.

1. At noon on a Sunday, The young man died. It was a doleful story For many men and women; And if weeping would bring us any good, From it we'd never cease; But, my little John, it breaks my heart That you're laid within the coffin. | 2. I am sorry for the major's wife, And I pity her twice again, And I should not think it shame for her If she tore the heart within her breast. For she has lost the pearl, The true stock of the brave; His form slender, tall, and fair, And there's no lie in what I say. | 3. There were Burkes and Blakes, And James O'Daly, The true stock of my master's heart, Copiously shedding tears. Earls and lords, Expecting you as a son-in-law; But Knockma, you are left for ever, Without huntsman or sportsman. |

4. If you were to see the couple, On a fine dewy morning, Going through the green meadows,  
And their robes flowing down. But never again will the couple be seen Together in this place,  
But only Dennis and his hound Alone in the glen. | 5. The heavens are eclipsed, And a great  
mist on the stars, The dear major, my master, Is ever shedding tears. But till the great lowing  
comes, On the cattle pens of Erin, There is great sorrow in Ireland, And a void for your  
death. | 6. Your estate is long and spacious, And your mansion and bright court, And honey  
bees are humming Round the tops of the blossoms. Your steeds and your coach Inlaid with  
yellow gold. And if only I were a wizard, 'Tis gladly I'd snatch you from death. | 7. Your new  
marriage suit Is coming home on Sunday. There are clasps of yellow gold On your bright  
boarded coffin. And rosettes of beavers (?) On your bright shining hearse (trolley?). But there is  
great sorrow in Erin, And a void for your death.

This lament was composed by Pat Greany, and sung to me by his great-granddaughter, Maggie Hession. The occasion of its making was the tragic death of young John Kirwan of Castle Hacket, Cnoc Meaóla (Knockma), Tuam. His younger brother succeeded to the estate, and it was the latter's daughter who married the late Mr. Percy Bernard, son of a former Protestant bishop of Tuam. In ancient times the surrounding country was ruled by the O'Flahertys, who, in the twelfth century, were driven out by the De Burgos, and these in turn suffered confiscation after 1642. Finally, about that time it was bought by Sir John Kirwan, a member of one of the "tribes" of Galway, whose descendants are now in possession of it.

There is another version of this song in "Διηγήσιον Ἐλπίωνος Ὑπερβόλου," No. 12.

Petrie gives two variants of the air Nos. 1297 and 1298.

13.—ΔΙΗΓΗΣΙΟΝ ΝΑ ΜΙΝΕ.  
(THE SONG OF THE MEAL.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSION,  
Belclare, Tuam.

♩ = 96

Ὑέαρ - πα - μισ - νε ἀν θεσμιὰς τοῦν μαζ - ον, ὁ ἱ

έ πέμ ἀν παρ πέρο - τε ἀιτ, ὁ ἱ έ ἔος ὁν

μβάρ - να céαο - τα ἱρ - ναέ λειρεὰς να Ὑαεὶλ βοέτ' ἐν βάν.



2. Եւ իւստ ճշ տեւէ 1 ու-ա տրբաւսն,  
 ճշսր նարսւից իւստ իջէ՛լ ինչ ճա՛հ լճ,  
 ուի շարբեօն ինչ քրիստոնք իսրաւմ ինչ ինչ  
 ճա՛հսն,  
 ուո շարբ իսրաւմ ինչ մա՛հ Եւ ինչ ինչ ճա՛հսն

3. Իր ճ ճ ճ “major” ճ ճ ճ ճ ճ ճ ճ ճ ճ  
 իս,  
 ճ՛ր ճ  
 “For the sake of the world and the world,  
 ճ՛ր ճ

4. Իսրաւմ ճ  
 ճ  
 ճ  
 ճ

5. Իսրաւմ ճ  
 ճ  
 ճ  
 ճ

6. Ինչ ճ  
 ճ  
 ճ  
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 ճ

7. Ինչ ճ  
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8. Ինչ ճ  
 ճ  
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 ճ

9. Իսրաւմ ճ  
 ճ  
 ճ  
 ճ

10. Ինչ ճ  
 ճ  
 ճ  
 ճ

11. Իսրաւմ ճ  
 ճ  
 ճ  
 ճ

## TRANSLATION.

1. We will give a blessing to the major, Himself is the manager in truth ; It was he who snatched from death the hundreds, And would not let the poor Irish die. | 2. The people were coming in their crowds, And they increased in numbers every day. The prince would not put a frown on his face, Until God's Son was bountiful to mankind. | 3. It was the major who arranged for all this, And sent out the message everywhere : “Open up the storehouses of Ireland, And let not the poor Irish die. | 4. Let ye distribute meal in hundreds, And set up a crane in my yard. And leave to the shebeen-folk the pewter, The pint as an alms, and the quart.” | 5. As soon as the famine came to Ireland, His kindly heart throbbed with good-nature. He sent off a ship in full sail, And it filled with yellow gold and silver. | 6. There is not in the five provinces of Ireland The peer of Mrs. Major to be found, The Burkes, the true flower of our nobility—Nor among the descendants of the Royal House of Spain. | 7. If war or dissension ever comes (amongst us), We will put up a camp on Knockma ; We will rout the French and the Spaniards, And we will guard Erin for ever. | 8. The Major and the Archbishop of Tuam Are setting out from here very soon ; There is the prince in whose train they follow, That is, Minor St. George, in Headford. | 9. They will draw to them the nobility (authors), And they will pay him a visit very soon ; The hag will have a hump on her by August, And a big bag of

flour upon her back. | 10. If we could get settled with our landlords, To great riches we never would aspire. A ride on a horse I would not ask for, But the straddle for a saddle, and a car. | 11. To be freed from a third part of my debts, And never again to have them asked for; To get meal at the end of the year, There's my request, if it's granted.

This song also was composed by Pat Greany. The Major Kirwan here referred to was father of "Seagán óg," and it is told of him that, during a famine, probably about 1820, he distributed meal among the needy at his own expense; and for his generosity the poet is here praising him.

This Major Kirwan, whose portrait hangs in the hall at Castle Hacket, is still more celebrated as being the owner of a famous racehorse called "The Friar," and the employer of an equally famous jockey, known still amongst the people as Seaghan Boy. The skull of "The Friar" is preserved, and hangs yet upon one of the walls of the Castle; and if the story be true, this tribute to his memory is only a fitting reward for great benefit conferred. Between racing and betting the Major's affairs had been reduced to a very low ebb; so desperate indeed were they, that his whole fortune depended upon his luck at a coming race at the Curragh. Would "The Friar" be equal to the task expected of him? And, would Seaghan Boy be able to lead him to victory? Alas! as the time of the race drew near, the poor jockey was "taken sick and like to die." Another man was chosen, but with small hopes of success, for "The Friar" was "tricky," and no one understood him so well as his accustomed rider. The state of poor Seaghan Boy at being left behind was pitiable, but, making an almost superhuman effort, he called for a pint of whiskey, wrapped himself up, and, travelling by quick stages, he managed to arrive on the course as the race was about to start. Mounting "The Friar," but not knowing in what mood he might be, he said to Mrs. Kirwan as he passed, "If I have the whip in my mouth at the first round, bet your carriage on him." He passed;—the whip in his mouth, and—" 'twas a famous victory."

No one believes, however, that Seaghan Boy was able to do this unaided: he had the help of Finvarra and his fairy host, who have their dwelling in Knockma, and, of course, as they say, "he would have won the race even if it was a pig he was riding."

There is no monument to Seaghan Boy, but his memory is green among the people; and on the slope of the hill there is a field still known as Friar Park, where the noble horse spent the last years of his existence in peace and contentment.

This air is evidently a variant of that noted down in Ulster, and adapted as "The Lover's Curse," by Mr. Herbert Hughes, in his collection of "Country Songs," vol. i.

The "Árvo Eapboz ċuamā," mentioned in the song, is Archbishop Trench, the last Protestant Archbishop of Tuam; and the reference to Minor St. George is to Mansell St. George, of Headford Castle, Co. Galway.

#### 14.—ἄρβ ἑἰλ ὅε ἑλαιοῖε να τεόρᾱνν.

(BEYOND THE MEARING WALL.)

Sung by Miss MAGGIE HESSON,  
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 84$  *Dorian mode.*

1. ἄρβ ἑἰλ ὅε ἑλαιοῖε να τεόρᾱνν, 'Sead, coimniúgeann rí, mo  
 ḡrád. tá bhráon ve'n fuil ar rógnaim inn-ti, an uó-lár ve mo  
 érioíe. áct mór' a beir i saranaib ásur ir' a beir mór' a'

spáinn, á'r so n-éal-ó-čáinn m a léin-e le péarl' an bpol্লাis báinn.

2. Ir tpuais gan mé i mo mairnéalac  
 nó i mo čairtín ar luing  
 nó mo rópaí bheáḡ ḡléḡeal  
 ar bairi na máiḡe rluinn'.  
 róḡfaim i ásur bheáḡfaim i,  
 'S i péarla an éuil uaimn,  
 'S a číḡearna! náč veap an féirín i  
 uó n-éaluiḡead rí liom.

3. ḡeall mo ḡrád rpré uom,  
 céao ásur mile bó,  
 ásur ḡeall rí m-a uiaid rín  
 so nočanpaó rí uam teac móri.  
 na ba a beir áḡ ḡéimniḡ  
 á'r na laoḡanta a beir 'oiúl,  
 'S a péarla an bpol্লাis ḡléḡil!  
 Ir leat a leis mé mo rún.

4. nuair éirúgeann an ḡealac  
 'Sead rḡarar an ḡrian,  
 'S bliadain ḡur lá i mbárac  
 a bí mé 'riubal na nḡleannra riar.  
 'Sé u'iarrrfaim ar Riḡ an Uoimnaiḡ  
 muna mairinn beo áct mí,  
 í feólad oróce ar lóirctín  
 ar uirlár mo číḡe.

5. Siar čoióce(n) má čéḡeann tú,  
 tabair mo míle beannačt uaim  
 áḡ a mairrú beo uo ḡaołcaib  
 mair bíoir láḡac liom.  
 mair bí mé óḡ riamrmaid  
 ásur uíul ḡam mór' a' rpróir,  
 áct anoir ó tá 'n rópaó uéanta,  
 mo beannačt čoióce(n)leir an dor óḡ.

## TRANSLATION.

1. On yonder side of the mearing wall My love dwells. She has in her a drop of the gentlest blood, The affliction of my heart! Were I in England, And were she in Spain, I'd fly with her without dowry, My pearl of the white breast. | 2. A pity I'm not a sailor, Or a captain in a ship, And my beautiful white flower, On the top of Mauslinn. I would kiss her and coax her, She's the pearl of the brown hair. And oh! what a sweet reward 'twould be, If she would fly away with me. | 3. My love promised me a dowry, A thousand and a hundred kine. And she promised me, in addition, That she would build me a big house. The cows would be a lowing, And the little calves a sucking. Oh! pearl of the white breast, With you I left my love. | 4. On the rising of the sun, The moon disappears, And a year ago to-morrow I was walking down the glens. I would ask of the High King of Heaven, Were I only to live a month, To lead her for one night's lodging Within the floor of my house. | 5. If ever you go westwards, Take a thousand blessings from me To all my living relatives, For to me they were (always) kind. For I was young and airy, And partial to every fun. But now since my marriage is over, Farewell to the companions of youth.

These words were taken down by me from Pat O'Neill of Drumgriffin, being sung by him to the air of "Μάιη νί Ερώιν." The air here given I got from Maggie Hession, who sang it to the version given in "Δήμιον Ἐλάνηε Ξαεὼελ," p. 113.

## 15.—ΤΙΟCΦΑΙΟ Ἀν ΣΑΜΗΡΑΟ.

(THE SUMMER WILL COME.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,  
Belclare, Tuam.

♩ = 159

1. ΤΙΟC - ΦΑΙΟ Ἀν ΣΑΜ - ΗΡΑΟ Δ'ῖρ ΠΑΡ-ΦΑΙΟ 'ν ΠΕΔΗ, Δ'ῖρ  
 ΤΙΟCΦΑΙΟ ΝΑ ΟΥΙΛΛΕΔΒΑΗ - - - ΔΗ ΒΑΡΗΑΙΒ ΝΑ ΞΕΡΑΟΒ. - -  
 ΤΙΟCΦΑΙΟ ΜΟ ΞΗΛΟ-ΡΑ - - - ΛΕ ΒΑΝΑΟ Ἀν ΛΑΕ, - -  
 Δ'ῖρ ΡΕΙΜΗΡΟ ΡΕ ΡΟΡΕ, Δ'ῖρ ἦ ΤΙΣ ΛΕΙΡ Ε.





ní mǵeáid mpe a bǵile 'r ní mǵeáid mé ar  
cuairt

nó so gǵeáid mé an oíó' i mbǵmá le mo  
gǵeáid coir cuaim.

8. Tá gǵeáid 'o m' ódai a gǵam iriǵ i m'  
óroíóe,

'S ir mear liom mo mǵeáirín na mná a'  
t-rǵoǵail.

Tǵeǵeáid mé ar rǵoíóe gǵur mo éáiríoe gǵoíóe  
a gǵur mǵeáid mé éar rǵile le gǵeáid mo  
óroíóe.

9. Ir oear an buaéáilín é gǵeáid mo óroíóe,  
nǵeáid óoíóim o'o'n rǵoíóe a oéǵeáim rǵe óroíóe.

Tá rǵeáid ó mǵuipé ar a gǵur gǵeáid ó óroíóe,  
aéóe bǵoíóe ar m' aéáir a rǵimne rǵeáid óroíóe  
óiom.

10. A éuipé a gǵur a éumaim gǵeáir!

Ir leat a éáil mé mo éú so bǵeáid,

a gǵur bǵeáid coir bǵimne a gǵur coíllte áro,

aéóe cuairirǵ ar mo mǵuipín nioíóe rǵeáid mé a  
rǵeáid.

#### TRANSLATION.

1. Summer will come, and the grass will grow, And the leaves will come on the tops of the trees, My love will come at the bright dawn of day, And will play me a tune as he well can do. | 2. My love is not dark, and he is not yellow, He is fit to be girded with the gold of the king. He has a white shining waist, and tapering fingers, And there is no flower in the garden like the love of my heart. | 3. There is an alehouse in that village beyond, At the place where my bright love has his abode. He has another woman enfolded in his arms, And does not your heart know how I'm distressed? | 4. A pity it is, I'm no more a young maiden, A pity it is, I'm no more a young maiden, No more a young maiden will I ever be, Till apples grow on the horns of a cow. | 5. It's a pity that I and my thousand treasures Are not in some place where no danger comes; In the province of Leinster, or in county Clare, Or on board ship on our way to America. | 6. My grief on the sea, it is it that is full, And it rolls between me and my darling fair. I shall roam through the glens and up the high hills, And no man will marry me till the day of my death. | 7. Damp is the evening, and chilly and cold, And it pours down upon me heavy and sore; I'll not go home, and no visit will I make Till I spend the night of to-morrow with my love by the bay. | 8. I have love for my father within my heart, And my mother is dearer to me than the women of the world; But I will forsake them and my relations too, And I'll fly o'er the sea with the love of my heart. | 9. A handsome little boy is the love of my heart. How happy for the people with whom he abides! On him Mary showers her favours and Christ His grace; But sorrow be on my father who made of me a slave. | 10. Pulse (of my heart) and my short-lived affection! With you I lost my good name for evermore. I walked by the meadows and the woods high (above me), But trace of my love I could nowhere obtain.

16.—*SAİL ÓG RUADÓ.*  
(LITTLE RED SALLY.)

Sung by Miss MAGGIE HESSION,  
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 66$

*Mixo-Lydian mode*

1. naé mair'n tpuasg mhuir - - - as uol le carraig-in an  
fár-ais, as sol'r as gár - - éaisil'r as véanadh b'róin; as oileadhaint mo  
leimb - - - ar - - - bac - an mo  
láimh - e 's gan fú an b'aoim baime - e 'gam a beárpaimn óó.

2. ní'l mé aét go t'éicé laḡ,  
ní'l gar óá f'éanadh,  
ní'l mé ar don óor, aét mar an gceo.  
'Tá fuil mo éoróe i'rtiḡ  
Óá rilt 'n-a b'raoncaibh,  
'S a óia, cé an t-ionghadh i noiaibh mo shail'  
óis' Ruadó'.

3. mo shrád, oo béilín  
nár cum na b'éasga,  
'Sur oo méim veap, naé raibh as bean le  
fásáil.  
oo óá éicé gléageal'  
le oo leandh bán a b'éasga,  
a rtoir, ní feruir liom éú éabairt ó'n  
mbár.

1. Ah, pity me, Mary,  
Poor tramp in lone places,  
Weeping and sorrowing and making moan;  
And rocking my babe,  
My arms for a cradle,  
But no milk for his mouth can my money afford.

2. I am fainting with weakness,  
No use to conceal it,  
My strength is dissolving like mists that fly.  
From my heart in its beating  
Blood trickles like tear-drops,  
What wonder, my God! for my Sally who died

3. Sweet mouth had my maiden,  
No lies ever shaping,  
And a manner unmatched among women for  
grace;  
And breasts white and shapely  
For her child's soft allaying.  
But my love could not save her from death  
and the grave.

4. *Ṫá bporaimn**Ṫo éailleadé ḡránna,**Ṫóigpéad̃ Δ λάν opm Δ beic̃ Δḡ toul̃ ı n-Δ  
vıaiō.**Δct̃ mo éailiñ bpeáz̃ veap̃**Δ t̃utḡ mé ḡrād̃ vı,**Δḡup̃ ḡup̃ iñ Δ páir̃vıñ 'r̃ ead̃ r̃uair̃ mé ı.*4. *Had I been the suitor**Of a hag without beauty,**Small wonder they'd blame me for paying her  
court.**But fresh as the dew-drops,**Was Sally, my true love,**Who came in her youth a bride to my home.*5. *ın Δoir̃ Δ ré v́eΔḡ**'S ead̃ r̃uair̃ mé réiñ ı,**Δñ veañ Δr̃ leig̃ mé léic̃e mo r̃ıñ ḡo h-óḡ.**Δct̃ Δ r̃t̃oir̃ mo éléıbe,**'S t̃ú v́'páz̃ liom̃ réiñ mé,**Δḡup̃ éuair̃ 'r̃a ḡeré uaim̃ ı Ṫo éailiñ óḡ.*5. *Oh, was it too soon, then,**At sixteen to woo her,**Who lit in my young heart love's secret flame?**Dear heart of my bosom,**'Twas fate I should lose you,**Who slipped from me soon to your home in the  
clay.*6. *b'péair̃ liom̃ ḡo mór̃-mór̃**'mo v́ıaiō 'r̃a' r̃v́o ı,**beic̃ Δḡ bleΔḡañ mo v́o-ıñ, nó ı mbuñ mo  
ct̃ıḡe,**ñá r̃air̃v́bpeap̃ ḡeoir̃ıpe**Δ'r̃ é Δ ṕáz̃áıl̃ le r̃er̃v́ıııpe;**'S ḡup̃ r̃adı̃ ña r̃v́v́adı̃b̃ Δ éuir̃ mé ḡrād̃ mo  
éııv́v́e.*6. *I'd rather go roaming**With you on the roadways,**Or have you at home with me milking my cows,**Than the king's store of gold for**The dower of an old one;**But alas! 'neath the sod lies my love in her  
shroud.*

This song is known all over Connacht, and has been familiar to me in this form for many years, but I never heard this particular air from any but the Hession family. They learned it from their grandmother, each member of the family singing it with slight variations. It would seem to be based on the air, No. 17, *ña buΔc̃ail̃ı b̃ána*, to which a song ascribed to Raftery is sometimes sung. I give one verse of the song as I heard it from Miss Bridget Forde, Sylane, Tuam. (For complete song see Hyde's "*Δb̃r̃áıñ Δñ ReΔct̃ıııpe*," p. 194.)

For other variants of song and air see Nos. 71 and 72.

Some of the verses were also given me by Martin O'Brien, N.T., Belclare, Tuam; and by Mrs. O'Connell, N.T., Gardenfield, Tuam.

See also "Gaelic Songs of the West," p. 70.

17.—*na buacáilí bána.*

(THE WHITE BOYS.)

Sung by MISS BRIDGET FORDE,  
Sylane, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. Δ Ὀμοναὸ Ὀρίμ, ἡρ ὠεαρ ὠο ἐραϊτρῖνν λάν λεατ, Δ'ῖρ ní le  
 ξράὸ ὀυιτ, ἀέτ le ῥονν ὠο ξαβáiλ. ὀεαηλὸάμνν ῥαα ἔύ le ῥό-ῖα  
 ἐνάιβ - e, Δξυρ ἐυῖρῖνν mo "ῖρίρ" ἡν ὠο ὀολξ μόρ.

## TRANSLATION.

O, Denis Brown, 'tis nicely I would shake hands with you, And not out of love for you, but  
 with desire to take you; I would tie you up with a hempen rope, And I would drive my spear  
 through your big paunch.

18.—*bean an t-seanbhuine.*

(THE OLD MAN'S WIFE.)

Sung by MRS. HESSON,  
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. (O) τῖξεαέτ Δ-μιαρ ὀ ὀαλλ - Δ ὀom, ὀά ἡιλ - e 'μαέ ὀ'η  
 ξCláι, Clá caρ - Δὸ οῖμν ἀέτ caίλ - ἡν ὠεαρ, Δξυρ  
 ἰ ἀη Δ οἰαλλ - Δῖο Δῖρo. ἀη τυρ - Δ ὀεαν ἀη  
 τ-ρεαν - ουν - - - e? ἡρ μέ, mo ἐρεαέ 'ῖρ mo ἐράὸ! 'S ὠά  
 mbéinn-ῖe βλῖαὸαμ' mo ὀom-nurῖe λειρ, ἡἰ ἐυῖβ - ῖαμνν ὠό - ῖαν ξράὸ.

2. 1pe:      Θρόν αρ μο μιννντιη  
 Δ πόρ μέ κοή η-ός ;  
 πόρ ριαο λειρ αν ρεανουινε μέ  
 μαρ ξεαλλ αρ εύπλα βό.  
 mile b'feárr liom aɣam  
 βυακάλλιν νεαρ ός,  
 Δ έιορκαθ ιρτεαδ αρ μαριον  
 αςυρ βεαρκαθ ταή-ρα πός.
3. Eipean:   Δ'ρ ναδ νεαρ αν ρεαρ ι mbaile μέ,  
 ni'l ouil aɣam 'ran ol ;  
 τά βεαρ νίορ ρεαρ ηά ριν αɣam  
 Δ βρεάξκαθ καλιν ός.  
 Σαοξίρκαμιν αράν αςυρ φαταί όι,  
 Cpuicneact Δ'ρ eorua mór,  
 Δ'ρα όια,νάρ b'feárr ouit aɣast mé  
 ηά ρέις νε βυακάλλ ός.
4. 1pe:      mile b'feárr liom aɣam  
 αν βυακάλλιν νεαρ ός,  
 ηαδ λειξρεαθ έυις αν αιρρεανν  
 μέ  
 Δ'ρ βαριβίν (?) αρ μο βιρόις,  
 Δ βεαρκαθ ας τεαδ αν leanna  
 μέ
5. Eipean:   μά'ρ καλιν νε'ν τραξαρ ριν έύ,  
 Δ'ρ σο βρuiλ ουιλ αςατ 'ran ol,  
 ιρ ξεαρ η άμairρεαρ αιρξεαο ουιτ  
 ηο το ρεαλβάνιν βό.  
 Δ'ρ ιαρρuiξim αρ όια 'ρ αρ ηήuiρε,  
 μαρμα μαριωνν beo aet βλιαθαιν  
 σο βρεικρεαο ας ιαρρuiαθ νείρce  
 έύ,  
 Δ'ρ τοό ηάλα αρ το όρuiim.
6. 1pe:      mile b'feárr liom aɣ iarpaiθ  
 νείρce,  
 Δ'ρ μο ηάλα αρ μο όρuiim,  
 ηά το λειτέιρ νε ρεανουινίν  
 Δ βειτ 'ρα mbaile tinn.  
 μαρ φίλρinn μαρ' νεόαντά αέτ  
 καραέτ,  
 ηαδ μαιρρεά βλιαθαιν beo,  
 Δ'ρ λεις νε το έυιρ ρεαήρáιν  
 ρεαρτα liom,  
 Δ ξιolla αν έάρρáιν móiri !

## TRANSLATION.

1. Coming over from the town of Balla, Just two miles outside Clare, Whom should I meet but a pretty girl, Seated on her saddle high? "Are you the wife of the old man?" "I am, 'tis my grief and woe. And if I were living a year with him, I would give him love no more. | 2. Sorrow be on my people Who married me so young; They wedded me to an old man For the sake of land and kine. A thousand times I'd rather To have a nice young boy, Who would come to me in the morning And greet me with a kiss." | 3. "Am I not a nice man in a home? I have no taste for drink, And a far better trait than that I have To win a young girl's heart. I'd provide bread and potatoes for her, Wheat and barley galore (in plenty), And surely I am better for you Than a spendthrift of a boy." | 4. "A thousand times would I prefer To have a nice young boy, Who would not allow me to go to Mass With patches (?) on my boots. Who would bring me to an ale-house And spend his guineas of gold; And surely he'd be as good as you, old man, When the children would grow up." | 5. "If you are a girl of that kind, And have a taste for drink, It's short money would last you Or your little herd of kine. And I pray to God and Mary, Should I only live a year, That I yet may see you begging, With your bag upon your back." | 6. "A beggar's life I'd much prefer, With my bag upon my back, Than to have a little old man like you For ever sick at home. For I should think when you only coughed That you wouldn't live a year, So cease your nagging me henceforth, Gillie of the wheezing cough!"



This air is an inferior version of "Μάη' νί Σμιοῦδα," No. 10. It was sung to me by Mrs. Hession, Belclare, Tuam. I got some of the words from Mrs. McDermot, Doogra, Tuam.

19.—nelli Δ ἘΑΡΑΙΟ.  
(NELLY, MY FRIEND.)

Sung by MRS. HOBAN,  
Milltown, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. Νυαη Δ ο'είρ-ιξ μέ - αρ ματο - in οια Céadadoin,—'S níor  
 coir - μιξ - μέ mo éad - an far - doir, do fíubail mé - - 'oir  
 Saillín ag - ur bréacmáig,—nac maig - - nac n-uíluigeann do  
 oia!—Bain mé síom mo éo - ca - - 'sur mo léin - e, agur  
 leis mé mo géagáin le saoi; Νυαη Δ rmaon - - uigeap - Δ -  
 - ríre ar mo éad fíar, Bain mé - - an coir-méar ve'n alé síom.

2. 'S Δ' níure, éar do óear far mé 1  
 mbárac,  
 Νυαη nac breicreas mo gráδ Δ' tealé aniar,  
 San éumáct agam tigeáct 1 n-á ládair,  
 Le méad 'r bí eadramn aríam?  
 Νυαη Δ rmaonuigim ar fúgrad 'r ar gráiríde  
 agur ar oinead do óá lám Δ bí fial,  
 Tuirpíó mé 1 lionn-sub Δ' 1 noólar,  
 Δ' r caompíó mé go leor 'do óiadó.

3. 'S óá mbéinn-re 'mo luige ar 'mo leabard  
 Seacé reacétmame, ráite, nó mí,  
 'S don póg amán Δ fágáil ó mo nelli,  
 Ógrad pé an brón acá 1 mo éroíde.  
 'S an rmuag leat mo éuamba Δ beic capéda,  
 nó mo coíra beic óá gearrad ag na  
 raoir,  
 nó ar maoin mo éróear ag tuall Δ báile,  
 'S na buacáillí veap' ag uil farí?



20.—ΜΑΙΟΥΝ ΠÓΣΗΝΑΙΝ.  
(ONE AUTUMN MORNING.)

Sung by Miss KATIE MCGATH,  
Liskeevy, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Ó, maio - in éúin éeóó-μαρ Ό'άρ έπ - ιξ μέ 'n ran  
brós - μαρ, Cé cap - αó mη Δ' pós liom, áετ ξπάó γεαλ mo  
époróe? ηuαp Δ θέapc μέ ap Δ bηó - ξα ό, fιλ μέ na  
θεόp - Δ, 'Sur ό'iaρpι μέ tpi pός - in ό pτόp - in mo époróe.

2. Ó, buαάιλλín óξ mé  
'Tá bηαé ap óul á' pópαó,  
Δ'p ní θέanπαó μέ áon éóμnυíóe  
Ξo bπαíξ μέ mo mίan.  
Ξo bφίλλó tupa Δ pτόpín  
Δ'p oo mάλaιpε ní pópπαμn,  
Ξo pínteaρ in ran ξcίλλ μέ,  
'S únp óp mo éíonn.

3. Ó, mipe tá bηónαé,  
'S mé áξ pυbál épío na mónte,  
Tá an aipynξ ξo tpiom tpiom  
áξ oul épío mo láp,  
ηuαp Δ éuήnnyξim ap an mbóéap  
bί mé áξ oul 'p mo mίan-πα;  
áετ tá pí áξ pεap eile pópτα,  
Δ míc mnype, naé tpyαξ!

4. áετ tá púil áξam ó épíopt(Δ)  
ηαé bπάξαíó μέ báp éoróce,  
Ξo mbró μέ 'p mo mίan-πα  
ap leabaíó éλύάé pínce.  
ní' l mō ap bíc níop áilne  
ná an ξpían ap éinn tSáile,  
áετ an pópái γεαλ ξλέξεαλ  
ap bapnaíó na tcomn.

5. μαρ pín Δ bί mo ξπάó-πα  
le ξíle á'p le bpeáξéáετ,  
áετ Δ mαíξom éúin baμpíogam,  
np leat Δ éaίλλ μέ mo éíall.  
μαρ np mipe ατά píop  
leip an bpópαó pín Δ θέanαn,  
ní éoolóéaíó μέ áon oíóce,  
áετ píop leip an mbrón.

TRANSLATION.

1. One fine dewy morning, As I set out, in the Autumn, Who should meet me on the road,  
But the bright love of my heart? When I gazed on her shoes, My tears began to trickle, And  
I asked for three small kisses From the darling of my heart. | 2. Oh! I'm a young *bouchal* (swain)  
Who thinks of getting married, And I'll make no rest anywhere Until my love I find. Till  
you return, my treasure No other (maid) I'd marry, Till I lie in the churchyard With the clay  
above my head. | 3. Oh! great is my sorrow As I walk through the low lands, The keen pang  
of longing Goes right through my heart, As I think of the pathway Where my love and I  
rambled. But, she's wedded to another, Ah! more's the pity, me! | 4. But with Christ's help

I'm hoping, That death will never take me, Till I and my darling Rest on a downy bed.  
There's nothing more lovely Than the sun above Kinsale, But the bright sparkling posy On  
the top of the wave. | 5. Such was my darling In beauty and in splendour, Ah! mild queenly  
maiden, With you I lost my sense. For now I am downcast Through the making of that  
marriage, The night has no sleep for me But grief for evermore.

This song has been recorded from the singing of Katie McGath, a young girl from Liskeevy, near Tuam. She tells me she learned it from Mrs. Connolly, who died some years ago, and who, from all I hear, must have been a very fine singer. Hardiman, in his "Irish Minstrelsy," published in 1831, attributes it to Carolan, but Professor O'Maille, in his volume on Carolan (Irish Texts Society, vol. xvii, p. 209), says it is "obviously not one of Carolan's." It is known also as "bμῖγο ní ḡáille."

21.—ΟΥΙΤΣΕ 'N ΠΑΟΡΑΙΣ.  
(FAIRS' COUNTRY.)

Sung by MISS KATIE MCGATH,  
Liskeevy, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 63$

1. Οά μβυό λιον - ρα ούιτσε' αν παορ - αις, 'S é Δ βειτ αρ ραο ηρέ  
céil - - e, buó tú mo mian óá bréadann, Δ  
éuro oe'n τραοζαλ 'ρ Δ ρτόρη. Το όά - - λάμ ζεαλ-α  
ζλέ - ζεαλ' Δ' ροιμντ αρ βοέτ-αιβ Οέ έαρτ τιμέαλλ Δ'ρ ζο  
μαμνθ αν ημάτ ρεο έοιόέ-ε ουιτ, 'ηνζεαν ζεόιν ό'η ηγλεανη!

For other verses:

βά - - να, να

2. Δ'ῖρ buò binne liom í naoi n-uairé,  
 Tḡác éaiṑ rí real aḡ riubal liom,  
 ná cuacá ar bárr na cḡaoibḡe  
 'S lonoub le mo éaoib.  
 buò binne liom í ná cláirḡeacé,  
 ná flúte ar éailṑib bána,  
 ná ceileabáir na n'eaia ír áilne  
 aḡ oul éar na connta riar.

4. Óir ír paṑa mé mḡ an áit reo,  
 le bliabáin móir ḡao' aḡur ráiṑe,  
 Δ'ῖr níor éáimic mo ḡráb ar éuairc éuḡam,  
 Δ'ῖr mé ar mo leabará tinn.  
 náé triaḡ leat mé oo mo ḡrécacá  
 Δ'ῖr an arḡainḡ ériṑ mo éaoib óeir,  
 Δ'ῖr náé pollaḡac paṑi an ḡaoḡal reo,  
 ḡur leis mé leat mo ḡán?

3. Δ'ῖr ní buan mé ar mo ḡláimṑe  
 oá bḡáḡab turá, a ḡráb báin.  
 . . . . .  
 Δ'ῖr ní maiṑ ná maoin ná caoiḡiḡ,  
 ná clú or comáir na noaoine,  
 ná nṑ ar biṑ eile paṑi an ḡaoḡal reo,  
 níor éuḡ mé 'ḡuain ar áirṑ.

5. Acṑ b'ḡeárr liom-ḡa mo mian aḡam  
 ḡan bó ḡan ḡunnt ḡan caoiḡiḡ,  
 ná ḡaiṑbḡear ḡránoa ar an ḡaoḡal reo  
 'S mé a bḡao ó conntae an éláir  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

## TRANSLATION.

1. Were I to own the Fairs' country, And it all to be together, You would be my desire if I could (have you), My share of the world, my treasure. Your two white beautiful hands, Bestowing on God's poor all around. And may the good you do live ever for you, Oh! daughter of John from the Glen. | 2. And I would think her nine times sweeter When she spent a time walking with me, Than a cuckoo on top of the branch, Or a blackbird by my side. I would think her sweeter than a harp, Or a flute in meadows fair, Or the melody of the loveliest swans, Going over the waves to the west. | 3. And I would not be long in health If you should leave me, my fair love . . . . . And it is not goods, or wealth, or flocks, Or reputation before the people, Or anything else in this world, That ever I paid heed to. | 4. For I am long in this place, A great long year and a quarter, And my love did not come to visit me While I was sick in bed. Do you not pity me, perishing With the pains on my right side, And is it not clear to the world That I gave you my love? | 5. But I would prefer to have my love Without cow, or coin, or sheep Than ugly riches of this world, And I far from the County Clare. . . . .

This song also has been recorded from the singing of Katie McGath, who learned it from Mrs. Connolly, Liskeevy, Tuam. Unfortunately she was unable to remember all the words, and it is clear that those recorded are a much-corrupted version of the original. I believe the "Fairs' Country" (not the "Powers' Country," as some have understood it) is the district near Hollymount, Co. Mayo. The late Major Rutledge Fair was a member of this family.



## 22.—nellí b́án.

(FAIR NELLY.)

♩ = 88

*Miro-Iyidian mode.*Sung by the late míceál b́reacnaé,  
Inverin, Spiddal.

1. Ó 'r, a nell - í b́án, 'r tú ghráó liom, 's tú cuirle géal mo éiríúe. leig mo



láim arí do bhrádaio gíl, nó ní mair-fir mé beo mí. do



fínáiríann féin an t-Síúir leat, 's an t-Sion-dínn mór 'do d'áir, ó,



ruis tú an bárr an lá úo ó mnaibí veap-a loé - a Riabaid.

2. Ó a mbád liom-ra porcumna  
 a gair baile loéa Riabaid,  
 luimneac gan éinnitir,  
 's éar taiméall b́l-á'-Cliaé;  
 arí do mairínnir-re a roinnínn  
 a leat a gair óá éiríann,  
 arí cunnitir a beirí t'úaim leat  
 lá raíoa 'gair bliadóaim.

3. ní éainnteóáim arí mo éarall,  
 arí mo d'áillí nárí mo fírian,  
 ná arí ráirínnir an fáltanair (?)  
 a mbíódmuirí ann a' ríadó;  
 ná arí a noeacáirí ve b́áir  
 ó fáraínn éarí fáile le bliadóaim,  
 má éainnteígnirí an lá úo  
 arí mnaibí veap-a loéa Riabaid.

4. Tábaínn mo beannacé-ra go Connacéaibí,  
 marí ínn a b́íó an ghréann,  
 a gair éugac-ra féin a ghráó gíl,  
 náé b́eircínn mé go b́ráé.  
 an cóirínnínn úo bí éarínnínn  
 a gairínnínn ríab b́án na úom,  
 's gairínnínn ínn t'Siondínn mórínn  
 a bí lán go b́ruacínnínnínn.

5. Ó 'gairínnínn gairínnínn nárí cailleat mé,  
 amuirínn arí an ríabínn,  
 'san áirínn a mbéatínn mo éirínnínn  
 le ríocínnínn a gairínnínn b́ráé,  
 sul éarínnínn túnnínn méínn ngráó leat,  
 a b́ruimneallínn na ngráé-éirínn;  
 's go mb́féarínnínn le do mnaínnínnínn  
 náé b́eircínnínnínn rínnínn méínnínnínn.

## TRANSLATION.

1. And oh! fair Nelly, you are my love, You're the bright pulse of my heart; Lay my hand on your white neck, Or I will not live a month. I would swim the (river) Suir with you, And the mighty Shannon after you, For on that day you took the palm From the pretty women of Loughrea. | 2. Were I to own Portumna And the town of Loughrea, Limerick without account, And all around Dublin, Among your people I'd divide Its half and its two-thirds, For the sake of being in Tuam with you For a long day and a year. | 3. I would not speak about my horse, About my saddle or bridle, Nor of the fields of enmity (?) In which we used to hunt, Nor of all the boats that travelled In a year from England across the sea, If we should speak on that day Of the pretty women of Loughrea. | 4. Take my blessing to Connacht, For there used to be the fun, And to yourself, my bright love, Whom I'll never see again. The talk that passed between us Going over the white mountain of the thickets, And 'twas only the Shannon restrained us, That was full to the very brink. | 5. My bitter grief that I did not die Away out on the mountain, The place where my bones would lie To be picked by the raven. Before I fell in love with you, O maiden of the white breasts: And your mother too would much prefer That she'd never see me more.

I learned this song many years ago from my very dear friend *Mícheál Óneachtáin*, Inverin, Spiddal, who passed his brief life, first as Secretary to the Gaelic League of London, and afterwards as *Árdrólán* (chief Professor) in the Irish College in Partry, Co. Mayo. I well remember the occasion on which I noted it down; it was one cold winter night on the journey back from Woolwich to London, where a party of us had gone, in our enthusiasm, to try and start a branch of the Gaelic League amongst the colony of Irishmen living there. It was late, it was cold, and we were hungry; but we were young, and our spirits were high; and the hot baked potatoes we had bought from a barrow, on our way to the station, to warm our hands, served afterwards to appease our appetites, only we had forgotten to beg a bit of salt!

We had a carriage to ourselves, and we whiled away the time in singing. This song was *Mícheál's* contribution.

Another scene stands out in my memory, a few years later—all too few—a dreary November day on the long stretch of road, beside a grey sea, from Galway out to Inverin, where to the wailing of the pipes and the cooing of the women, we laid poor *Mícheál* to rest in his own beloved *Corr Ídairríg*.

For variants of the air see Joyce's "Irish Folk Music and Song," p. 247, and "Ancient Irish Music," p. 30. Three verses were given with translation in "An Irish Anthology," by *Pádraic mac Pádraig*, in the "Irish Review," June, 1911.

See also "*An Ceól Síre*," p. 80.

Walsh's "Irish Popular Songs," p. 117.

## 23.—máire brún.

(MARY BROWN.)

Sung by Miss BRIDGET LOHAN,  
Sylane, Tuam.

♩ = 72



1. τά καί - ίν πρέπειμαιλ α ους μέ πρέιρ τή αη αν ζομαις αν



ταοβ ρεο ο'εαν-αέ ούν; α - τά α μέινν μαιτ ι ζελάρ α



h-εαο - αν, α'ρ α λεαο - α ζλέ - γεαλ μαρ βλάτ να n-uβαλλ.

2. Ούβαιρ μέ 'η μέιο ρεο α'ρ μέ 'κόηρικό  
λέιτε—

“1ρ τύ μο έεαο-φεαίρ α'ρ τοζα μο ρύλ;

α'ρ ní beo 'οο οιατό μέ, α'ρ ná οέαν μέ  
έρείζριντ,α'ρ ba έόίρ ουιτ έαλόζαδ λίομ, α máire  
brún.”Αέτ ο' αιηόεοιν μάίρε 'βείτ βραο ό λάέαιρ,  
βείρ ρί ας αν μβáίρε αρ αν τυρλοέ μόρ.5. 'Σιού ί αν έρεόίρην οε ήναιβ na πόσλα,  
1ρ μύντε μάνλα ζαβανν ρί αν έρλιζε,  
α'ρ α λιαέταίζε όίς-φεαρ ο'ιαρρ ί lé πόραδ  
μαρ ba “macch” αιρ πόζηαδ ί lé κυρ ι  
ζορίε.3. 1ρ καίλιν βρεάζ ί α ους μέ ζράδ τή,  
α'ρ ní cumann γεάρρ έ μά βίμ-ρε beo,  
μαρ βίμ ζο ρίορρμυθε 'ταβαιρτ míle ρλάν τή,  
α'ρ τά ζράδ ας α λán υίρρμυ μαρ 'τά ρί cóρρ.6. ní ζυνόεαν ρί μόρβόαίλ ná ζρεανν α  
έόζβόαίλ,  
α'ρ níορ ρριέ αον οόίς ινντε le n-a κυρ ο'ά  
ρλιζε,4. 'Σιού ί αν πλαννοός ρυαιρ ρέιμ na h-áιτε,  
τά μαρ le ράζαίλ αίσι α'ρ ερπειεαίμαιτ  
μόρ—Αέτ οαίρ βρμζ μο έόηρράιτ, α έρποθε ζαν  
οόλάρ,

Συρ ρεαρ ζαν εολυρ naέ ρανντοέαδ ί.

## TRANSLATION.

1. There's a bright, pretty girl to whom I paid court, On the crag on this side of Annaghdown. Her kindly disposition appears on her face, And her bright, shining cheek like the blossom of the apple. | 2. Thus much I said when I was conversing with her: "You are my first love and the choice of my eyes; I shall not live after you, and do not desert me; You ought to elope with me, O Mary Brown." | 3. She is a charming girl with whom I fell in love, And no brief affection shall it be if I live; For I'm ever wishing a thousand blessings to her, And very many love her, for she is virtuous. | 4. She is the young plant that took sway in the place, And is held in esteem and great credit: But even though Mary is far away from me, She will be at the match in Turlochmore. | 5. She is the little jewel of the women of Fodla; Polished and stately she goes along the road; And many are the young men who asked her in marriage, For she would be a splendid match with whom to settle down. | 6. Nor does she take pride or pleasure in it, No bias there is found in her to turn her from her way; But indeed upon my word, O heart devoid of sorrow, He'd be a senseless man who would not her desire.

This song was composed by the poet Patrick Callanan, of Carheenadivane, near Craughwell, Co. Galway. He was a contemporary of Raftery, and is responsible also for another fine song "Seáḡḡan a mhic mo Ćomairiun," which is sung to the same air as "ḃuigroin ḃeurac," No. 30. It was sung to me by Bridget Lohan, a young girl from Sylane, Tuam, who learned it from her mother. The words are as printed in the "Tuam Herald" by the late John Glynn. I got another version from Mrs. McDermot, Doogra, Tuam, which is practically the same.

The mairie ḃriun, here extolled, was a celebrated beauty. She was the great-grandmother of the late Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, sometime M.P. for Galway Borough.

In his poem on mairie Stanton, Raftery says: "I have left the branch with her, away from mairie ḃriun."

In his note on the song, John Glynn says:—"I wrote it down about twenty years ago from a son of the composer. Callanan was a bardic rival of Raftery, and both are having their long sleep within a few perches of each other in the old cemetery of Killeeneen."

The air is reminiscent of "mairi' ní Eriin." Another version of this song is in "Siadma an ḡeimriú," p. 20.

## 24.—máire ní mhongán.

(MARY MONGAN.)

♩ = 63

Sung by Miss MAGGIE HESSON,  
Belclare, Tuam.

1. Bí túm mac a sham bí oile to - - - i gce, a' r' i' gearr  
 gearr ba lón uom iad, céad fearaor gearr; O' fás riad a n-eiribhíur boct a' r' i' ead'  
 veor - - - a' fad éan - la uoimhaid' r' ní a' gearrad' a gléir. ní raib' ruim a' r' bi' a sham 'ra  
 mac a' b' ó - i gce, eir ba l' a' d' an leom-in é fearaor féim, a' an mac ba f'm' a-ca 'ré a'  
 érad' so móir - - mé a' g-u' mí ní beo mé le cumaid' 'na noéir.

2. Mo fearaor móirnead a bí oile muinte,  
 a euaib' a' eúmtar le beir nior fearr,  
 bí ghaol na gcomurpan a' r' fad i' r' bí ré  
 f'róim-ra,  
 a' r' ba maib' an conganóir é amuis le seaáán.  
 Tá fúil a' gampa go bfuigib' ré iomlad' e  
 a' g'ur forctún cumad' ead' ó ri' na n'áir,  
 a' euaib' a' baile e' g'am é glán gan conta-  
 bairt  
 mar i' r' móir mo euaib' i' noiaib' mo m'icín  
 báin.

3. 'S cá bfuil truaig' i' n'érinn níor mó ná mé  
 i' noiaib' an ead' m'ic a' érad' mo éiríde?  
 a' g'ur ead' O' a' g'ur a' g'ur ead' a' g'ur ead' a' g'ur ead'  
 'S ní f'á' g'ur ead' a' g'ur ead' a' g'ur ead' a' g'ur ead'  
 nuair a' f'airim-re a' g'ur ead' a' g'ur ead' a' g'ur ead'  
 f'ré ead',  
 a' g'ur ead' mo f'airim-re i' mead' mo éinn,  
 'S tá veirad' mo f'airim-re i' mo éinnad'  
 ead',  
 'S ní laib' ead' a' g'ur ead' a' g'ur ead' a' g'ur ead'  
 g'ur ead'.



4. 1r mac gan éumann tú anoir, oar liompa,  
 nác tógéann ar cuairt éugam t'oiré' ná  
 óe lá.

Δ εαίτ τήν πάϊτε γαν ργίε ζοτ' ιομέαπ  
 'S Δ εαίτ 1 γconταβαίρε λεατ οίρε' αν βάιρ.  
 Έυς μέ ργοίλ ουιτ αζυρ βεαζάν ρόζλυν'  
 Όο ρείρ μο έοηάετα μαρ ριννε Δ β'φεαρρ,  
 'S ναέ βεαζ Δ ζοίλλεαρ μο ζάλρα ουβάε ορι  
 Cébi éuige ας Δ mbíonn tú ann.

5. Cά βφυίλ τρυαίς 1 νέιρυνν αέτ μαε ιρ  
 μάεαιρ

Δ βειτ ας ουί 1 βράν αρ Δ έείλε έοιόέ',  
 Δ ο' φείλ γο cneapτα é γαν ζυιέ γαν náipe  
 φυαίρ βιαό αζυρ ανηλανν μαίε ζλαν ο'ά  
 cionn.

μά'ρ é αν βάρ Δ έλίρ ορμ 'ρ Δ ο'φάς ραοι  
 όρání μέ,

μαρ ιρ ιομήα αν γεαίλ μαίε Δ έυιρ ρέ 1 ζοίλλ,  
 'S ζυιρ β'έ αν ρορτύιν υειρεαννάε Δ βί ο'ά  
 βάρρ Δ'm,

ζυιρ γεαίλ μο έεανν αζυρ ζυιρ ουίλ μο έρποίε.

6. 'S ναέ βεαζ Δ ηζοίλλεανν μο ζάλρα ουβάε  
 αιρ,

'S Δ λιάετα βρόν ας γαβáiλ έπί μο έρποίε;  
 έάιμic τιννεαρ ορμ ιρ έαίλλ μέ μόράν,  
 'S ηίλ λυαέ να cónpa 'ζam ανoir, ραρσop!

ηί ήέ ριν ιρ μεαρλ λιομ, ná έρáiτ ζο μόρ μέ  
 αέτ μαρ ριννε μέ αν ρόραό αρ αιρ αρίρ;  
 Όαν ρέ αν έλανν όιομ bí οίλτε τόίγεε—  
 τά μνιγυζιν ός ορμ, 'ρ μέ ζο λαζ 'να ζοίονν.

7. 'S cá βφυίλ τρυαίς 1 νέιρυνν αέτ μαε ιρ  
 μάεαιρ

Δ ουί 1 βράν αρ Δ έείλε έοιόέ;  
 Έαίτ ζο Sapana ραν αρμ ζαίίτα  
 γαν ριορ Δ πάίγε αέτ βεαζάν βίό.  
 Όά mbaó 1 mbaile na Cille αζam Δ βεάό το  
 ένάíηα

ηί βειτίνν έοη ουί-έρποίεαέ ná Δ λεαέ 'οο  
 όιαίό,

αέτ μο έύίς έέαο βεαννάέ λεατ ζο ηίοζαέτ  
 να ηζιάρτα,

ηυαίρ ναέ βφυίλ ρέ 1 ηοάν τοοm 'έύ ρέίεαίλ  
 έοιόέ.

8. ναέ μόρ Δ ζυιλεαρ υεαν 1 ηοιαίό Δ ράίηοε  
 μά ράζανν ρέ βαρ υαίτ 1 η-αοιρ Δ ηή.

'S Δ λιάετα ρορράνάε βρεάζ λυέμαρ λάιοιρ  
 ας γαβαίλ έαρ ράιλε 'ρ ναέ βφυίλρío έοιόέ.  
 ηί ήέ ριν Δ μαρβυίς μέ όά ηέαο μο βυαίό-  
 ρεαό,

ηά Δ ριννε ζυαίλ ουί υε μο έρποίε,  
 αέτ ηίλ τεαέ μο έαραο Δ'm le ουί αρ cuaίρε  
 ann

ηά βεαν μο έρυαίγε βειτ ανν 'μο όιαίό.

#### TRANSLATION.

1. I had three sons who were well brought up, But it is short they remained with me, my hundred sorrows! They left their poor sister weeping bitterly Every Sunday, and not trying to dress herself. I hadn't much esteem for the youngest son, Although a friendly little lad was Peter himself; But the son that was oldest, he tormented me sorely, And a month I shall hardly live with grief after them. | 2. My darling Peter, that was reared and educated And went away to improve himself; The neighbours loved him, while he was with me, And he was a good helper, outside, with John. I have a hope that he will get a safe journey And a great fortune from the King of Grace, Who will bring him home to me without danger, For my grief is great after my fair little son. | 3. And where in Ireland is there a person more to be pitied [than I], After my first son, who broke my heart? Praying to God and doing alms-deeds, And I get no news of him, on sea or on land. When I see all the women with their families united, I lose my sight and my memory!— But I have ended my story, and have said everything, And I will speak no more till I go into the grave. | 4. You are a son without affection now, in my opinion,

Who comes not to visit me by night or by day, Who spent three quarters without rest bearing you, And was in danger with you on the night of death. I gave you schooling and some little learning, According to my power and as well as I could; And little does it affect you, the black disease I have, In whatever province you may happen to be. | 5. Is there anything so pitiful in Ireland as a son and a mother, Straying continually from each other? [1] who reared him kindly without pain or shame, And provided food and good clean sauce for him. If death has failed me, and left me in this miserable condition— For it is many a good promise he sent to the grave; And the last fortune I got on top of all Was that my head grew white and my heart black. | 6. Isn't it little my painful disease affects him, And the many sorrows that go through my heart? Sickness came on me, and I lost a great deal, And I haven't the price of a coffin, now, alas! But that's not what I think the worst, nor what troubled me most, But that I got married for a second time; It took from me the children that were fully reared, And I have a young family, and I am weak on account of them. | 7. And what is more pitiful in Erin than a son and a mother Straying constantly from each other? He went to England, in the army of the foreigner, Without knowledge of his wages, except a little food. If I had your bones in Ballinakille I would not be as broken-hearted after you half so much; But my five hundred blessings with you to the Kingdom of Grace, Since it is not fated for me to see you again. | 8. Does not a woman weep greatly after her child If he dies at even the age of a month? And all the strong, fine, active youths Going over the sea never to return! It isn't that that killed me, though great my sorrow, Nor that made a blackened coal of my heart, But there's no friendly house to pay a visit to, Nor a woman to pity me after my death.

This song was sung to me by Miss Maggie Hession as she had heard her grandmother singing it. As she remembered only fragments of the words, she used the version given by Professor O'Maille in his “*Διηγήσεις Ἑλληνικῆς Ποιητικῆς*,” p. 122, and I give it here with his kind permission.

For another variant see Timony's “*Gaelic Songs of the West*,” p. 60.

25.—ΔΙΗΓΗΣΙΣ ΤΗΣ ΤΕΑ.  
(THE SONG OF THE TEA.)

*♩. = 76 Miro-Lydian mode.* Sung by MISS BRIDGET FORDE,  
Sylane, Tuam.

τράτ-νό-να ὅλα Σατάρη αὐτὸν ἔπειν, ἑσὺ ἐκκαλεῖς μέ  
λάνθάναι ἡ ἡγάγας λεο πέμ. ὅτι ἀν βαν ῖ ἡ σο καί τις ἐὰν αἰνέσῃ ἀν  
τέι, ἡ σὺ νιόρ ἡ αἰτ λεῖρ ἀν ἡ βραρ ἡ βεῖτ ῖ τράτ ἀν

2. Eiréan: Μαίρε, bíonn tuḡa i gcóinnuib̃e  
           'cuḡ ríor ar an t̃eí,  
   'S an lá bíor ré aḡaḡ, ní feic-  
       ḡear a' do é;  
   Imiḡ leat 'rpaḡ tobac uam ar  
       máite leat réin,  
   nó poinnr̃ó mé leat p̃eac na  
       láige!
7. Ipe: Μαίρε, o'imiḡ tú ḡeana i r̃eáiñe  
           tú ar̃í,  
   ní f̃acamaḡ aḡaḡ c'róim, r̃gill̃ñg  
       ná p̃iginñ;  
   Luiḡ tú ar do leabaíḡ 'r do  
       ḡaobanna tinñ,  
   'S an r̃laḡoáñ ḡo uoim̃ain in do  
       ḡnám̃aib̃.
3. Ipe: Cía an t-rl̃ige aḡá a 'am-r̃a?  
           Cá b̃ruiginñ-re ũuit é  
   aḡḡ aḡ ceanḡal uá ḡiḡe a p̃aib̃  
       uḡ aca 'réir?  
   Ruḡ a ḡóḡ tú f̃aoi ñoḡlaḡ, níor  
       íoc tú f̃ór é  
   'S aḡ an méaḡo r̃o r̃áḡaḡ ḡann aḡ  
       na p̃áir̃tib̃.
8. Eiréan: Stop do b̃eál p̃earḡa, a amaio  
           'oe f̃raoĩll!  
   nó buaib̃r̃ó mé buille oir̃e a  
       b̃ruir̃ear do ḡruim̃!  
   aḡ coḡaḡ 'r aḡ aḡr̃anñ do ḡaib̃ir̃  
       do f̃aoḡal;  
   Uí an f̃air̃iúñ r̃in c̃eas̃ona aḡ do  
       m̃áḡaḡ.
4. Eiréan: Tá m̃ire uá ḡearaḡ ḡur r̃uaḡaḡ  
           an t-rl̃ige  
   Ũeib̃ aḡ obair̃ ũuit-re ḡan ḡaḡa  
       uá ḡionñ;  
   Uá ũeiginñ i r̃eas̃ aḡ aon f̃ear  
       'r t̃ir̃  
   ḡeob̃r̃ainñ tobac uair̃ 'r poinñr̃  
       p̃áir̃e."
9. Ipe: Má tá m̃ire im' amaio 'r ḡo  
           b̃ruil̃im im' f̃raoĩll,—  
   leine ar mo ḡnoiceanñ ḡom̃ uob̃  
       leir̃ an uaal,—  
   Ũiol mé a p̃aib̃ aḡam ḡo n-ioc-  
       r̃ainñ an c̃ior̃,  
   A'r r̃in é u'f̃ás̃ p̃oll̃am̃ mo l̃ám̃a.
5. Ipe: Sé a n-iar̃ir̃f̃a 'oe obair̃ i ḡc̃ai-  
           ḡeas̃ do f̃aoḡail  
   aḡ c̃aib̃eas̃m̃ tobac̃ i r̃ uá leig̃ean  
       le ḡaoib̃;  
   ḡair̃beáñ anoir̃ cá b̃ruil̃ do máib̃  
       nó do m̃aoim̃  
   'S naḡ r̃iam̃r̃aib̃ail do l̃ón do  
       na p̃áir̃tib̃?
10. Eiréan: Ruḡ a uob̃air̃e mé leat ḡeana,  
           a ũeir̃im̃ leat é,  
   maḡa n-éir̃tib̃ tú p̃earḡa le  
       ḡl̃óir̃eas̃ib̃ mo b̃eíl,  
   maḡa r̃ḡopaib̃ tú anoir̃ 'r  
       leig̃ean 'oe'n t̃eí  
   i r̃ ḡear̃ir̃ a b̃eár̃ t̃eas̃ a 'do ná  
       ár̃ur̃!
6. Eiréan: Uá ũeib̃oinñ ḡo ḡail̃l̃im̃ nó r̃oir̃  
           ḡo h̃áḡ-ḡinñ,  
   Anonñ ḡo c̃inñ m̃iaḡa, nó 'maḡ  
       ḡo t̃r̃áig̃-lí,  
   C̃ar̃f̃aib̃e i ũeas̃ mé r̃eas̃t̃m̃aiñ  
       nó m̃i,  
   ḡo r̃aoḡr̃uig̃inñ luas̃ ũr̃ár̃ aḡur̃  
       b̃áim̃in.
11. Ipe: Tá mé le r̃aḡa aḡ c̃oinneáil an  
           t̃ige  
   'S ní c̃oir̃ ḡo b̃reic̃eas̃ mo ũeoḡ  
       ná mo ḡneim̃;  
   maḡa n-ól̃ainñ ar̃ maioim̃ l̃án  
       r̃gill̃eas̃ uá p̃iginñ  
   ní b̃eas̃ b̃raoñ iñr̃ an ḡeic̃ aḡ  
       an p̃áir̃te!

12. Cipean : Éuaib ré go Saillim go péiréas-  
 le fear nlighe ;  
 ní bfuigeas ré beic 'caimnt leir  
 san leat-ghní burde ;  
 “bí agham 'ra Spriéal ar mairim  
 Dia'roaim  
 Táim cainte go péirteó' mé an  
 cár rin.”

13. Ipe : Bí an lánamhain ra Spriéal ar  
 mairim an lae,  
 'S óeamhan blas a fuigeas áct  
 a gcup ar an péir ;  
 ní veapnas an beirt rin áct  
 masas 'r bíc-éigean  
 áct ceapaim gur caillead na  
 páirtí.

## TRANSLATION.

1. One Saturday evening when the sun was setting I saw a couple in a garden by themselves. The woman was noisily discoursing on tea, And the man did not like her to be talking of it. | 2. “Now, you are always talking of tea, And the day you have it nobody sees it with you. Be off, get tobacco for me, for your own good, Or I'll share with you the handle of the spade.” | 3. “How can I? Where could I get it for you, But by tying two hens that had eggs last night? What you had at Christmas you did not yet pay for, And what I have is little enough for the children.” | 4. “I am thinking it is a miserable way To be working for you and getting nothing out of it; If I went in to any man in the country, I'd get tobacco from him and some pay.” | 5. “All the work you'd ask to do, during your life, Is smoking tobacco and letting it go with the wind; Show now where are your goods or your means, And is not your provision for the children amusing?” | 6. “If I went to Galway, or east to Headford, Over to Kinvara, or out to Tralee, For a week or a month, I'd meet with a house Where I'd earn the price of a drawers and a jacket.” | 7. “Indeed! you went before and you returned again, And we did not see with you a crown, a shilling, or a penny; You lay on your bed and your sides sore, And the cold deep in your bones.” | 8. “Cease your talk henceforth, you foolish slattern, Or I'll strike you a blow that will break your back, Fighting and wrangling you spend your life, And the very same way had your mother.” | 9. “If I am a fool, and if I am a slattern, With a shirt on my skin as black as a beetle; I sold all I had to pay the rent, And that is what has left my hands empty.” | 10. “What I told you already, I tell you again, Unless you listen henceforth to the words I speak; Unless you stop now, and leave off the tea, It is short you will have either house or home.” | 11. “I am a long time keeping the house, And you should not notice my drink or my eating; If I should not drink every morning the full of a twopenny skillet, There wouldn't be a drop in my breast for the child.” | 12. He went to Galway to settle with a lawyer: He couldn't get an interview without a yellow half guinea: “Be with me in Spiddal on the morning of Thursday. I am certain I'll settle that case.” | 13. The couple were in Spiddal in the morning, And nothing was done but to bind them to the peace. That couple did nothing but mocking and reviling (one another), But I think the children died.

This song was sung to me by Miss Bridget Forde, Sylane, Tuam. The words are taken from a collection of the songs of Colm Wallace, a Connemara poet, selected and edited some years ago by the late Pádraig mac Pádraig, and published by the Gaelic League. (See “*Amháin Chúm de Óaileir*,” p. 4.)

## 26.—slán agus beannaíocht le buairéireacht an t-saogail.

(GOOD-BYE AND FAREWELL TO THE TROUBLES OF THE WORLD.)

Sung by MR. MARTIN BURKE,  
Abbey, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 63$

1. One morning in June, agus mé 'oul a rparceoir-eacht, Carab liom  
cail-in 'r baó nó-dear a ghaol, She was so handsome, 'o tuit mé i  
ngraó léir, 's 'fás sí an ar-raing éirí lár-mo éirí. I axed her her  
name, "nó goir-e an raing beannaighe, a éar m' an áit éú a ghráó geal mo  
éirí? My heart it will break, if you don't come a -  
long with me, slán agus beannaíocht le buairéireacht an t-saogail."

2. "Maire! cailín beas ós mé, ó ceannair  
na fairsige,  
agus cógadh go cnearta mé i ncoraí mo  
faoigail,

I being so airy, ó 'r é ríú baó éleactac liom,  
Which made my own parents and me disagree."

"Mair", a éiríle, 'r a ríóir, aet a n-éirí  
liom tamall

I'd tell you a story a b'ait le 'o éiríle,  
That I'm a young man that's doughtily in love  
with you,  
And surely my heart is from roguery free."

3. "Go, you bowld rogue, sure you're wanting  
to pláter me,

b'fearr éan ar an lár ná 'o éan ar a  
'greaib.

I have neither wheat, potatoes, nor anything,  
ná ríú an plúir leabair a b'ad éiríle  
'ran oíche."

"Ceannóir mé téi tuit, 'sur gléar mair  
in aice rín,

Sún' English cotton 'e'n fáirín atá oar,  
So, powder your hair, love, and come away 'long  
with me,

slán agus beannaíocht le buairéireacht an t-saogail."

4. "There's an ale-house near by, agus béró-  
muir go mairín ann,

If you are satisfied, a ghráó geal mo éiríle,  
Early next morning we'll send for a clergyman,  
agus bérómuir-ne ceangailt' 'ngan-fior  
'o'n t-saogail.

bérómuir ag ól, fad mairíear an t-airgead,  
And then we will take the road home with all  
speed.

When the reckoning is paid, who cares for the  
landlady?

slán agus beannaíocht le buairéireacht an  
t-saogail."



## TRANSLATION.

1. . . . , as I went a walking I met with a maiden and sweet was her countenance.  
. . . . I fell in love with her, And she sent a pang right through my heart. . . . or  
what happy fit was it, That turned you into this place, 'bright love of my heart? . . . .  
Good-bye, and farewell to the troubles of the world. | 2. Well, I'm a little young girl from the  
coast district, And I was honestly reared in the beginning of my life, . . . . , for so I was  
accustomed . . . . Well, my pulse and my treasure, if you'd listen to me a little, . . . .  
that would charm your heart. . . . . | 3. . . . . A bird in the hand is worth  
two in the branch, . . . . Nor as much as a blanket to be over us at night. I will buy tea  
for you, and a fine dress in addition, A gown of English cotton of the fashion that is dear  
. . . . Good-bye, and farewell to the troubles of the world. | 4. . . . . and we'll be there  
until morning, . . . . bright love of my heart; . . . . And we'll be united unknown  
to the world, We will be drinking as long as the money lasts. . . . . Good-bye,  
and farewell to the troubles of the world.

This is an example of what, I believe, is known as "macaronic" verse, i.e., verse in which two languages are used alternately. Songs of the same style seem to have been fairly common in Munster, but I have come across only this one sample in the West. I learned the air from the Rev. M. J. Conroy, P.P., Kilmeena, Co. Mayo, and the words I got from Martin Burke, Abbey, near Tuam. It must have been very popular at one time in this neighbourhood, as all the old people remember hearing it when they were young, although they have forgotten it now.

For variants of the air see Petrie, Nos. 1478, 1461, 1462, 1463.

27.—MAINISTIN BHAILE CLÁIR.  
(THE ABBEY OF CLARE GALWAY.)

♩ = 100

♩. = 56

Sung by MR. PAT O'NEILL,  
Drumgriffin.

1. 'S nac seadair a ród, nac buairdearta d'ar nac  
 eiríó - te an bár, 'S nac uiríú - - raó dom leat-uair ná  
 nóiméad óe rpar? nac fú leir-fúinn ruid an éorpa, ná'n  
 colann (ó) nuair a b'éar rí rínt' ór cionn cláir. ac' go  
 b'fóiríú (ó) mac muir' ar an anam, m'ar  
 eiríúir - muid a cuiríúear le rán.

*For second and following verses.*

2. ac' r'á - gaim le huóad' d'ar le hait-rúge, dá mbéinn-re in mo  
 f'agairt 'ran áit, nac gcuirínn (ó) don  
 b'iríúair - nar áit - rúge, ar don fear i mbail e cláir.

3. Եւ զի քան զ'ոմեղսն զ'ոմն թագած,  
'Յսր զ' Լեանմանտ ի յաջալէսն իր թարր,  
ձեռն ի բո (ո) ի ինքեան թագար ի յաջալէսն  
Ինքն ի յաջարտ ի յա ինքեան ի յաջալէսն.

4. Ան իստ ինքն ինքն ինքն  
Ինքեան ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
Եւ ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն  
'Տ զ' զ' ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն.

5. Եւ ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն  
ձեռն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
'Տ ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն  
ձեռն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն.

6. Դ ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
'Տ ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
Ան ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն.

7. Դ ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
'Տ ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն.

8. Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն.  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն.

9. Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
'Տ ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն.

10. Ան ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն.

11. 'Տ ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն,  
Ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն.

## TRANSLATION.

1. Is it not a hard saying? Is not death cruel and heart-rending, That would not give me a half hour, or a moment of time? That the body is not worth a red halfpenny, Nor the corpse, when it is stretched above boards? And may the Son of Mary assist our souls If we are creatures who will be put astray. | 2. But I firmly and solemnly declare That if I were a priest in the place, I would not put any judgment of penance On any man in Clare Galway. | 3. For they are renouncing sin, And following the best rules of life; And as long as Peter is in the Chair Our friends will be found in heaven. | 4. That which you have already begun, Let us see that it is brought to a finish, For you will have a blessing from the priest, And a twelve-fold reward from the Son of God. | 5. You shall rise up from the bare gravel And will go (to kneel) on boards of pain (pine (?)): And it is not for himself he collected the tax. But for the benefit of the people for ever. | 6. And is it not a great shame for the people, Seeing the number of good men in Clare, That the rain is falling down on the priest During the time that he offers the Mass? | 7. And when the people begin to assemble, Every one has a little flag in his hand To put under his knees on the gravel, And assuredly there is mud on the women's (clothes). | 8. Do not say aught to the priest, You have no right to say anything; For he comes to the head of the bed to you, Putting the holy oils on you at death. | 9. And thus writing a "pass" for our souls Up to the bright King of Grace. And, O Mary! what shall we do,

Considering how often we offend Him? | 10. The man who walked Dublin and Galway, Past Aran and Ballinamore, Gave the palm to the work a week ago, Saying he didn't see its equal so far. | 11. How terrible for him who would not say that prayer As well as the twelve decades (prescribed) In honour of the angels of heaven, And also of the grace of God's Son.

This song was evidently composed by some local poet—I have been unable to find out by whom—probably some time before the present parish church of Clare Galway was built. Until that time the people had continued to worship in a corner of the old Franciscan Monastery which was fast falling into ruin.

The air is irregular, and I had to hear it many times before I ventured to write it down. Pat, however, was always willing to come into Tuam as often as I asked him; indeed his anxiety to save the old songs was as keen as my own.

28.—ΘΟΪΤΪΙΡ JENNINGS.  
(DOCTOR JENNINGS.)

♩ = 78

*Dorian mode.*

Sung by MISS MARY CONWAY,  
Ballintleva, Tuam.

1. Δ ΘΟΪΤΪΙΡ Jenn - ings, céao παραιοιρ κηάριτε! ιρ tú ρυαίρ  
 báρ υαίμ ι ούτíρ σο íαοξάιλ; Θα ρυβαλαίμν Connaéce' áγ-uρ Oíl - eán  
 páóρaíc Sαíηaíl mo íηάíξιρ - τιρ ní βρυίξιμν ι ούτιρ. ιρ τρυαξ líom  
 úi-lic á - νοιρ, σο áé-áιρ, Ό' οiόé'ρ σο ló 'ρ cóηι ραó' Δ íηaίρρεαρ  
 éoióé', Δ éul - áic óυb áιρ 'ρ é á'ρυβαλ na móμτε, ηáé ρυαíó an  
 cáρ é, 'ρ é ι νοειρεαó Δ íαοξáιλ?

2. Όά μβέσθ' φίρ' αἷσαμ'α ὅσ'ο παῖθ' ἀν' βάρ  
οἷρ  
Ὅ'ι μτ'εόδ'αιμν ὅσ'ο ράναδ' ἰ νοῖατ'ο μο' εἶνν ;  
ὅσ'ο τοο νί φίλλ'ρην ἀρ' ἀν' οὔν' ρεο οὔιτ'ε  
ὅσ'ο λά μο' βάρ' νό θειρεσθ' μο' ῥαοξάιλ,  
ὅσ'ο οτιυβ'ραινν λειῖσ'αν ἡν' ἀν' ἀβαινν βάρ'οτε,  
ἀ'ρ' νί ἰαρηρ'αιμν ῥνάμ'ι λε ὅσ'ο οτιοέ'ραινν ἐρ'ίο.  
ἀέτ' μο' εὔιῖς εέσθ'ο βεανναέτ' ὅσ'ο εὔιρ'ετ'ο να  
νῖρ'ά'ρ'ετ'α,  
μῖννα β'ρ'υῖλ ρέ'ινοσάν' τοομ' εὔ'ο ἀ' φειδεάιλ' εοι'όε.

3. Σέ μο' λέαν' ἡέαρ'ο νάε' ἰ β'ρ'αιρηῖε ἀ' βί' τῷ,  
νό ἀ' β'ρ'αθ'ό' τοο μῖνν'ετ'ρ'ι εἰλλ' ἡν' ἀν' σ'ρ'άινν,  
βέσθ'ο ρῦῖλ' ἀ' β'αιλε' λεατ'ο το'ε' λό' ἀ'ρ'ο' ο'  
οι'όε  
ἀρ'ο' εὔ'αιρητ'ο μίορ'α, νό φίρ'ο' το' ρῖξείλ.  
ἀέτ' εὔιρ'ετ'ο μτ'εῖξ'εαέτ'ο' οὔιτ'ο' ρ' ἡαν' τῷ φειδεάιλ'  
εοι'όε,  
Ὅ, μί' νί νί μῖνν'ετ'ρ'ο' μέ' βεο'ο' τοο' οὔ'ατ'ο' !  
ἰρ'έ' μο' ἡάλ'ρ'α' οὔ'βαέ'έ' νάε'έ' μο' εἰροῖθε' ἀτ'ά'  
οὔ'ιτ'α,  
ἀ'ρ' ἡαν' ρῦῖλ' ἀ' β'αιλε' λεατ'ο ἀρ'ίρ' ὅσ'ο β'ρ'άέ' !

4. ἡυαῖρ' ἀ' β'ρ'εαέ'νν'εῖξ'ιμ' ρίορ' ἀρ' β'ολλ'-'αν-  
ἰαρηρ'αινν,  
εέ' ἀν' εἰρ'ο'ο'μ' β'ιαι'ό'δ'αν' ἀέτ' ἀρ'ίρ' ὅσ'ο τοο,  
ἡν' ἀν' εἰτ' ἀ' ἡ'οι'εαθ'έ' ἀν' ἰεανν'αῖθ' υαρ'άλ,  
ἀέτ' νάε' ε'ρ'υαῖῖς ρ'ιμ' ἀ'ρ'ο' μο' εἰρεαέ', ε' ἰρ'  
λάρ' !

ἡυαῖρ' ἀ' εἰοηναῖε' μίρ'ε' εεανν' ἀν' εἰοητ'ρ'αινν  
ἀ' τεαέτ' ἡν' ἀν' β'ρ'όιρ'ε, 'ρ'εαθ'ο' ἀ' ἡέιτ'ο' μο'  
εἰροῖθε,  
Ὅι "Mrs. Jennings" ἀνν' αἡυρ' ἰ' ο'ά' ρ'όξ'αθ',  
ἀν' μῖννορ' ὅξ' ἀνν, νάε' β'ρ'εῖρ'εαρ' εοι'όε !

5. Ὅι ρίορ'αῖ' ἡεαλ' ἀνν' αἡυρ' λεανν'ο' ἀ' ὀίρ'-  
εαθ',  
ρ'ιον' αἡυρ' βεοῖρ' αἡυρ' ὅσ'ο λεορ'ο'ά' ρ'οι'οηνν,  
'S νάε' εἰρ'άι'όε' ἀν' β'αινν' ἰ' αἡ τεαέτ' ἀν'  
οἰοηναῖῖς,  
αἡυρ'ο' μο' ἡάιῖξ'ιρ'ετ'ρ'ι εοἡηαρ'ετ'α' λε' οὔλ' ἡν' ἀ'  
ἡοιλλ.  
ὅσ'ο μοέ' οἰα' οἰοηναῖῖς 'ρ'εαθ'ο' ἀ' ρ'υαῖρ' ρέ' ἀ'  
εἰοητ'ρ'α,  
'S ἀ' ρί' νά' ἡλόιρ'ε' νάε' β'αθ'έ' ρ'ιμ' ἀν' τ'άιρ',  
οὔ'ιμ'ε' υαρ'άλ' ὅξ' ἀ' βί' ἰ' νοῖατ'ο' ἀ' ρ'όρ'ετ'α,  
ἀ' ρ'αἡἡαῖλ' νί' εἰοἡηαρηρ'οῖμ' ἰ' β'ρ'υρ' νά' εἰλλ.

6. λεατ'ο' νά' εὔιῖς βί' ρ'αοι'ο' ν-α' εὔ'ιηαέτ'α,  
ἀ'ρ' β'υθ'έ' ρ'ιμ' ἀν' τ-εῖξ'ορ' ὅσ'ο β'ρ'υαῖρ' ρέ' βάρ' !  
ἀέα' ἰ' οὔ'αἡμ'βα' ελοῖε' μέ' ἀ' β'εῖτ' ρ'ιντε' ρ'υαρ'  
λεῖρ',  
β'υθ'έ' ρ'ιμ'ο' μ'όλάρ'ο'ά' β'ρ'αḡ'αιμν' βάρ'.  
ἀ ! "Mrs. Burke," ἡρ' β'εαḡ' ἀν' τ-ι'οηḡ'ναθ',  
τῷ' ἀ' β'εῖτ' αἡ εαοἡεαθ'ο' το'ε' λό' ρ'ο' οἰ'όε,  
ρ'αοι'ο' οἰεαρ'β'ρ'άέτ'αρην' εὑμ'ανν'αέ' νάε' β'ρ'εῖρ'-  
εαρ' εοι'όε,  
σ'αέτ'ο' νά' εἰρ'ε' το'ε' οὔ'ιμ'ε' υαρ'άλ' ὅξ'.

## TRANSLATION.

1. Oh, Doctor Jennings, a hundred bitter woes, It is you who died on us in the prime of your life; If I were to walk Connaught and the Isle of Patrick, The like of my master I'd not find in the country. I pity now Ulick, your father, By night and by day as long as I live, His black suit on him and he walking the meadows; And indeed it's a hard stroke for him at the end of his life. | 2. Had I known that death was upon you, Wandering I'd go, not caring where. Never would I return to this part of the estate, Till the day of my death or the end of my life, Until I would jump into the drowning river; And I would not try to swim that I might come through, But my five hundred farewells to the Court of the Graces, If I am not destined to see you again. | 3. 'Tis my bitter woe, that 'tisn't at sea you were, Or far away from your people, over in Spain, You'd then be expected home by day and night For a month's sojourn, and you'd be



heard from, But now you are gone, never more to be seen ; Oh ! a month I'll not be alive after you ! My black complaint, that my heart has not ceased, Since you're never expected to come home again. | 4. When I look down on Pollaneerin ; What mattered a year, but to think, " never again " ! In the place where he was reared, the noble Jennings ! Is it not a pity and bitter woe for me ? When I saw the head of the coffin Coming into the porch, my heart leaped up. Mrs. Jennings was there and she kissing him, The young minor, who will never more be seen ! | 5. There were white clay pipes there and abundance of ale, Wine and beer being distributed freely. What a sorrowful feast at the coming of Sunday, My master confined to go to the grave ! Early on Sunday he was put into the coffin. And Oh ! King of Glory, was it not a shame ? A young gentleman soon after his marriage ! His like I would not find near or far. | 6. Half the province was under his power, And he was the authority until he died. But in a tomb of stone, to be stretched beside him, That would be my solace if I were to die. Ah ! Mrs. Burke, small is the wonder That you should lament by day and by night Your loving little brother who will never be seen : The flower of the country of a young nobleman.

This is another purely local song, composed by the poet, Pat Greany, and sung to me by his great-granddaughter, Mary Conway of Ardrumkilla, Tuam.

The Doctor Jennings here lamented was a member of an old Catholic family—the Jenningses of Ironpool ("ᵀᵒᵒᵒᵒ-ᵒᵒᵒᵒᵒᵒ"), Kilconly, Tuam. He died of a fever, contracted whilst visiting a patient, when quite a young man. The "Mrs. Burke" mentioned in the song was his sister, married to one of the Burkes of Ower, near Headford, Co. Galway. The present representative of the family, I believe, is Colonel Jennings of Monkstown, Dublin.

## 29.—MO MÍLE STÓR.

(MY THOUSAND TREASURES.)

Sung by MR. PHILIP WALDRON,  
Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo.

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Δ έαιλ-ίν βάιν, ραν λιον ζο βράτ, 'S ní βλερ-φας βραον νιόρ  
 mó; τά fuil mo éiríde dá rite 'oo óiaib, á'r tac-ao ar mo  
 glóir. ní aicneódao lá ó oíde ζο βράτ, ná tear ó fuact ζο  
 veo, ζο oisigir ar air, Δ έαιλín thear, ó'r tú mo míle-r tóir.

2. Ó, Δ έαιλίν βάιν, ιρ tú mo ξράδ,  
 á'r mo páirt ra t-raoξal mór;  
 ζαν tú ι λάτair Oé na ηξηάρτα  
 ní páрта béinn ζαν ζό.

ι ρίοζατ na Spáinne ná Zeapmáine  
 Oo Páimail ní facar rór,  
 Δ bé na mbáirto, Δ óil-bean bláit,  
 ιρ tú mo míle rtóir.

1. My sweet fair maid I prythee stay  
 And I will drink no more,  
 My heart doth sweep the wine of tears,  
 My voice is hushed and low.  
 I'll know not light from darkest night,  
 Nor heat from winter's cold,  
 Should you depart, maid of my heart,  
 My love, my joy, my store!

2. My sweet fair maid, your love's the share  
 Of all the world I hold.  
 Without your smile in Paradise  
 I would repine, and go.  
 The lands of Spain or Allemain  
 Have not your match to show—  
 Bright flower of maids, the bards have praised,  
 My love, my joy, my store!

My friend, Philip Waldron, who gave me this little song, tells me he learned it from an old lady living near Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo, but he thinks she originally came from the neighbourhood of Tuam.

30.—*briḡoín beusair̃.*

(BREEDYEEN VESEY.)

As sung by PATRICK GARVEY,  
Headford, Co. Galway.

$\text{♩} = 63$

pórfaimh briḡo - in beus-air̃, Shan có - eā, briḡ nā

lém - e; a rṡóir mo éiríde, dá mb'féir̃ - ir liom, do éir̃oirḡf̃inn siuit naoi

uair̃á, Shan biaḡ shan uoḡ shan aon éir̃o ar oir̃ - eān i loḡ

éir̃ - ne, o'f̃onn mé a' r t̃ú beir̃ i n-éir̃-f̃eac̃t so r̃éir̃p̃eas-muir ar

ḡeáir̃. a ḡruair̃ ar ḡac̃ na ḡeas̃p̃-eon! a euaḡ-in báir̃ir̃ an

t-r̃eib̃-e! do ḡeall̃aḡ ná uéan br̃eas - ac̃, ac̃t éir̃ - iḡ leir̃ an

lá, 's i n-aíḡ-uéom̃ uir̃ḡe na cl̃eir̃ - e so uoḡḡ-f̃aimh eú mar̃

éir̃-e, 's a uia, náir̃ uéar̃ an r̃ḡeal r̃in, uim'as̃ eu-ló' le n-a ḡráḡ.

2. Do ḡeir̃ mo éir̃íde le buair̃p̃eac̃  
asur r̃ḡannuair̃ mé naoi n-uair̃e  
an m̃air̃oin úo do euaḡair̃ mé  
nāc̃ r̃air̃ t̃ú r̃óim̃am le r̃áḡail,  
's a liaḡt̃ lá r̃aoi r̃uair̃p̃eas̃  
éair̃ m̃ir̃e 'r̃ t̃ú i n-uair̃ḡeas̃  
's shan neac̃ ar̃ biḡ o'ár̃ ḡeúim̃uac̃  
ac̃t an o'úir̃ḡin 'r̃ é ar̃ an ḡcl̃ár̃.

Dá br̃áḡaimh amac̃ do euaḡair̃ḡ  
Dá uéir̃ḡeac̃ ḡo bonn c̃ruair̃e,  
Raḡac̃ an r̃ḡeal ño c̃ruair̃ o'pm  
ño leannr̃aimh do mo ḡráḡ,  
's ḡo mb'f̃eas̃ir̃ liom r̃inte r̃uar̃ leac̃  
's shan r̃úinn ac̃t r̃raoḡ a' r̃ luac̃air̃  
nā [beir̃] 's éir̃p̃eac̃t leir̃ na euaḡair̃  
b̃ior ar̃ r̃uib̃al as̃ éir̃ḡe lá (i.e. láe).



νίον έάβαιν έαμ να σπάμνις  
 μαρ γεάλλ αρ βαινρίοζαιν μάριε,  
 βίοθ άς βρύζαθ ά'ρ άς κάρναθ  
 'S άς congβάιλ να ηγáll ρίορ,  
 άέτ οά μαίρφεαθ Calvín λά 'cιντ,  
 Cρomáιλ, ηανηραοι, ά'ρ μάηταιμ,  
 Όά ηγρίοβφαθ ριαο οαμ κάρνα  
 ní h-είλεόέαιθε ορη πρίμ.

9. 'Sé Pluto an pρionnρa clampρaέ  
 σγιοβ uαim mo ξηάθ άγυρ m'annρaέτ,  
 έ péim άγυρ Rαοamanτyρ  
 ní capαio oom an oιαρ,  
 Όulcan βρύιζτε, οόιζτε,  
 'S ά leαέ-έορ βρiγτε βρεόιότε,  
 mίnoρ ηαέ ocyζ ηρόέαιρε,  
 ηα τρυταιζ άη γαουθε έοιοέ'.  
 ηρ iomόa άβαιnn βάιότε  
 Sin άγυρ conταβαιρ έράιότε,  
 τóρnneάέαιθ άς κάρναθ  
 άγυρ άς λορζαθ αρ ζαέ ταοιθ,

άέτ τρiάλλφαο ορη άμάραέ  
 άγυρ μαρ αοήμνις ριαο mo ξηάθ έαμ,  
 γεοβαο congναθ λάιοιρ  
 ηαέ η-είλεόέαιθε ορη πρίμ.

10. Ρiαnτα Pionn νίον ηόρ έαμ,  
 Oρζαρ 'ρ ζoll na μόρnα,  
 'S Cúcuλλaimn, an λαοέ cρόζanta  
 ηάρ έλιρ i γεαέ άρiαm.  
 Clann τιρνιζ ουβαιρ ζο leορ liom  
 Όo βαιρφεαθ αρ claiθεaή lόέpan,  
 άγυρ ηectορ, an λαοέ μόρ-έpυέ  
 Pυαηρ pόγλuim βρiεαζ pan τρaοι.  
 έlunnρeά i oτiρ na h-όige  
 ζmóm na βρεαρ μόρnα,  
 an τρaέ έορiζεαοαρ a ηcρόcaθ  
 άς γεαρρaθ pomρa ρίορ.  
 άέτ Jυpιτερ νίον ηόρ έαμ  
 έuιρ Mentορ, an φeαρ έoλuιρ, liom,  
 ηάρ leiζ amυζ' i n-aon βόέαρ μέ  
 ζo ocyζ me άβαιle βpύiζo.

## TRANSLATION.

1. I'd marry Breedyeen Vesey Without coat, boot, or mantle; Treasure of my heart, if I could, I would fast for you nine times, Without food or drink or anything, On an island in Loch Erne, Hoping that you and I might be together Until we settled our case. O cheek of the colour of the dog-berry, O cuckoo of the top of the mountain, Do not belie your promise, But rise up with the day. And in spite of the law of the clergy I'd take you for my spouse. And, Oh, God! what a charming tale 'twould be, A man stealing away with his love. | 2. My heart leapt with trouble, And I frightened nine times, That morning that I heard That you were not to be found before me. And all the days with merriment That you and I spent in solitude, Without anyone guarding us But the jug, and it on the table. If I could find out news of you, If you were to go to the foot of the Reek (Croaghpatrick); The story would go very hard with me, Or I should cling to my love. And I should rather be stretched beside you, With nothing under us but heath and rushes, Than be listening to the cuckoos Who are moving at the break of day. | 3. The reason of my moans and my lamenting Every early morning that I arise, O cool of the curls and the pearls, Is, that it is not you who were fated for me; And I would not ask with you, for a faireen, Anything but you and me to be together In some place alone, So that I might lay my hand on thine (thee). I would play music upon strings With the top of my fingers; I would forsake all the women of Erin for you, And I would follow you through the ocean. And if I were king of Greece, Or a prince over hundreds, I would give up all that To the pearl of the white breast. | 4. If you were to see the Star of Knowledge And she coming in the mouth of the road, You would say that she was a jewel at a distance Who would



lift mist and enchantment. Her countenance red, like the roses, And her eye like the dew of the harvest, And her thin little mouth, very pretty; And her neck like the colour of the lime. Her two pointed, equal-round breasts, I praised them, and I ought to, Standing, making a Jamp, And they shapen over against her heart. I am in grief and anguish Since you slipped from me beyond the mearing, Though it is long since I got advice That you would shorten my life. | 5. I shall begin down in Breaghwy, And I shall go to Loch Erne, And from Sligo to the foot of Kesh Corran I shall take my course; I shall walk Moin-Eile (Bog of Allen), And Cork and Ben Edar (Howth), And I shall not stand in Tomgraney Until I go to Tralee. There is never a hill nor mountain valley, Nor harbour town, in all that (country), That I shall not walk if I can, And that I shall not search for my desire. And if I do not find Breed in all that I have nothing to say to her, But to send a blessing and a farewell and a hundred To the blossom of the raspberries. | 6. Her beauty, her heart, and her fineness Virgil would not write in a quarter of a year; Her two bright white breasts Like the swan that is upon the waves. Her brows narrow, drawn, And her eye as round as a sloe, Which is always, we know, Growing on the top of the bush. Sweeter were the taste of her kiss Than honey of the bees, and it frozen; Pretty was her standing in a shoe, And her coolin was ringleted and fair; And if I and the blossom of youth Were only in Balla or in Bohola, We should not leave it till the end of harvest, But sporting and making merriment. | 7. Mercury says that he is certain That it was Pluto who swept away the jewel with him, And there are many great guards Going between me and her. Jupiter is their master, And I shall journey into his presence, But I shall wait till to-morrow Until I take my rest. I am tired, sick, Though I have used up my boots after you; Everlastingly making grief, I do not sleep a wink in the night. And since Hercules with excessive strength Carried off Cerberus from the road, Do ye not think that is right for me also To follow my love down below? | 8. I require strong help, I am not great (on terms) with Charon; He might drown me If I were to come into his net. His boat and oars Are constantly there on guard; The people of the Pope do not please him, He does not submit to their law. No help to me would be the Spaniard, Because of Queen Mary, Who used to be bruising and overthrowing And keeping down the Galls. But if Calvin were alive, some day, Cromwell, Henry, or Martin, They would write for me a card, And not a penny would be required of me. | 9. It is Pluto is the disputatious prince Who snatched from me my love and my dear; Himself and Rhadamanthus, Neither of the two are friends to me. Vulcan, bruised and burnt, With his one foot broken and injured; Minos, who gave no mercy, Do not trust the rogue for ever. Many is the drowning river (I must encounter) That, and the ruinous peril, Thunders overwhelming And burning on every side; But I shall journey towards them to-morrow, And if they will not admit my love to me, I shall receive strong help, So that a penny shall not be required of me. | 10. The Fenians of Finn I would want, Oscar and Goll Mac Morna, And Cuchulain the valiant hero Who never failed in battle. The children of Uisneach, many have told, Who used to strike flame from sword, And Hector the great-famed hero, Who found fine learning in Troy. You would hear in the Land-of-Youth The deeds of the great men, When they began a-tearing And cutting down men before them; But Jupiter I required, Who sent Mentor the guide with me, Who never let me go astray in any road Until I brought Breed home.

This is one of the most popular of Raftery's songs, and there are very few people in the West of Ireland who cannot sing a bit of it. The words are

taken from "Songs of Raftery" by Dr. Douglas Hyde (p. 222), who has very generously given me permission to use them and others to which I have obtained the airs.

The version of the air I have here given I first heard from a young student of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, Patrick Mac Garvey, who came from Headford, Co. Galway, and I have since heard it frequently from others. Another well-known song is also sung to this air, viz.:—"Séadúin a mhic mo Cómaduinn," and it is under this title that Petrie noted down the two airs, Nos. 1437 and 1438.

### 31.—Fuinsead tinn' eóúain.

(FRENCH OF TYRONE.)

$\text{♩} = 84$  *Dorian or Æolian mode.* Sung by MR. PATRICK BURKE, Caherlistrane, Tuam.

1. Ayr' an Sionnac:—"beannac't leat a chuid meabha, beannac't-a  
 lib ro - ip fip as - ur mná, a'r a liac'taige lá  
 aer - ead a ead mé 'gail ann, nó sup león - ad mo  
 éinm - a 'gabáil 'noip as sleann - reabac."

2. "A' gabáil 'noip as sleannreabac, nár  
 élaon é mo rgeal,  
 bí m' anáil péin bhuirte 'r mo teanga ear  
 mo béal."  
 Baicad an Sionnac a'r é 'goul ério an  
 móin,  
 mar ruaitéad é 'g clampar lé fuinsead  
 tinn' eóúain.

3. Cuaid cáil na bfuinsead go faoa 'r go  
 geárr,  
 do cuaid ré go breatain, do'n fhaic 'r  
 do'n spáinn;  
 Samuil de daoimib uairle ní raib muim lé  
 páúail—  
 's go mba leanb buan, raoglac é fuinsead  
 tinn' eóúain.

4. Ní'l an t-oiǵne ós reo déct naoi mbliatna  
 oéas,  
 'S tás "ladies" na h-áite i nǵráó leir ǵan  
 bpeis;  
 Tás pé i ǵclár 'éasaim le léiǵeas dǵ an  
 raoǵal  
 Sur b' é ir áit áruir oo flaitéar na náoim.

5. Oá bpeicéa na Ffriuǵ 'ceacé cuis an  
 léim—  
 'Óia 'ǵur a mhuir, nac ionnta bí 'n "game!"  
 A r iao ǵleupc' 'i noearǵ, i noub 'ǵur i  
 mbán—  
 Oé! impiǵim Rí an 'Dóimnaǵ an t-oiǵne  
 'ceacé rlan.

6. "Ób! Ób!" ar' an Sionnac, "cao  
 'béanar mé féin?  
 'Seo iao na ǵadair dǵur rtróicirí riao mé;

Caitéar amac mé 'r béib 'n ríoc raoi mo  
 ríóin,  
 'S mo ruball 'tráctóna, dǵ Ffriuǵeac tír'  
 eoǵaim.

7. Oá bǵáaimn-re ráite nó cúpla mí 'rpar,  
 Ráaimn 'r an áit nac ǵcuiriríoe ionnam  
 rǵáé;  
 Ráaimn éarac-amac ríor ǵo pláineo mhuǵ-  
 eó,  
 'Sní béas mo ruball 'tráctóna 'ǵ Ffriuǵeac  
 tír'-eoǵaim.

8. Óior annrín éana, 'r b'ole an éóimurra  
 mé ann,  
 Óior ro-beasairíoe, ba mór mo óúil i bfeoil;  
 mhuiríuǵim féin lácain a'r ǵéada ǵo leor,  
 'S o'ǵáirí rín muipe dǵ ríor-íleas na  
 noeóir."

## TRANSLATION.

1. Says the Fox :—"Blessings be with you, Knock Ma, Blessings be with you, both men and women; Many's the airy day I spent there among you, Till my bones were injured going past by Glennshoke. | 2. Going past by Glennshoke, isn't my tale a sad one? My breath was exhausted and my tongue hanging out." The Fox was checked going through the bog, For he was put into difficulties by Ffrench of Tyrone. | 3. The fame of the Ffrenches travelled far and near, It went to Britain, to France, and to Spain. Their equals among noblemen were not to be found, And may he be a long-lived child—Ffrench of Tyrone. | 4. This young heir is barely nineteen years, And the ladies of the place are certainly in love with him. 'Tis on his countenance to be read by the world, That his place of dwelling is the Kingdom of Saints. | 5. If you were to see the Ffrenches coming to the leap: Oh, God and Mary! 'isn't it they that were spirited! And they decked out in red, in black and in white: Och! I beseech the King of Sunday that the heir may come safe. | 6. "Uv! Uv!" says the Fox, "now what will I do? Here are the hounds, and they will tear me asunder. I shall be put out, and the frost will be under my nose, And Ffrench of Tyrone will have my tail in the evening. | 7. If I only got a quarter, or a few months' respite, I'd go to the place where I would not be frightened. I'd go away out to the plains of Mayo, And Ffrench of Tyrone would not have my tail to-night. | 8. I was there before, and a bad neighbour I was: I was too daring, and my desire for meat was great. I used to kill ducks and geese in abundance, And that's what has left me for ever shedding tears."

This song was printed by the late John Glynn in the "Tuam News," and he states in his note on it:—

"The Tyrone branch of the Ffrench family is now known as St. George, Christopher Ffrench having in 1774 assumed the surname of St. George in pursuance of a direction contained in a settlement made by his mother's



2. An muilleóir: bíodh uatha brian aghat aghur  
 Tighearna an éiláir;  
 Bíodh uatha Concéobair tréan  
 aghat 'r uatha Oóinnail  
 óg;  
 Bíodh Tighearna Sligeac  
 aghat aghur a mairghean  
 rinná,  
 aghur fás real eile agh an  
 muilleóir bán.
3. báp: ní beir uatha brian agham ná  
 'n Tighearna éiláir;  
 ní beir uatha Concéobair tréan  
 agham ná uatha Oóinnail  
 óg;  
 ní beir Tighearna Sligeac  
 agham ná a mairghean  
 rinná,  
 aghat beir gheim cúl cinn  
 agham ar a' muilleóir  
 bán.
4. An muilleóir: má 'r gaircibeac éur, má  
 tá tú 'rád,  
 'r lom, crúaid, caite é le  
 cnián gan fearl.  
 'r fear gan mairgheac nac  
 rácad leat cun prairin  
 aghur óe réir mo mearca,  
 gur tú béad ar lár.
5. báp: má tá mair lom, caite ní  
 náir éam é,  
 aghur a laccuige lá breá  
 a rugad mé;  
 aghat 'r ceacair boet mé  
 ó flaitear óe  
 atá inoiaidh gac anam boet  
 o'ar caite a léar.
6. An muilleóir: Slaccaim-re paróin agh Rí  
 na nÓil,  
 le cúl cun prairine le  
 pláig mar tú;  
 aghat éis mé o rogan oir  
 ar beir nó ar éirir,  
 aghur bíodh Ruaidín fearca  
 aghat nó muilleóir  
 pláir.
7. báp: leas mair an Seapaltac,  
 'r buó gaircibeac é,  
 foll mac móirna aghur  
 Conán maol;  
 leasraib mé ar fadó le  
 congnam óe,  
 aghur beir an muilleóir bán  
 agham, 'r cé é comneóad  
 é?

## TRANSLATION.

1. I was one fine day on my road to Tuam, When Death met me beside the fort. "Have you got any person since you started out?" "I'll have the white Miller by a grip on the poll." | 2. "Have O'Brien and Lord Clare, Have strong O'Connor and young O'Donnell, Have Lord Sligo and his maiden wife, And leave another while to the white Miller." | 3. "I'll not have O'Brien nor Lord Clare, Nor strong O'Connor nor young O'Donnell, I'll not have Lord Sligo nor his maiden wife, But I'll have the white Miller by a grip on the poll." | 4. "If you are a warrior as you say you are, Bare, hard, and wasted is he with fleshless bones, He'd be a cowardly man who wouldn't enter a contest with you, And, in my opinion, 'tis you would be laid low." | 5. "If I am wasted, no shame for me, Seeing the length of days that I've been born. I am a poor messenger from the Kingdom of God Who pursues every poor soul which has spent its term." | 6. "I beg pardon of the King of the Elements For entering a contest with a pest like you; I gave you your choice of two or three, So now you can have Ruane, or the miller of



flour." | 7. "I laid low the Geraldine, and a warrior he was, Goll Mac Morna and Conan the Bald, I will lay them all low by the help of God, And I'll have the white Miller, and who would keep him?"

I learned this song from Mr. Michael Farrell, miller, whose people, millers also, are long resident in this neighbourhood. He tells me it has been handed down in his family for generations; but he does not know who composed it.

33.—Δ τΟΜΑΙΣ, Δ ΜΙΛΕ ΣΤΟΙΡΙΝ!  
(THOMAS, MY THOUSAND TREASURES.)

Sung by Miss BRIDGET FORDE,  
Sylane, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 96$  *Mixo-Lydian mode modified.*

1. Δ'ρ Δ τΟμ-άιρ Δ μίλε ρτόιρ-ιν, ηά - - buail ríor le  
com-ráð 'r bié mé. Glac 'vo íludr-do 'r 'vo láithé - ašur šo  
seo seo ní céim ríor orr é. aš uil ério an tráoš  
míoir som, 'dar liom féim šo raib an orúe-ta 'na luige, Δ'ρ Δ  
cumain - in fá 'ó éú, Seo - pōš 'uic nó šo bfill-rò mé Δ - rír.

2. Sé mo léan gáir, Δ ρτόιρín,  
šan mo bóčairín aš uil aš 'vo éiš,  
mar ir leat Δ éat mé mo brōša  
1 'otúr m'oiše, 'r mé 1 uoeipeat mo fadošail.  
Δ'ρ šo bfuil mé ar mo leabair  
le bliadain 'r cúis reatčtaine oéas  
šo bfuil mo šráó geal ra milíri,  
Δ'ρ oeir oaoine nač bfillrío šo h-éas.

3. 'Sé mo léan gáir, Δ ρτόιρín,  
šan bliadain ar far m'ir an ló,  
Δ'ρ ouilleabair na š-epaob  
aš ríor-éur na meala 'ó m'árr,

míre liom féim m'ir an tír  
Δ šcomnuítear mo šráó,  
mo éaob le n-a éaob  
ašur an épaobóišín šlar in Δ láith.

4. Bliadain šur an oiróče áríer  
'Seat réab na capail éar fáil,  
Δ'ρ 1 šciomm uaire n-a 'oiatío rín  
'S ead 'ó'éaluis mo šráó geal ran rínáth.  
ní'l tuile oá méro  
nač šcaiteann real eile Δ' tráošad;  
ní'l ann ačt lučt b'éiše  
'S b-féoir šo bfillreát mo šráó.

## TRANSLATION.

1. Thomas, my thousand treasures; Strike me not down by any word (of yours). Take up your shovel and your spade, And for ever it is no shame to you. As I went over the big strand, I thought the dew was lying, And oh! my love twice over, Here's a kiss till I return. | 2. 'Tis my bitter grief, my treasure! That my path leads not to your house, For it was with you I wore out my boots In the beginning of my youth, and I'm now at the end of life. And I've been on my bed For a year and fifteen weeks, While my bright love is in the army, And they say he will never return. | 3. 'Tis my bitter woe, my treasure! That a full year is not in a day, And that the foliage of the branches Shed not honey from their tops; And that I am not alone in the country In which my love resides, My side by his side, And the little green branch in his hand. | 4. A year ago last night The horses burst through the hedge, And one hour after that My bright love went away in the sea. There is no tide, however great, That does not spend another while in ebbing; They are all only deceivers, And maybe my love will return.

It was from Bridget Forde, Sylane, Tuam, I learned this song. The air consists of one phrase only, four times repeated, but it is a good one.

Another version of the words is given by the Rev. Professor T. O'Kelly in the "U. C. Galway Annual" for 1917.

34.—uiseó mo leanb (i).  
(HUSHO, MY BABY.)

Sung by MICHAEL BREATHNACH,  
Inverin, Spiddal.

$\text{♩} = 46$

1. uir - eó! uir - eó! uir - eó - - mo leanb - uir - eó mo  
leanb 'r gáb'mac tú Δ boḡa. uir - eó! uir - eó! uir - eó - - mo  
leanb uir - eó mo leanb 'r gáb'mac tú Δ boḡa. eí - eí - oíl - í  
eí - oíl - í, eí - oíl - í, eí - oíl - í, eí - oíl - í,  
eí - oíl - í, eí - oíl - í, eí. eí, eí - oíl - í,  
eí-oíl - í, eí-oíl - í, eí-oíl. uir-eó mo leanb 'r gáb'mac tú Δ boḡa.

## 35.—ΣΥΝΤΡΑΙΩΕ (ii).

(A LULLABY.)

♩ = 132 Words by "ἰὺ μάμε."

1. Σεοῖ - τίν, ρεο - τό μο ρτόρη é μο λεανθ, μο ῖεο ζαν  
 έελας, μο έυο νε'η τραοζαλ'μορ, Σεοῖ - τίν, ρεο - τό ναέ μόρη é αν  
 ται'νεαμ, μο ρτόρη'ν-α λεαθ-αὐ'ν-α έοολας ζαν βρόν! Δ λεανθ μο  
 έλέιβ, ζο ν-έριγζὶ το έοο-λας λεατ, Séan ας - υρ ροναρ Δ  
 έοὐδέε 'το έομαιρ! Seo beannaét ἦνιc Oé ας - υρ τέαζαιρ Δ  
 buim-e λεατ, τέριγς Δ έοο-λας ζαν βιοθ-ζαθ ζο λό.

2. Δρ ἦνυλλά αν τσιθε τά ρίθεοζα γεαλα  
 ρά έοοιν-ρέ αν εαρηαις ας ἡμιρτ α ρπόρητ,  
 'S ρεο ιαο ανιαρ έυν ζλαοὶδ αρ μο λεανθ  
 λε μιαν έ έαρηαις τ'ιρτεαέ ραν λιορ μόρη.  
 Ζοιρμ έύ, Δ έροιθε! ní β'ριγς' ριαο το μεαλλαθ  
 λε β'ρις Δ γελεαρ ná λε βιννεαρ Δ γεοιλ,  
 τά ἡιρε leo' έαοιβ ας ζυρε ορη να μ'beannaét,  
 Σεοῖτίν, Δ λεανθ, ní ἡνέο' tú leo.  
 Σεοῖτίν, ρεοτό, ῖρλ.

3. Ορ έομαιρ μο λαοις, ζο μιόέαιρ cean'ἡαίλ  
 τά οίλ-ρuiγς αηγεαλ ας ραιρε'ν-α έρεο,  
 λε μόρη-ξράθ οιαν 'ζά ιαρηαὶδ έυν beαλαίς,  
 μαρ b'αοιβne φλαίτηρ οά ραέαθ ρέ leo.  
 Δ ρτόρη μο έροιθε, λυγ ριαρ ην το λεαθαὶδ,  
 λεταοιβ τοόμαιρ'ρεαθ βανραιρ ζοπόλλ,  
 ní μόρη όαμ λε οια μο ῖιαιρ'α'ζυρ μ'αιτεαρ,  
 μο ριοζαέτ αρταλαἡι ρτεανηταμο βρόοο.  
 Σεοῖτίν, ρεοτό, ῖρλ.  
 \*

## TRANSLATION.

1. *Shoheen, shoho*, my child is my treasure, My jewel without guile, my share of the world,  
*Shoheen, shoho*, how great is the delight, My little treasure in his bed, asleep without sorrow.  
 Child of my bosom, may thy sleep thrive with you, Happiness and luck be ever in store for you.  
 May the blessing of God's Son and the love of His nurse be with you, Go to sleep without start  
 until day. | 2. On the Hill of the Sidhe are fairies shining Under the fair moon of spring playing  
 their games. And here they come eastward to call to my child, Wishing to lure him into the

great fort. I call thee, my heart! They shall not entice you By dint of their tricks, or the sweetness of their music, I am by your side praying for you blessings, *Shoheen*, my child, you will not go with them. | 3. Before my darling, sweet and gentle, Kind angel eyes are gazing upon him, With great strong love inviting him away, For Heaven would be more delightful were you to go with them. Treasure of my heart! lie down in thy bed, Beside your mamma you still will abide, God does not grudge me my play and my pleasure, My Heaven on earth along with my darling.

It is nearly eleven years ago since I learned this air from *Μίσελ* *βρεατνάς*, on one occasion when he was staying with me. In reply to a question, in which at the time I had a practical interest, as to how the Connemara mothers soothed their babies to slumber, he lilted me the above tune. There were no words but the fragment as I have given it. I have been told by another friend that the mothers of Connemara have a great reverence for the tune, believing that it was used by the Blessed Virgin in putting her Child to sleep.

The air was written down afterwards in  $\frac{3}{8}$  time by *Τομάς* *Μακ* *Όμνάλλ* for the Rev. Professor T. O'Kelly ("1<sup>o</sup> *Μάινε*"), U. C., Galway, who composed the verses which I have given with the air. He has kindly given me permission to use them for this collection.

### 36.—*τῦς αμαρ φέιν αν σαήραθ λινν.*

(WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US.)

Sung by Mrs. Fox, Ballytrasna,  
Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 76$  *Æolian mode.*

1. *ὄϊς-βαν λά 'ς'υλ αν βό-εαρ, τῦς-α-μαρ φέιν αν σαήραθ*

*λινν. Για καρπάρωε ούινν αέ' αν ζρηαζ-αέ. Ερό-θα, τῦς-α-μαρ φέιν αν σαήραθ*

*λινν. Σαήραθ, Σαήραθ, βαννε να ηζαήν-α, τῦς-α-μαρ φέιν αν σαήραθ*

*λινν. Σαήραθ, Σαήραθ, βαννε να ηζαήν-α, τῦς-α-μαρ φέιν αν σαήραθ λινν.*

2. O'fharruig ré uíom ar mheán uíom an  
beán ós rín,

tuḡamar, etc.

ḡo veimín ní h-í, 'r í mó ḡrád a' r mo rtor í.  
tuḡamar, etc.

Saḡmar, Saḡmar, etc.

3. A oíuḡbréá ceao uíom-ra leabairt ḡo fóill  
leí?

tuḡamar, etc.

Máira noeunaid tú rín, veunpar, mé an  
cóiḡcear (?).

tuḡamar, etc.

Saḡmar, Saḡmar, etc.

4. Téig túra 'n aicḡiorra 'r raḡao-ra 'n  
bócar,

tuḡamar, etc.

Ré aḡamn leaḡar rí, bioḡ rí ḡo uío aicḡe.

tuḡamar, etc.

Saḡmar, Saḡmar, etc.

5. Leaḡar, mé 'n ḡruaḡad, ó' r uoar an  
feap ós é.

tuḡamar, etc.

Uo beo nó uo márcamn naḡ fíllir ḡo uío  
orín!

tuḡamar, etc.

Saḡmar, Saḡmar, etc.

6. Iríomda rín bó' ḡ 'uḡ éar élaréceorann,  
tuḡamar, etc.

aḡ cóḡail feilb' ar feilb na ḡcoḡuirran.

tuḡamar, etc.

Saḡmar, Saḡmar, etc.

7. 'Sé feapacḡ rín aḡam-ra leat-ra, a  
rtóirín,

tuḡamar, etc.

O'fáḡar aḡmín mé boḡc aḡur b'rónaḡ.

tuḡamar, etc.

Saḡmar, Saḡmar, etc.

8. Táimic rí éḡam aḡír tráḡnóna,

tuḡamar, etc.

a' r éḡ rí léi an leirḡeul ba córca.

tuḡamar, etc.

Saḡmar, Saḡmar, etc.

9. Ac' níor feuo mipe éirḡeacḡ le caínnḡ  
ue'n trórt rín.

tuḡamar, etc.

O'fáḡar ó foín í aḡ ḡol ḡo b'rónaḡ.

tuḡamar, etc.

Saḡmar, Saḡmar, etc.

#### TRANSLATION.

1. As I and a young maid were one day going the road, (We brought the summer with us.) Whom should we meet but an Gruagach Crodha? (We brought, etc.) Summer, summer, milk for the calves! (We brought, etc.) | 2. He asked me if that young woman were my daughter. (We brought, etc.) "Indeed then she isn't, she's my love and my treasure." (We brought, etc.) | 3. "Have I your permission to discourse with her a while? (We brought, etc.) If you do not do that, I'll make the chorus(?)" (We brought, etc.) | 4. "Take you the short cut, and I'll go the road; (We brought, etc.) Whichever of us she follows, let him have her for ever." (We brought, etc.) | 5. "I'll follow the Gruagach, for a nice young man he is." (We brought, etc.) "May you never return to me alive or well." (We brought, etc.) | 6. "Many a cow crosses the boundary fence, (We brought, etc.) Taking possession of the neighbour's property. (We brought, etc.) | 7. So it was with you and me, my love. (We brought, etc.) You left me there poor and sorrowful." (We brought, etc.) | 8. She came to me again in the evening. (We brought, etc.) And brought with her an excuse the most plausible. (We brought, etc.) | 9. But I could not listen to talk of that kind. (We brought, etc.) I left her there weeping and sorrowful. (We brought, etc.)

I have to lament the loss of a sincere friend in the death of Mrs. Foy, N.T., who gave me this song. She had learned it from her father, who was a



native of Milltown, near Tuam. It is strange that although the family lived less than two miles from the town, I did not know they had any Irish songs. It was Mr. John Hoban, Milltown, who first sang it to me. He had learned it from a friend, who stated that he got it in Ballinasloe. I noted it down and sent it to Ballinasloe for correction, if necessary. In reply I was told that it had been learned in the Irish College at Partry, Co. Mayo, from the singing of Mrs. Foy, whose school was near the place. Thus I was able to trace the song back practically to my own door.

The song is comparatively modern, but I understand that the refrain is a very old one. For a much longer version, with a different refrain, see "Ceóltaib uile," p. 89, and a version with seventeen verses (from Tory Island) in "Gaelic Journal," March, 1892. See also Petrie, No. 502.

### 37.—léine bárraig.

(THE FLAXEN SHIRT.)

Sung by MRS. HOBAN,  
Milltown, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 76$

Tá cáil - in - í ós' ar a mbaile rin éall, 'S ní béir rias rin  
beo 'rso o'éiríod' rias 'ra b'airiúin. Tá rib - in - í "rác - in" 'oe'n f'airiúin abí  
oar'ca, San a - ca 'ran oíde dé' ceallais mo laoi. Oeáhan buaéail  
ós dá ngeobta i oíir, a m'uire 'ra ériort, i' rpuas san tú  
as-am. Ní cumneóe rias éiríde ar éior a oíge, dé' a n-ar - caill-i  
buide ério a léin - e bárraig. Rum so oom oom ol - oí oíol - - oí  
oom. Rum so oom oom oy - y - - rum do - oí.

2. Céannuig mé por ašur cúir mé 'r a' šepé  
 é  
 i mbárr an niaáa i ocúir an eapraig :  
 Búin mé ašur báib mé é, 'r ršair mé ar  
 rpaoc é.  
 'Šur cúir mé ra šepé é šan ršompe cáillige.  
 ní h-é an bairac šarb a céannuig mé féin,  
 áct an plúiríní gléšgal leitéro mo óaoí.  
 Cáill mé le ršeaoóir mo ceítepe ršinn oéaš,

Šan ašam o'á bárr áct mo léme bairraig.  
 ašum to oum, oum, etc.

3. O'árouig rí m'anam i mbárr mo éléibe,  
 a' r tócar na pléti a bí ršar ar a capái.  
 Óeamán rin ouine o'á caala mo ršéal,  
 náir óubairt šo raib tpeáo ar mo léme  
 bárrraig.  
 Rum to oum, oum, etc.

#### TRANSLATION.

1. There are young girls in that town beyond, And they won't be alive until they get into the fashion. They have expensive satin ribbons quite up to date, Though (for their supper) at night they have only colcannon, my laddie. "Deuce a young boy you'd get in the country. Oh Mary! and oh Christ! it's a pity you are not with me," They never remember the rent of their houses, But their yellow oxters (arm-pits) show through their flaxen shirts. | 2. I bought flax-seed and sowed it in the ground At the top of the field in the beginning of spring. I pulled it and steeped it and spread it out on the heather, And I put it in the earth without an untidy old hag. The tow which I bought was not the coarse stuff, But the bright fine material such as my father (used). My fourteen pence I lost with the weaver, And in return I got only my flaxen shirt. | 3. It lifted my heart to the top of my breast, And I tore at the pleats that were behind on its corners; Not a man who heard tell of my story, That didn't say, there was a flock in my flaxen shirt.

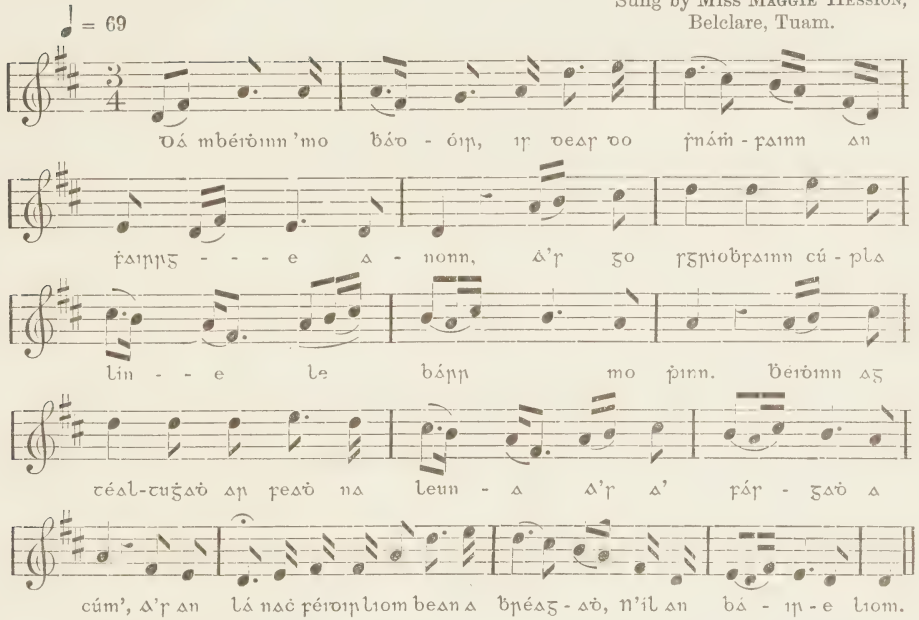
My friend, Mrs. Hoban, tells me that this satirical song was composed by Cormac Dall, a blind poet who lived in Dunmore (eight miles from Tuam) during the latter part of the eighteenth century. A short account of his life is given in Walker's "Irish Bards," with a long poem of his entitled "Lament for John Burke of Carrantrila." It is difficult, however, to discover any of the genius of Cormac Dall in the above composition.

In singing the song Mrs. Hoban repeats the chorus at the end of the fourth, as well as at the end of the eighth, line.

### 38.—AN OROIGNEÁN DONN (i). (THE BROWN THORN-BUSH.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSION,  
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 69$



Dá mbéirínn 'mo báo - óir, ir veap'eo fínáin - páinn an  
fáiríis - - e a - nonn, a' r go r'griobraimn cú - pla  
lín - - e le bárr mo pinn. Veirínn as  
téal-tuḡaḡ ar pead na leun - a a' r a' páp - ḡaḡ a  
cúm', a' r an lá naé péiríolom bean a b'péas - aḡ, n'íl an bá - ir - e liom.

2. Anoir a éumainnín! ó éapla as imteasct  
éú, go b'píllíó tú plán,  
Sgeul cinnte gur mairbhíis tú mo éiríóe in  
mo lár.  
Ní'l maoin asam a cuipfínn in oo óiaḡ ná  
báo,  
A' r go b'píil an fáiríisge ar a teorpáinn easpáinn,  
a' r ní oual sam fínáin.

3. Tá cluanaíde ós óe buaḡaill oo mo  
meallaḡ le bliadaim  
nó go noearnaíḡ ré ḡual ouḡ 1 lár mo  
éleirí;  
'S móir a meallaḡ é, ná 'r beannuís ré mo  
méin 1 ḡearp,  
Ná 'r píllíó ré! a' r tuille tubairt' éuise,  
nó go bpóirpáiréar mé.

4. Amhuire óilir! céap'eo oo óeap'ar mé, nuair  
imteasct tú uaim?  
Ní'l eolap in oo éis asam, in oo bealaḡ  
'ná oo f'ráio.  
Tá mo óeasí go ouḡ 1 oualaín a' r mo  
máirín páoi b'pón,  
A' r tá p'ir éiréann 1 b'pao 1 b'péas liom,  
a' r mo ḡráḡ 1 b'pao uaim.

5. Ir peap ḡan ééill a maḡaḡ as ouéim leir  
an ḡcláirde beaḡ áro,  
a' r cláirde beas eile le n'a éaḡ ann, ar a  
leaspaínn mo lám.  
S'ro gur b'áro é an eapann caoréaimn, bíonn  
ré peapḡ ar a bárr  
a' r go b'páínn r'péua, asur blaḡrúḡ eiaḡḡ  
ar an ḡeapann ir írle blaḡ.

## TRANSLATION.

1. If I were a boatman, nicely would I sail o'er the sea, And I would write two lines with the top of my pen, I would be going through the meadows and squeezing her waist, And the day I could not coax a maid, the game would not be in me. | 2. Now, my love, since you are going, safely may you return; 'Tis true that you have deadened my heart within my breast. I have no wealth that I could send after you, nor even a boat, And the sea is in flood between us, and I cannot swim. | 3. There is a young coaxing boy who has beguiled me for a year, And he has made my heart like a lump of coal: Greatly was he deceived, that he didn't measure my thoughts aright; May he not return, and more misfortune to him—until I am married. | 4. And, Holy Mary! what will I do when you go away from me? I do not know your house, your way, or your street. My father is deep in the clay and my mother sorrow-laden, And all the men of Ireland in anger with me and my love far away. | 5. A foolish man would he be who would try a high fence While there is another small fence beside it, on which I could lay my hand, Though the quicken tree be high, it is bitter on the top, And blackberries and raspberries grow on the lowest tree.

## 39.—ΑΝ ΘΡΟΙΞΝΕΑΝ ΘΟΝΝ (ii).

(THE BROWN THORN-BUSH.)

♩ = 69

From Began, Co. Mayo.

Σί - λεανν céas fear sup leo féin - - mé nuair  
 ól - - - aim lionn. 'S teirbean oá oirian rior uiom as  
 cuim - - ne ar oo éoin - ród liom; Sheact - a  
 réo - ce 'r é o'a rior - - éur ar slíab na mbán  
 pionn 'S tá mo shró - - ra mar bláé na  
 n-áir - - - ne ar an throix - - - neán thon.

2. Dá mbéinn 'mo bádóir i'r dea' do fháth-  
fáinn an fáirirge anonn,  
'S do rghróbáinn éúat line le bárr mo  
rínn;

Fáraoir geur! Gan mé a' r tú a gháó mo  
éiríde

1 ngléannán rléibe le h-éirge ghéine 'r  
an rúéet' na luige!

3. Cuirim féin mo míle rlán leat, a baile  
na gcrann,

'S gáé baile eile dá mbíod mo éiríall ann;  
i' r ionna bealaé rliúé, ralaé aghur bóirín  
cam

'Dá roir mé 'ghur an baile 'na bfuil mo  
rghóirín ann!

4. Tabair mo mállaé do t'áéir 'r doo  
'máéairín féin,

Nár éúg beagán cuighona éuit mo lán do  
léigéam;

i' r moé ar maíom éuirínn éúat-ra bríé mo  
rghéil,

bíod mo beannaéé aghat go gcarar ort i  
n-uáighéar mé.

5. A mhúiré úilear! creut do éuiríat má  
iméigéann tú uaim;

ní'l eolur éum do éigé agham, do éaéglaié,  
ná do éliúo;

Dá mo máéairín fáoi leat-erom 'r m'áéair  
ran uáig,

Dá mó mhúiré ar fáo i bfeairé liom, 'r mo  
ghráó i bfuat uaim!

6. Má'r agh iméaéé t'áir uaim anoir, a  
mhúirín, go bfuille tú rlán!

i' r dearbéa ghur máiré tú mo éiríde in mo  
lán;

ní'l coite agham do éuirínn do' úiaig, ná  
báó,

Dá an fáirirge na tuilte eadairínn 'r ní  
h-éol dom rghám.

#### TRANSLATION.

1. A hundred men think I am theirs when I drink beer, And two-thirds of them go down from me when I remember your conversation with me. Driven snow and it ever falling on fair Sliavnamon, And my love is like the sloe-blossom on the brown thorn-bush. | 2. Were I a boat-man, merrily I'd sail o'er the sea, And I'd write you a line with the point of my pen; Alas! that I and you, oh affliction of my heart, are not In a mountain glen with the rising of the sun and the dew on the ground! | 3. I give my thousand farewells to you, village of the trees, And every other village where my footsteps used to be! It's many a damp, dirty road and crooked little way Lie between me and the village where my little treasure is. | 4. My curse upon your father and your little mother too, That they didn't give you a little sense to read my hand; It's early in the morning I'd send you the meaning of my story! My blessing be with you till I meet you alone. | 5. And, Holy Mary! what shall I do if you go away from me? I know not your house, your hearth or your abode; My little mother is distressed and my father in the grave, My people are all in anger with me, and my love far away! | 6. If now you are going from me, safely may you return, For surely you have killed the heart within my breast; I have no little skiff to send, nor a boat, after you. The sea is in flood between us, and I know not how to swim!

No (i) is a Connemara version of a well-known song, and was given to me by Maggie Hession.

The second air was given to me by a friend who is a native of Began, Co. Mayo. It is as he remembers it from the singing of his father. The words are taken from "Cláríreac na ngléaé," Part I, No. 6. Other



versions have appeared in Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. I, p. 234; O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster," p. 238; Hyde's "Love Songs of Connacht," p. 30; Professor O'Maille's "*Amhráin Éilinne Saeóeal*," p. 127.

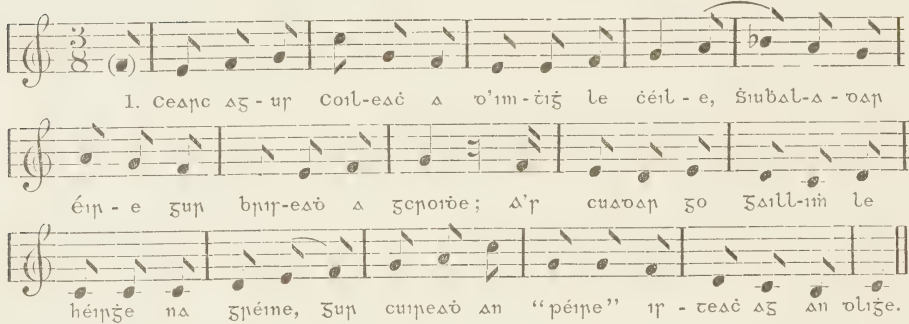
Petrie has an air of this name, No. 451, and O'Neill in his collection gives three settings, Nos. 31, 32, and 33.

#### 40.—CEARC AGUS COILEAD.

(A HEN AND A COCK.)

 = 208 *Mixolydian mode.*

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,  
Belclare, Tuam.



1. Cearc ag - us Coil-eac a o'im-tig le céil - e, Siubal-a - oar  
éir - e sur bhur-eac a gcoroib; a'r cuasair go Sailleim le  
héirge na ghréine, Sur cuiread an "péire" ir - teac ag an oige.

2. Ir ag uilliam ó h-uileán a bí riad ar  
réarad,  
'S ite mónóga pléibe 'r coislaó 'ra bhradó,  
go scáinig an rhyriam go lúthmar a'r aepeac,  
'S guab pé an péire irteac go b'Uac-an  
Riós.

3. Ua bfeicteá 'ra 'n coileac lá donais 'r na  
rrátoib,  
hata bpeág lartair a'r láimíní buib,  
Ceirpe rhyri fada oe'n aipegeo Spáinneac,  
Fuir in a láim, 'r é 'tigeadt mar an Riós.

4. 'S ag Muileann na leice, 'reac éuala mé  
an tráct air  
ag mnáib bí cotuigte le bláacac Seagáin  
móir.  
m'éinín coilig bí agam le hagsaó na féile  
márcain,  
Sur mairbuis na mná é le oúil inr a bpeóil;

5. Cus riad irteac é sur rhyri riad a énáma,  
'S sur éait riad an lá rin rhyriacaimail go  
leor.

'S nairb fearr oóib rhyrílin a ceannac ar  
rógnam,  
'n á an éaoi a noeacáit a gcaíl ar fuo  
Connoc muigeo.

6. Bí cearc ag Seagán bán buó bpeir 'n á  
péacós,  
ub agur céao a rhyrí ra lá.  
Cáinig an pionnac a mairbuis na céaoa  
'S cus pé oe'n péim rin í irteac go Slíab  
bán.

7. Oaimpeoacóir rí monuar, cuasraill a'r  
caepeir,  
'muig ar an "stage" ór comne oúin-móir,  
'S ar bairra na Sailleime leig rí an éao  
glaoó,  
Cleite ar mo "game" nior bameac go  
róill.

8. Ο'έριγξ μέ ρυαρ αρ μαισιν 'ρα' οριύετα,  
μο έαπαίλλιν cú liom 'r mo madao beas  
bán.

Connac mé an rionnac 'r é fíchte fuaiǵte,  
Siap inr an uamh 'r cloó ar a éann.

9. Έαρηαιγξ μέ ανιαρ έ ζο νδεαριναó ρέ  
υóαέτα,

ann a bfacaró a fúil nó loirg a lám.

Sé Tomár De búpca an buacáillín rǵiurta,  
Cuipfeao ná ceapca 'r na coirig ar  
páǵáil.

10. "m' oón"! ar ar éapc 'r í 'oul ar  
an bparaiǵ,

"nac brónac 'r nac oeopac le h-innirnt mo  
rǵéal,

acáir mo élonne, 'r céile mo leabéan,  
a' oul inr an bpota a' r leac ar a béal."

11. "Anoir," ar ar éapc, "ó éárla i m'  
bairepeabaiǵ mé,

ǵráinne ní pócrao zo teáǵeao 'ra ǵeré;  
acé beirim mo mállaéc trácónóa a' r maision  
Do mháib Doire leacáin' a márbuiǵ mo  
ǵame."

#### TRANSLATION.

1. A hen and a cock set out together; They travelled Ireland till their hearts were broken. They went to Galway at the rising of the sun, Where they were both brought up by the law. | 2. With William O'Helan they were a-grazing, Eating mountain berries and sleeping in the heather, Till the sheriff came, nimbly and briskly, And whipped them both into Athenry. | 3. If you were to see the cock in the streets on a Fair Day, With his fine straw hat and yellow gloves: Four long spurs of Spanish silver, A whip in his hand and he coming like the king. | 4. It was at Millbrook I heard talk of them, From the women who were fed on the buttermilk of Shane More. My little cock bird that I had for St. Martins That was killed by the women, in their desire for fresh meat. | 5. They took him in and they stripped his bones, And they spent that day merrily enough. Wouldn't it be better for them buy a good joint of meat Than the way their reputation went through county Mayo? | 6. Shane Baun had a hen prettier than a peacock. She laid a hundred and one eggs in a day. The fox that killed hundreds made his appearance And took her away with him to Sliabáne. | 7. Alas! she would dance a quadrille and a caper. Out on the stage opposite Dunmore, At the harbour of Galway she gave the first cackle. A feather was not yet pulled out of my game. | 8. I arose in the morning with the dew (on the ground), My strong hound with me and my little white dog. I saw the fox curled up and twisted Below in the cave and a stone on his head. | 9. I drew him back and he gave a groan, When I saw his eyes and the shanks of his paws. It was Thomas Burke, the miserable little boy, Who would find the hens and the cocks. | 10. "Ochone!" says the hen as she went up on the roost, "Is not the story I have to tell tearful and sad? The father of my little ones, and the spouse of my bed, Going into the pot and a lid on its mouth." | 11. "Now," says the hen, "since I am a widow, A grain I'll not pick till I go into the clay. But I give my curse both evening and morning To the women of Derrylahan who murdered my game."

This song was given to me by my friend Maggie Hession with four verses. These were almost identical with this much longer version, which appeared in the "Tuam News," contributed by the late John Glynn, and printed in the "Romano Celtic" type, i.e. Roman type with dots for aspirates. This type

was the invention of Canon Ulick Bourke, author of the Irish Grammar, and sometime President of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam. It was first used in a monthly paper called the "Keltic Journal and Educator," published in Salford, Manchester, about 1870. When this paper ceased publication, two years later, the type was used for the printing of "O'Gallagher's Sermons," and for the Irish column of the "Tuam News." This paper also ceased publication about ten years ago, on the death of the editor, John McPhilpin, who was a nephew of Canon Bourke.

Petrie took down this song from Teige McMahon, in Co. Clare, in 1853, but in his "Ancient Music of Ireland" he states:—"The words of this song are inadmissible in this work."

The "*muilleann na leice*" mentioned in the song is Millbrook, about seven miles from Tuam. It was the home of John Birmingham, the distinguished astronomer, whose relatives still live in the neighbourhood.

41.—*Δ'S ÓRÓ míle ḡRÁÓ.*  
(ORO, MY THOUSAND LOVES.)

$\text{♩} = 120$  Sung by MICHAEL BREATHNACH.

Δ'ṛ ó - ró míl - e ḡRÁÓ, Δ'ṛ ó - ró . míle ḡRÁÓ

ím - bím - bob - ep - ó 'S hué! 'ré míl - e ḡRÁÓ.

ó - ró, ó - ró, ó - ró, í, 'S ó - ró míl - e ḡRÁÓ.

This is an example of the improvised "game" or "occupation" songs, once so common among the people, but now practically no more than a memory. They generally consisted of a refrain in which all joined, the same air being then used for a couple of improvised lines, of a more or less personal nature, made up in turn by each member of the gathering, after which all would again join in the chorus.

Petrie has several examples of these songs.

## 42.—ART UΔ CEALLAIG.

(ART O'KELLY.)

Sung by Miss MARY CONWAY,  
Ballintlea, Tuam.



1. Τριλλάρι - e boct mé a'ruibal ioc-tair na cín - e, aς  
 τῖς ἀρετὴ uí ceallaig 'reab cap - ab 'ran oibé' mé, ζαν  
 rú 'n pluit leabair a beir i mo cimeall, aς  
 teac fuar, pollaín ζαν ouine 'na oaine — 'r mór - ó!

2. Éáinic airt i' teac éugam  
 ar buile aςur baosalać,  
 níor dubairt ré "what's oars"  
 ζur fiafruig ré óiomja  
 "What in the dickens,  
 aς, ouine, cá mbionn tú,  
 nó cé an cat maib  
 a ćar in mo ćir ćú?" — 'r mór ó.

3. Labair mé leir  
 oe cómrać óaoiceaínail,  
 ζur triallaire boct mé  
 a éáinic 'ran trligeo,  
 ζo oéáinic mé i' teac  
 ζo leigfinn mo rģeć,  
 's óa rućoinn coir na ġelairde amuig  
 ba fuar fao' an oibé' i — 'r mór ó!

4. "Níor minic le triallaire  
 a ćeacć i mo ćig-re,  
 níor éáinic ariain  
 aςur ní ćiocfaib ćoicće.  
 ní' l i mo ćeac-ja  
 aćć mipe 'r m' mģean  
 aςur óa maireab m' aćair  
 ní beaiafinn blaia bñó oó" — 'r mór ó!

5. "Ouine oona ć' aćair  
 fuar ó oo ġaol ćú,  
 maib' oćuģćá oó  
 teap teine ná oívean.  
 ćeao ġlóiia oo na h-arpoil,  
 ná bfuil ó mo ġaol leat,  
 nuair náć ouine ćú  
 i' coiaínail le ćpioćeairde" — 'r mór ó!

6. “ Καὶ εὗγε νᾶρ ἦν τὸ τῷ  
 Κοιρ ἐλαῖθε εἰς αὐτὸ νό οἶσεαν,  
 Ξαν ἃ ἔδεσεν ἰ μο ἐξ-ρα  
 Ἀν τρᾶς ἡ ν ο ἰ ο’ οἰθῆε;  
 Σιν νό δ’ οὐλ ῥο οἰ τὰ βαῖρηε  
 Ἀξ καί τεσῃ οὐ ῥιζῖνν’ ἀνν.  
 Ἡυαῖρ ἃ ἕννν πέινν τριλλῆρεδεν  
 Σῖνθ ἃ ἃ ὀέανανν” — ῥ μόρ ὅ!

7. “ Λεῖξ σε το εὖτο εὐαμῖγεσεν  
 Ἀνοῖρ, ἀρε, ῥ νᾶ ρίλ ἐ;  
 Ἠί εὐιρρὸ τῷ ἀμαδὲ μέ  
 Ὀμν πέρθ ἀγυρ ρίλιρ,  
 Ἠί’ λ δον τεσὲ λεαννα  
 Ἀνοῖρ ἰ ἔροῖρ γεσεν εὖξ ἡίλε,  
 ῥ’ ἅ βα ῥό-ἡόρ ἐ μ’ ῥαίτεῖορ  
 Ξο ῥαῖρραῖθε ἀν τ-ῥῆαξ ρῖθε ορμ” — ῥ μόρ ὅ!

8. “ Οὐνε οὐνα, μεσεν τῷ,  
 ῥ τᾶ τῷ ῥό εἰγεαρ,  
 Ἥρ κορῆαῖλ νᾶρ λείξ τῷ  
 Ἀρίαν Σερῖτῦρ νό βίολα.  
 Ἠί ραῖθ λειτέροε ἀρῆαν ἀνν  
 Ἀγυρ ἡί βέρθ κοῖθε  
 Ἀγυρ Ἥρ ριρῶξί καί λλεσὲ ἰαο,  
 Ἀν εἰμεσὲ ἀρ οἶοβ ἐν—ῥ μόρ ὅ!

9. Ἠί’ λ ριρ ἀγαν πέιν  
 Ὀέ’ η ρρᾶιλρῖν ὀνῆνθ ἐν  
 Ἀ ῥοῖρρεσὲ μο ἡατα  
 μο ὀσ’ ῥ μο ἔριρτε,  
 Ἀ ῥοῖρρεσὲ ἀν εἰρῆρ  
 Ἀ βέσθ ἰ ἔρῖαῖτεσῶν ἀν ἐῖξε ἀγαν  
 Ἀγυρ ἡντέσῶσ ἀρ μαῖοιν  
 Σῦλ ὀᾶ η-εἰρῖγεσὲ μο ὀαοῖνε” — ῥ μόρ ὅ!

10. “ Ἠί οὐνε σε’ η τ-ῥόρτ ρῖν μέ,  
 ἀρε, ῥ νᾶ ρίλ ἐ,  
 Ἀέτ βυαδᾶίλιν μῖνντε  
 Οε βυαδὲ νᾶ τῖρε.

ἔεῖγμ-ρε ἃ ὀοῦλαδ  
 λε τῖτῖμ νᾶ η-οἰθῆε,  
 Ἀγυρ ἡί εἰρῖγμ ἀρ μαῖοιν  
 Ξο λειῖτεαρ ἐέσθ ῥῆσθ ορμ” — ῥ μόρ ὅ!

11. Κυαῖθ ἀρε ἃ ὀοῦλαδ  
 ἰ ῥοῖοιν υαῖρ’ ο’ οἰθῆε.  
 ἀρ εὐνντ’ ἀρ ἀν ἀίτῖρ  
 Ἠαρβ’ εἰρῖξε ὀδ ὀοῖθῆε!  
 Ἠαρ ἡῖορ ορῖοῖξ ρέ ὀομ-ῥα  
 Ἐαρ τεμε νᾶ οἶσεαν,  
 Ἀέτ μο ἦνθε ἀρ ἃ’ ῥαέσῶρ  
 ῥ’ ἅ ἡγεαν ἀρ ἐαοῖθ ὀομ” — ῥ μόρ ὅ!

12. Λαβαῖρ ἀν ἡγεαν  
 Οε ὀνῆρῶδ καοῖτεσῶν.  
 “ ἀν ἔρῖλ το ἐἰλῆ ἀγασ  
 νό’ η μαῖρεανν το ἐαοῖντέσ;  
 Ἠό ὀᾶ μβέσθ ριρ ἀγαν  
 Ξυρ οὐνε σε ἔρῖξ ἐν  
 Ὀῖρρεσῶνν το λεαβαῖθ  
 ῥ’ ἅρ εὐιρρῖνν’ το λῖξε ἐν” — ῥ μόρ ὅ!

13. “ Ταῖρξε μ’ ἀνν,  
 Ἀγυρ εὐιρλε μο ἐρῖοθε!  
 Ἠί ἡγεαν το ἀρε ἐν,  
 Ἠαρ τᾶ τῷ λᾶξδὲ καοῖτεσῶν.  
 Ἠεῖρεσὲ Ξυρ ῥό-ἡόρ ἐ μ’ ῥαίτεῖορ  
 Ξο ἔρῖλ ὅ μο ῥῶσθ λεσ,  
 ἔαθ ἡόρ ἐ μο ῥεαν ορε,  
 Ἀ ἐαίλιν ῥῖοῖτεσῶνν” — ῥ μόρ ὅ!

14. “ Ὀᾶ μβέσθ ριρ ἀγαν  
 ἡαδ ἔρῖλ ὅ μο ῥῶσθ λεσ  
 Ὀῖρρεσῶνν το λεαβαῖθ  
 Ἀγυρ εὐιρρῖνν το λῖξε ἐν.  
 ἔριρρῖνν μο ῥῖνν ορε  
 Ἐαρ ὅ ἀν οἰθῆε  
 Ἀγυρ Ξο οεινῖνν πέιν ἐαίτῖρῖνν λεσ  
 Καῖρᾶνναρ μῖορᾶ” — ῥ μόρ ὅ!



## TRANSLATION.

1. I am a poor traveller, Walking the south : To Art O'Kelly's house, I chanced to come one night. I had not even a quilt Which would be around me, But a cold empty house Without one person in it. | 2. Art came into me, Furious and threatening. He didn't say, "What's dara?" Until he accosted me, "What in the dickens? But fellow, where do you be, Or what in the mischief Turned you into my territory!" | 3. I addressed him In leisurely fashion, That I was a poor traveller Who came by this way, That I just came in Only to rest myself, And that if I sat abroad by the hedge Cold and long would the night be. | 4. "Not often has a traveller Come into my house, No one ever came, And no one ever will. I have in my house Only myself and my daughter, And if my father were living A taste of food I'd not offer him." | 5. "A miserable man must the father be. Who had you for a son, If you wouldn't give him Fire's heat nor shelter. The Apostles be praised That you're not of my family; For you are not one Who acts like a Christian." | 6. "Why didn't you rest yourself Beside some fence or shelter And not come to my house At this time of night? That, or to go to a tavern And spend your money there: When I travelled myself That's what I used to do." | 7. "Leave off your clowning Now, Art, and don't think it, You'll not put me out As easily as you imagine. There is no ale house Within five miles of us, And my fear would be great That the fairies would meet me." | 8. "A wretched cowardly man are you And you are very eager; Likely you never read The Scriptures or the Bible. Such things there never were And never will be, They're only old women's pishogues, The stock that you sprung from." | 9. Neither do I know What fool of a tramp you may be, Who might steal my hat, My coat, and my trousers; Who might steal the hammer I'd have in the rafters And clear off in the morning Before my household awakened." | 10. "I'm not a man of that kind, Art, and do not think so, But a well-mannered boy Of the native stock of the country. I go to my bed At the fall of the evening, And I don't rise in the morning Till I am called a hundred times." | 11. Art went to sleep After an hour of the night. Because of the insult (to me) May he never get up again! As he didn't order for me Fire or shelter, But (left me) seated on a chair And his daughter beside me. | 12. The daughter spoke (to me) In gentle conversation. "Are you in your senses Or is your wife living? If only I knew You were a person of repute, I'd get ready your bed And put you lying in it." | 13. "Treasure of my soul, And pulse of my heart! You're no daughter of Art, For you're kindly and homely. If I were not afraid That you were my relation, My love for you would be great, My generous girl." | 14. "If only I knew That you were not my relation, I'd make ready your bed And put you lying in it. I'd put my gown over you For the night, And surely I'd spend with you A month of friendship."

Sung to me by Mary Conway, Ballintleva, Tuam.

For the history of this song and another long version of it see "Ceóltasib 111.6," p. 41. A version was printed in the "Dundalk Democrat" in 1907, with a refrain, "11 im bó"; and in another version I have seen the refrain, "11 tadam bó." I have been interested to find this Western version of this song, as I have been told that it is equally well known in the North and the South. I have left the air in the key in which it was sung to me.

43.—*τῦρνε μᾶρε (i).*  
(MARY'S SPINNING WHEEL.)

*Sung by Miss MARY CONWAY,  
Ballintlea, Tuam.*

$\text{♩} = 108$

1. α μᾶρε-ε εἰμὶν τὰν νοσλαῖς ἀρ τῦρ, α - νοῖρ ἑε congnam an  
 ἀπο-ριοῖς Cuir ro εἰρνε uaim 'ran beaiman'S τρὶ εὐρ ὕρ ὀν  
 Spáinn raoi mul ar lun-sun, ceap ar luimnead, Cuigeal ar laigimn -  
 - áirne - e Speandz von trío' ir fearr 'ra tír reu, 'S beir ro εἰρνε  
 γάρ-τα. fal lal, fal lal, fal lal - léir í.  
 fal lal, fal lal, fa lú, fa la, fa léir - í.

44.—*τῦρνε μᾶρε (ii).*  
(MARY'S SPINNING WHEEL.)

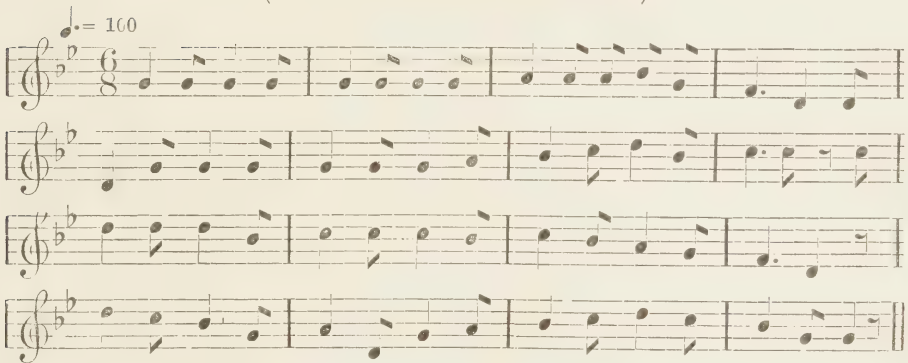
*As sung by PATRICK GARVEY,  
Headford, Co. Galway.*

$\text{♩} = 100$

2. 'Sé τῦρνε μᾶρε'n τῦρνε γάρ-τα, Siubail ré roinnt mairt ée  
 éir - inn n'il cnoc ná gleann o'á noeadair ré ann, naé ar



45.—Τύρνε μάλιστα (iii).  
(MARY'S SPINNING WHEEL.)



3. Ἐτοίρῃ ἡ γυλὴ μαντιὰν ῥιννεᾷ ἀν τρομάν,  
 τυλλεᾷ μόρῃ 'ἄρ ῥάϊτε,  
 Ὡ ἐνδὴμαῖς ἀν ἡραρῖαμ ῥιννεᾷ ἀν βιορᾶν  
 ἀ' ῥ εἰθεῖσθαρ ἡ βριδὸναι' μάλιστα.  
 Ὡ εἰθεῖσθαρ ἀγ ῥινίον ὁ ἡσασθαι ἡ ῥαοῖδ',  
 'S οὐτάρ 'ῥαν οἰδὲ ἀγ εἰθεῖσθαι.  
 ἡ εἰθεῖσθαι ἀ γινίον ὁ εἰθίον τῖγε,  
 λεᾷ-τυγῆ ἀ γινίον ἀν λά ῥιν?

4. Ní h-í mo bean-ra bean an túirne,  
 áct eirblín múinte béarac,  
 A cor o'á ríúir' ar máste túrna  
 'S a lám ag déanam péirtéac't.  
 Da éuait an rúmpa, rlinneán rtrumpuig'ce,  
 Cuigéal cam, gan faoibim leir,  
 Leasas ar fúm an glioasair túirne  
 Gan fuaim, gan ciúin, gan gléar leir.

5. ἡ εἰθεῖσθαι ἀν túirne ciúin gan tuirne  
 A bhir mo époide gan leigear oim,  
 A' oul éar muir a' tóruigéac't fuinníon,  
 'S déamhan ῥιν ῥνάϊτε ἀ ῥινίον ῥάϊ.  
 Túirne 'ἄρ eiteal, ceap agur tromán,  
 Péirne lámíon a' déanam péirtéac't,  
 Tugetar ἡ mo láðair bhirte nó ῥlán,  
 I' epuaid an eár ἡ εἰθεῖσθαι.

6. ἡ εἰθεῖσθαι ἀν túirne i' epuaid a beic buan  
 Ag raibléirne tuait i' maríáil,  
 Le beartuigéac't púcaí ag tigeac't oár  
 nóuigéac't  
 Inr an mboctán euis a' gcarmán.  
 Bean-tige fúgac', éirte, luatímar,  
 A' ppearcal truír 'r í a' eápoáil,  
 Le n-a ppararo-úr a lax-a-loodle  
 'S gan neart ná cuíac't a éppíeáil.

7. βυαίτεαρ αν milleán αρ γαζαρτ αν  
 παράιρτε,  
 μαρ 'ρέ α εαίτ τύρ αν λαε λειρ,  
 muná βφυλ ρέ ι ποάν πο'ν ορεαμ ρεο ύβιητ  
 ηά αν οιριζ ναοιητά α εαιριρειντ.  
 ηί'λ πομήναδ αναλλ ό θαήαιν ανυαρ  
 ηαδ ποείγεαηη ρέ έρην αν έιρεαδ,  
 ηαδ τρυαδ λεατ μάηιη βυαίθεαρτά, εράιότε,  
 ο' εαργβαίθ άόβαιη α λέιντεόιζε.

8. Ταρ έίρ α ηουβαίρτ μέ, ηί'λ ρέ ι ποίυη  
 πο ζευιηθό μέ α' ριυβαλ έ ι μβάραδ,  
 σίορ πο οίλλ άλαίθ α' ρέαάιντ αν εαργβυζ  
 πο ποόγραιο ρέ ρυαρ ηη α λάηη έ.

μαρ βι ρέ μαλλυιγέτ ηί ρέιουη α βεαν-  
 ηυζαδ

πο ποείγιο ρέ έυη άρην ηαοιη πατοραιζ,  
 λε ηεαρτ α ροιρηε 'ρ α ηέιο α ρλυιζρεαδ  
 ηί έοιηηεόαδ εεαέραη ρηαίτε λειρ.

9. λειγερ μο έύρηα ηί'λ αζ αση ροιηε,  
 αζ γαζαρτ, βηάέαιη, ηά ελέηρεαδ,  
 πο οταγαιο μαρ ρυαδάηη ατά ι η-α έρηηηόιζ  
 έαλλ αρ έαοβ αν τ-ρλέιβε:  
 μαρ ιη άιζε βι αν τ-άόβαρ λε η-α έόμηράδ,  
 α βαιηεαρ πο'η ύραιο εέασηα;  
 μά'ρ ρίορ α έόμηράδ λε ηα ρρόαίλ,  
 έηρεοάιο ρέ ηη ηα ρρεαρηάιβ.

#### TRANSLATION.

1. Oh, gentle Mary! Christmas is nigh, Now with the help of the High King, Cast your wheel from me, away to the demon, With its three new legs from Spain on it: Spindle from London, stock from Limerick, Distaff from above in Leinster, A band of silk the best in this land, And your spinning wheel will be satisfactory. | 2. Mary's wheel is the satisfactory wheel, It has travelled through a great part of Ireland. There's not a hill or glen to which it has gone Where it did not show its good qualities. It spent a day on the brink of Kinsale, At a bend in the mountain valley: The fairy women on the side of Knock-Ma Spun with it lawn and cambric. | 3. Down at Wicklow the spindle-band was made Something more than three months ago, The spit was made from the bones of the old horse, And they threw it down before Mary. Four were spinning from morn till eve, And eight were carding at night. Was it not poor spinning for the girls of the house, And they half exhausted, spinning that day? | 4. It isn't my wife who sits at the wheel, But Eveleen, polite and well-mannered: The foot-board directed by her foot, And her hands keeping it in position. The post was crooked (?), a cross-beam rigid, A distaff bent and useless. They threw me down the rattling wheel, Without sound or tune or order in it. | 5. Is not that the wheel that is gentle and tireless, That broke my heart without a cure for me, Going over the sea seeking strength, And not a thread would it spin? A wheel, and bobbin, stock and spindle band, A pair of hands directing it, Let it be brought to me whole or broken, It's a bad case or I'll mend it. | 6. Isn't it hard for this spinning wheel to endure, At the hands of madmen and flyaway jacks (?), With the trickery of fairies coming to waken us, In the hut beside the hill? A merry housewife, clever and nimble, Attending to three people and carding With her new spindle a lax-a-loodle And powerless to help them! | 7. On the parish priest be all the blame, For he spent the morning with it, If he isn't able to drive away this host, Or offer up the Holy Office. There isn't a Sunday from November on That he doesn't go through the vestments; Do you not pity Mary troubled and annoyed Without the makings of his surplice? | 8. After all I have said, it isn't in tune, Until I send it off to-morrow

Down to Killala to see the Bishop, That he may take it up in his hand. For it was cursed and cannot be blessed, Till it comes to the Hill of St. Patrick, With the size of its snout and the amount it would swallow, Four couldn't keep spinning with it. | 9. A cure for my wheel there is not anywhere With Priest, Brother, or Cleric Until Mac Ruane comes who is in the crannoge Away up on the side of the mountain. For 'tis he has the way of speaking to it In language to suit the occasion : If there's truth in the words which he said to the spokes, It will rise up into the skies.

I think there is no part of Connacht where this song is not known, nor is there anyone who does not understand the threat implied in the phrase, "I'll give him *Ṭúinne mÁine*." It needs a good "blas" and a very nimble tongue, such as only a native speaker possesses, to do justice to this song.

Mary Conway, from whom I got the first air, sings it in a fine swinging style.

The second air is the more familiar one. I took it down many years ago from Mr. Patrick Garvey—then a student of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam—and I heard it afterwards from many others.

The third air I never heard before; it was sent to me by my friend Mrs. Conor Maguire, Claremorris, Co. Mayo.

A version of this song was published a few years ago by Gill and Son, Dublin, to the same air as No. (ii), and the editor there states that the author of the song was a Mayo man, Owen MacGowan by name, who was known as the "Poet of Coolcarney," Ballyconlan, Co. Mayo. The heroine of the song is *mÁine* Jordan, an old lady, feeble and half blind, upon whom some practical joker plays a trick, by putting her wheel out of order. She, unaware of this, attributes its defection to the malice of the fairy host, and she is here supposed to be travelling from place to place seeking a cure for it.

As with all the more popular songs, it has evidently become much corrupted, and it is difficult to make much sense of it now.



## 46.—seó h-in seó.

(SHÓHEEN-SHO.)

$\text{♩} = 42$  Sung by a little girl from the Claddagh, Galway.

1. Oo éurpinn-re féin mo leanb a éoladh, 'S ní mar oo  
 éur-peadh mná ná mboadh Suidh i bpluain nó i mbráitlín  
 bairneis, ad' i gclabán óir ad' an gaoth 'gá bogadh. Seó h-in

$\text{♩} = 104$

reó 'r lúla leó, Seó h-in reó 'r tú mo leanb. Seó h-in  
 reó 'r lúla leó, Seó h-in reó 'r tú féin mo leanb.

*For second and third verses.*

2. Oo éurpinn-re féin mo leanb a éoladh, lá breá  
 gheime ionn tó nollais, ar uil-láir leat-an ar báir an  
 énuic, faoi bun na gceann-te ad' an gaoth 'gá bogadh. Refrain.

3. Coisil, a leimb, aghur go mbeadh éoladh  
 plán uirt  
 ar oo éoladh go stuagadh tú oo pláinte:

nár buailt an coisil ná gheime an báir tú,  
 galra na leanb, ná an bogadh gheime.  
 Seó h-in reó, etc.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. With my arms I'll lay you to rest, my<br>baby,<br>And not as the wife of a bodach would lay<br>you<br>In a blanket's fold or a sheet to swathe you,<br>But a cradle of gold with the wind to sway<br>you. | 2. I'll lay you to rest in a sleep untroubled<br>On a quiet day in the height of summer,<br>On the broad clean floor of the hills, on the<br>summit,<br>In shade of the trees, with breezes to lull you. |
| Shóheen shó, and lú la ló,<br>Shóheen shó, my darling baby ;<br>Shóheen shó, and lú la ló,<br>Shóheen shó, my own sweet baby.  | 3. And into your rest may pleasant dreams<br>come,<br>And health be yours, my babe, from your<br>sleeping ;<br>And I pray that no colic or child's diseases,<br>Nor any finger of death may reach you.   |

I heard a little girl from the Claddagh singing this song on one occasion when I was acting as adjudicator at a Féis at Galway. I knew the Petrie version of the song very well, so that I was able to note the slight variants in the words. I learned the air afterwards from her, but unfortunately I omitted writing it down. Later, however, I heard that Mr. O'Sullivan, N.T., organist of St. Patrick's Church, Galway, had taken it down from the same child, and I wrote to him asking for his record. I was fortunate in having done so, for in addition to sending me this air—which was exactly as I remembered it—he enclosed another fine air, “*An bpuinnillín beupáic*,” which he had taken down from an old man in Barna, Galway. The little girl told me she had learned the song from her grandmother, who came from Clare.

Petrie has a beautiful air to this song, No. 1011; but I think the barring is wrong, as the strong beat falls on an unaccented word.

I had first written this song in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, as also had Mr. O'Sullivan, but, not being quite satisfied, I applied to a musical friend who is also a Gaelic scholar, and we agreed to render it as it is here given.

A fine translation of the Petrie version was made years ago by Dr. George Sigerson, and the air was arranged by Sir Charles Stanford.

47.—AN CAILÍN DEAS ÓG.  
(THE PRETTY YOUNG GIRL.)

Sung by MISS BRIDGET FORDE,  
Sylane, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 63$

1. An cailín deas óg a bfuil mé ar a cóir, mo éiread mairone brón, ní  
car-tar liom í, tríd éiríim go tig 'n óil, an 'dath' nó an ríor; dé'  
lean - fad 'ra ríó í ar uair an meadóim-oide'. 2. Mar ir  
tur' an fear cóir a fuib-lar go léor, fáig dom-ra reó a bdear  
as - am mar mhaoi. Ná fann-tuig go deo maoim éadai - dé ná bó, déct  
inn - reócaró mé nóir 'n-a a oíós - fadó tú í.

3. Bíod rí lógaé óg gan mairg gan ghradam,  
staumda go leor ar gac uile fóirt nio,  
tuiginead ró-dear gan an iomaire bhrío,  
siúo í mo ríóirín dá mbéad rí gan ríghinn.

4. Dá mbéinn-re éoin claon ir go n-éalódáinn  
le mhaoi,  
nád é rin an nio a raedá or áirio,

ní béad eadairinn éiríe' déct eirio asur  
bhuigean,  
's gan cion aici 'r nio d'á nglacraó mo láin.

5. Dá éiún' iad na mná cá 'n anadain ionnta,  
ní féoir le fáid ná le rí' a éur ríor,  
'sé raedá dá ngráó éiríe' in mo lár,  
ó éirígeann ré a' trágáó nó go bhrílió ré  
'ríre.

TRANSLATION.

1. The pretty young girl I am in search of, My tormenting sorrow, that her I don't meet,  
When I go to the tavern, the dance, or the merry-making! But I shall follow her in the road at  
the hour of midnight. | 2. As you are an honest man, who travels much, Get for me a jewel who

will be my wife. Don't seek after wealth of sheep, or of kine, But I will tell you how you will select her. | 3. Let her be kindly and young, without sadness or ill-humour, Sufficiently skilled in everything, Intelligent and pretty, and without too much pride; Such would be my treasure though she had not a penny. | 4. Were I so depraved as to run away with a woman, Is not that the thing that would go abroad; We would never have anything but trouble and quarrelling, And she would sympathise with nothing my hand would take. | 5. However quiet the women are, the mischief is in them, Which prophet or poet cannot describe: All of their love that would ever enter my breast, Would be from the ebb to the flow of the tide.

I first heard this song from Mr. Sheridan, N.T., Milltown, and have since heard it from many others. I think its popularity is largely due to Mr. Michael Timony, who published the words of it in his "Ἀμύδιον Ὑαεὶλζε ἀν ἱαμῦδι." I am including it here without his permission, as I do not know where he is. I have been told that he returned to Australia.

In a note on the song he states that he took it down from a man in Achill, Co. Mayo. See also "Ἀμύδιον Ἐλαιννε Ὑαεὶεαλ," p. 38.

#### 48.—Ἀν καίτῖν βάν.

(THE LITTLE WHITE CAT.)

$\text{♩} = 76$   
*Dorian mode.* As sung by Mr. T. COLMAN.

ὅι ἀν καίτ - ῖν ἑλάρ αἵ ριυβαλ ἑο νεαρ, ρυαίρ α  
 ρυαίρ ρί α μαίε - - ῖν ρίν - τε, 'ς ἑυρ βλιᾶθαι ὁ ἀν λά ριν  
 ρυαίρ ρί α ελαιν, καίτε α'ρ βάιῶτε ἰ ὡρῖν-ρε. ἀν  
 καίτ - ῖν βάν - - βάν - - βάν, ἀν καίτ - ῖν βάν, κατ ὕριγ-οε. ἀν  
 ρυρ - ῖν βάν - - ρνεᾶ - τα βάν ὅο βάιῶ - εᾶθ ἰμρ - α' ὡρῖν-ρε.

2. Ο'έριμξ αν ήάέαιρίν ρυαρ 'n-α ρεαραιή  
 ηυαιρ α ρυαιρ ρί α μαίτίν ρίντε ;  
 Έυξ ρί α βαιλ' έ, 'r ριξνε ρί λεαδα,  
 Δ'r έορμξ ρί ανηρην ο'ά έαιομεαδ.  
 Δν εαιτίν βάν, etc.

3. Βί ροινητ ο'ά ελαινν αξ ανηοριύ, αν οαλλ,  
 Δ'r έάηξαοαρ ι βράιρτ ο'ά έαιομεαδ :  
 Έά μέ οεαρβέτα, μά έλοιρεανν Barry έ,  
 ηάρι ήαιε λειρ βάρ έαιτ βηιξοε.  
 Δν εαιτίν βάν, etc.

4. Ηιορ βηιρ ρέ κόηρα ηά ξλαρ κοήαιρραν,  
 Δ'r ιμ ηα ηβό ηιορ ήιλλ ρέ.  
 Δξυρ ηί ρααα έύ αδ' αν ρεανέυρ  
 Βί 'ξ ηα λυέανηαιβ ο'ά ιηηρεαέτ.  
 Δν εαιτίν βάν, etc.

5. Βα ξλαρ ι α ρύιλ 'r βα οεαρ α ρυαβελ,  
 Δ έοιρμειξ λύέηαρ έαοτρηοη :  
 'r μεαρε λιοη ρύοα αξ ουλ ραοι 'n ύιρ  
 ηά εύξε ηυήαν ο'ά έιρτεαέτ.  
 Δν εαιτίν βάν, etc.

6. Βί ερηιτ αρ έρηιμ αν έαιτίν βάιν  
 Έοη μόρ λε "jug" ερη ριοντα,  
 Δ'r ηάρ οεαρ αν "show" αξ οαοιοηβ μόρα  
 Δν εαιτίν πολλ οεαρ βηιξοε.  
 Δν εαιτίν βάν, etc.

7. Ευηρηό ηάιρτίν υαιτέιρ κόηρα έλάιρ αιρ,  
 Δ'r 'r ηιξ-ήαιε υαιό ριη α οέαναιή,  
 Δξυρ μαηαέ αν τ-αη α βρυαιρ ρέ βάρ  
 Ξεοβαμυιρ άόβαρ εαοιητε.  
 Δν εαιτίν βάν, etc.

## TRANSLATION.

1. The little grey cat was walking prettily, When she found her little son stretched (dead), And 'twas only a year since she found her family Cast out and drowned in a trench. The little white cat, white, white, The little white cat, Breed's cat, The little white cat, snowy white, That was drowned in the trench. | 2. The little mother stood upright When she found her little son dead; She brought him in and made a bed for him, And then began to lament him. | 3. Andrew, the blind, had some of her family, And they came together to lament him. I am sure if Barry hears it, He will regret the death of Breed's cat. | 4. He broke no chest, nor lock of the neighbours, Nor did he destroy the cows' butter. And you never heard such discourse, As the mice had in telling of it | 5. His eye was grey, his walk was pretty, His step was light and active: And I'd far rather be going into the clay, Than that the province of Munster should hear of it. | 6. The little white cat had a hump on his back As big as a three-pint jug. Wasn't he a fine show for the gentry to see, Poll, Breed's pretty little cat? | 7. Walter's Martin will put a wooden coffin on him, And it's he that is well able. And were it not for the time at which he died We should have every cause for lamenting.

I took this song down from Miss Annie Hession (now Mrs. Keane), who heard it in Spiddal. It was taught to the school children there by Mr. Thomas Colman, N.T., now Inspector of schools. He tells me he heard some of the old people in the neighbourhood singing it. It was first printed in "Σιαμρα αν Ξεημηρό," p. 55.



## 49.—AN CAISIÚEAC BÁN.

(FAIR CASSIDY.)

Sung by MÁIRÍN NÁ BUIAÍN,  
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 80$  *Dorian mode.*

1. Bí mé lá bheáḡ a' tadbairt tuair na cruaidé, aḡur mé aḡ  
ghuairéat ar an taob éall, aḡ cur tuairḡs' an éailín  
veir a o'fás m'inn - - tinn buabairéa, aḡ - ur punne ri  
gual ve mo ériúe in mo láir. O'at mo gual - ne go tóí mo  
éluar - - a aḡ - ur fuair mé fuasḡaó glan gáar ó'n mbár, 's ní'l  
ouine dá gual - - aib mo rḡéal an  
uair rin, nácar tadbairt go mba truaḡ bóet an Caisiúeac bán.

2. Ar éann an trairt tá plúr gac mair-  
vean,

'Sí rúo meiréas an brollaḡ bán.

Ir truaḡ ná liom í, gan buair ná punne  
í,

a' rí beir gan éunntar liom ar láim.

Óéanraim teac mór ói ar fúil an bóear,

aḡur éurinn cóirte faoi n-a clann,

a' r a éuilín ómra, dá mbliḡteá bó óom,

in vo éangal rḡḡmair ní éurinn ruim.

3. Ná airtéac an réarún le gur éur tú i  
gceill tom

nac b'farrá an réar trío an talam aníoi,

nac noéanraó an gualac rolar vo éurinn

a' r nac larrá na réalta i tóir na hoiré? f

ní'l briḡ ná rpreacáó i oear na gpiéme

a' r go rḡámair na héirḡ ar an muir gan b'raon:

a' r go n-éurḡiú na tuilte éom háro leir na

pléibte

ḡo vo ní éréirḡiú mé gḡáó mo ériúe.

4. 'S bí me feala do róglaime béalra,  
 'S tubaigh an éileir go mba mairt mo éaint,  
 An fao úo eile, gan onnra céille,  
 Aet mar na héimínib faoi bárr na gcrann;  
 Amuis 'ran oíche gan farfaid ná síodan,  
 Agus rneadé 'd á fíor-éir faoi íodan gleann;  
 'Sur a cúilín donn-dear ar éail me na  
 gádháim leat  
 Náir fáidáir tú na gáirdeí, mur n-éalaighir  
 liom.

5. Ói mé i gcoláirte go ham mo beárra  
 Agus in ar an áir-ríol ar fead cúis  
 bliadain  
 Go bhuair mé síodan 7 cómháirle ó'n  
 easlaí  
 Aet faraoir eiríote, bhuir mé éirí!

1. ríodh-mór m' fadóir roim níg na  
 ngráir  
 Nac bfuil ré i nórán go síodan faro,  
 Mar 1r mó mo beadair ná leat éirí  
 fáirde,  
 Mar gail ar gáir a éir mé o' mgin náir.

6. Síu i éiríonn í, an eala bán-dear,  
 Agus í éirí gleáir le-bean ar bí:  
 Tírad mar gáir i i mbuinn a máir,  
 Mar 1r le haidair mo báir a ríad í.  
 Níl bun eir ná túlán tímeail  
 Ná gleannán dóirinn a mbuinn mo gáir  
 Nac bfuil ceol ná feinninn ann se lá 1r  
 síodan,  
 A' r go bfuiríonn éirí ar an gáirdeir  
 bán!

## TRANSLATION.

1. I was one fine day making a pilgrimage to the Reek, And was going down on the far side of it, In quest of the girl who left my mind troubled And made my heart like a lump of coal. My shoulders swelled right up to my ears, And death sent me a short, sharp summons, And all who heard my story at the time Said that a hard lot had befallen fair Cassidy. | 2. At the head of the stairs is the flower of maidens, She is the joyful maiden of the white breasts. Alas! that she is not mine without conquest or money, And now in my hands without reckoning to pay. I would build her a house in view of the road And procure a coach for her children: And my girl of the amber hair, if you milked the cow for me, I wouldn't mind how you would tie sheaves in Autumn. | 3. Isn't it a strange reason by which you made me believe That the grass would not grow up through the land, That the moon would not give light over Ireland, And that the stars would not shine at the fall of night? There is no strength nor vigour in the heat of the sun, But until the fishes shall swim in a waterless sea, And the floods shall rise above the tops of the mountains, I will never desert the love of my heart. | 4. I spent a time learning the English language, And the clergyman told me my accent was good: For another long while was I without an atom of sense, But just as the birds on the tops of the trees. Out at night, without shelter or cover, And snow falling heavily in the valley below; And my pretty girl for whose sake I have lost my degree, May you not get grace if you don't come away with me. | 5. I was at College till the age of shaving, And five more years in the High School, Where I got education and advice from the Church, But my bitter grief! I broke through it all. Great is my fear before the King of Grace That I am not destined to come to salvation, For my sins are greater than half of Croagh Patrick On account of the love I gave the steward's daughter. | 6. There she is going past us, the pretty white swan, And she as well dressed as a woman could be: Alas! that she was born in the womb of her mother, For she was born to be the death of me. There is no sedge-bottom nor hillock around, Nor any pleasant glen that my love frequents In which music is not played both day and night; And may Christ help fair-haired Cassidy.

I wrote down this air from Martin O'Brien, N.T., Belclare, Tuam, who learned it from an old man in Ballycastle, Co. Mayo, with the exception of the slight variants in the first verse. He sang it to the version published in "Δμῖρῶν Ἰλῶννη Ξεῖθεαλ," p. 22, by Professor O'Máille, five verses of which I give here with his permission.

I got another version from Pat O'Neill, Drumgriffin, who sang it to the same air as "Ἀναδ-Ἰλῶν"; and a third one from the late John Glynn, Tuam.

Professor O'Máille in his volume on Carolan (*Irish Texts Society*, vol. xvii) says that Cassidy was a poet of North and East Connacht, but probably came originally from Ulster.

In "Σιᾶμῖα ἀν Ἰεῖμῖρῶ" there is a song given under the title "Ἀν Ἰλῶν Ἰλῶν."

Petrie has an air of this name, No. 1269.

### 50.—τομάς βάν μακ δοῦδαῖν.

(FAIR THOMAS EGAN.)

Sung by MR. PAT O'NEILL,  
Drumgriffin.

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. 'Σ ἀγ ουλ ὁ ἐδεῖ ἀν τὸρῖαμῖν ὁομ, ἐυῖρ μέ εὐ-λαρ ἀρ μο  
ἡῖαν. μο ἐρεᾶδ ἀγ-υρ μο βρόν ναδ 'ρὰ' μβαῖλ' ἀ ἐαῖτ μέ'η  
οῖθὲ'. τὰ ἀρῖαμῖν ἀ' ῥαβὰῖλ τρεᾶρνα ἐῖομ ῖ'αδ κοῖνῖρθε 1 λάρ μο  
ἐρῖοθε; ἀε' ἀ ῖτὸρ μαρ' μβῖθ τὺ ἀ βαῖλ-ε ἰομ, νί ἡῖαμῖρ μέ βεο μί.

2. Δ' ῖ ἐάμῖο τομάρ βάν ἀρ κυῖρτ ἐυῖαμ, 'ῖ  
μέ 1 η-υαῖνεαρ ἰομ ῖέμ.

'Σευῖρ οὐβαῖρτ ῖε, "νά βῖοθ βυαῖρθεαδ οῖρτ,  
νά ῖυο ἀρ βῖτ μαρ ἔ,

'Σέ το ἐῖλῖν οὐαλαδ ἀ ἡῖρβυῖς μέ, 'ῖ 1  
ηῖαλῖ ἀρ κροῖφαῖδεαρ μέ,

'Σ ῖυῖρ μεᾶρ ἰομ ῖο μὸρ τὺ νά μο ἡῖαῖρῖν  
'τὰ 'μο ὀέτῶ."

3. Δ' ῖ ἀ κοῖαμῖρῖα ἀρ ἀ κοῖαμῖρθεαδ, νά  
τὸῖγῖθ οῖρτ ἔ,

μά ἐυαῖρ μέ ἀγ μῖναδ ἀν εὐῖρτ ῖε ῖτὸρῖν  
ῖεαλ μο ἐῖεῖθ'.

νί βῖυαῖρ μέ 'ῖαμῖν οῖρτ-εὐῖρτ ἀρ ῖο ῖῖλλ  
ὁ ῖυαδ μέ,

Δ' ῖ μῖρ βῖεῖομῖν ἀετ ἀγ ῖαβὰῖλ ἀν βῖῖτῖρῖν  
ἔ, ῖο τὸῖγῖρεαδ ῖέ μο ἐρῖοθε.

4. Δ'ῖρ τὰ κυρτάδ' ἔο' Cill Éoinne oṛáinn Δ'ῖρ  
 caitéam a' b'ul ann,  
 béirò ann f'eiṛiún ceátráinnac'oiṛi ḡaeòil Δ'ῖρ  
 Clainne ḡall,  
 ní òl'ḡf'íṛéar ann ac' beir'e eic'ínt, 'ṛ c'poc'-  
 f'íṛéar i'as, mo léan!  
 Maṛ τὰ tomár b'án mac doṛaḡáin 'ṛ mac  
 uí n'laoláin le n-a éaob.  
 5. Δ' tomár b'án ḡo c'inn'te, 'ṛ tú f'earc 'ṛ  
 ṛc'ór mo é'p'íṛé  
 Δ' tomár a'c'ug mé ḡean u'it f'eaḡar f'earaib'  
 óḡ' an t'paoḡáil,  
 C'poc'f'íṛéar tú ḡo c'inn'te muṛ' b'f'uil aḡ  
 ḡnáṛc'ail' óé,  
 'S a' ōia, naḡ m'ór an f'eall é, an ṛlann'oa  
 b'p'eáḡ maṛ é.  
 6. 'S a' tomár b'án n'ic doṛaḡáin, 'ṛé mo  
 léan tú a' u'ul i' ḡcém,  
 Δ'ṛ cé h'ionḡnaḡ liom uo n'iaíṛín beir' b'p'ónac'  
 uo uo ōiaṛó.

Uá m'beir'eá ar leabaíṛó an b'áir aic'í, c'ia 'ṛ  
 éár'óí tú beir' c'inn,  
 ac' uo é'p'oc'as ar na ṛálc'ac'áib', 'ṛ an b'áir-  
 t'eaḡ le uo ōṛuim!  
 7. Δ'ῖρ ní ṛlao m'aim'p't'p'eac' ná t'eam'p'ail' a  
 ṛinne ṛc'ór mo é'p'íṛé,  
 ní f'eoil ná ḡéir a' f'ann'tu'ḡ f'é, ná ṛuo ar  
 b'ic' maṛ é,  
 ac' maṛ ḡeall ar b'ólaḡt' Stanley uo c'p'oc'as  
 é, mo léan!  
 'S an t'é a' b'f'uil ḡráḡ uo é'lainn na nḡall  
 a'ḡe, an ceann ḡo ḡc'ail'liṛ f'é.  
 8. Béirò ḡár'oa b'p'eáḡ, láioṛi aḡ t'eaḡt le  
 ṛc'ór mo é'p'íṛé,  
 béirò ḡeap'alc'at'ḡ é'luain' o'álaiḡ 'ṛ arim  
 u'earḡ an R'ioḡ,  
 béirò maḡor óḡ ó' Conaill 'ṛ ó' ceallaiḡ ar  
 Cluain' doirḡ  
 'S uá m'beáḡ t'p'íṛ maṛ ó' Conaill óḡ aḡam,  
 ní c'p'oc'f'íṛé ṛc'ór mo é'p'íṛé.

## TRANSLATION.

1. Coming from the wake-house I first knew my love, My torment and my sorrow, that I did not spend the night at home. The pang goes right through me, and for ever rests in my heart. Ah! my treasure, if you will not come with me, I won't be alive in a month. | 2. Thomas Bán came to visit me, when I was lonely by myself, And he said, "Don't be troubled, or in any way upset, It's your flowing hair has distracted me, and on that account I shall be hanged: And you are dearer to me than my mother whom I leave behind me." | 3. Oh! neighbours and advisers, do not blame me If I went to give the information to the bright treasure of my heart. I never got a bad account of him since the day I was born, And if I only saw him going the boren it would raise up my heart. | 4. We are summoned to Kilkenny, and we must go; There will be Quarter Sessions there of Irishmen and foreigners. There will be only one pair adjudged, and they, alas! will be hanged, Namely, Fair Thomas Egan, and Whelan by his side. | 5. Oh! Fair Thomas, assuredly you are the love and treasure of my heart. Oh! Thomas, whom I loved beyond the young men of the world. You will surely be hanged unless God's grace assists you, And, oh God! what a crime it would be such a fair plant as he. | 6. Oh! Fair Thomas Egan, 'tis my grief that you're going away, And I am not surprised that your mother is sad after you. If you were on your death-bed before her, she would never mind your being sick, But to be hanged by the heels and the rain beating down on your back! | 7. It was not the robbing of a monastery or of a church that my love had done, It wasn't meat or fat that he coveted, or any thing of the kind. But on account of the cattle of Stanley, he was hanged, my grief! And may he who loves the foreigners, may he lose his head. | 8. There will be a fine strong guard coming with the love of my heart; There will be Fitzgerald of Cluandaly, and the red army of the King. Young Major O'Connell will be there, and Kelly of Cluan-ee; And if only I had three men like young O'Connell, the treasure of my heart would not be hanged.

I got the words and air of this song from Mr. Pat O'Neill, Drumgriffin. With slight variants the song is given in "Δηράνιν Cλάννη Ξαϋδαί," p. 45. Professor O'Máille in the notes appended to the song says that Egan was a Mayo man who "ran away" with the daughter of a man named Stanley, one of the privileged English settlers. The eloping party were pursued by Stanley, and Egan was seized and cast into prison. In accordance with the peculiar administration of the law of the time, where a mere Irishman was concerned, the sentence passed on him was "to be hanged by the heels." But tradition has it (though verse 7 seems to the contrary) that his lady-love composed this song for the occasion and secured his pardon.

Mr. Philip Waldron tells me that the song is still very popular in Connemara.

The air is a well-known one. For variants see Petrie, Nos. 26, 48, and 109.

51.—ÓRÓ, 'míle ξράδò.  
(ÓRÓ, MY THOUSAND LOVES.)

♩. = 120 *Æolian mode.*

Sung by MRS. HOBAN, Milltown,  
Tuam.



1. Δ'ρ ό - ρό, 'míl - e ξράδò! Δ'ρ ό - ρό, 'míl - e ξράδò! Seo  
bob-er - ó le oo bob-er - ó, ξο n'éirige an lá bán.  
ό - ρό, ό - ρό, ό - ρό, Δ'ρ ό - ρό, 'míl - e ξράδò.

2. Δ'ρ όρό, 'míle ξράδò, Δ'ρ όρό, 'míle ξράδò!  
Seo píora pinḡinn ouit, ná bí òo mo  
boosaíil.  
'S óró, óró, óró, 'r óró, 'míle ξράδò!

3. Δ'ρ όρό . . .  
má tá píora pinḡinn aḡac iméig 'r cean-  
nais luét rḡasán.  
'S óró .

4. Δ'ρ όρό . . .  
ξο οταέτιγιοῖ πατα loméa tú i mbéirò  
ξesláe m a láp.  
'S óró . . .

5. Δ'ρ όρό . . .  
tús tú t-éiteae á feanoumín, rim bḡeas  
atá tú á' ráo'.  
'S óró . . .





25. Δ'ῖ ὀρό . . .  
 Ὅ οἱ ἴλ μέ ρεᾶλ ὅε'η τ-ραοῖᾶλ ραὸ ὁ ἔυρ  
 μαρ μαοιρ ἄ βί in mo ἕρᾶδ.  
 'S ὀρό . . .
26. Δ'ῖ ὀρό . . .  
 ἄ λειρρεᾶδᾶm ἄ'ῖ ἁ ἕiobλαδᾶm, ρm ἁρέᾶḡ  
 ᾶτᾶ τῦ ἄ' ῖᾶδ.  
 'S ὀρό . . .
27. Δ'ῖ ὀρό . . .  
 ἱρ iompa uair ceannais ῖαρ ρᾶῖᾶ ρᾶᾶi  
 ὀ'η ἁῖαρ ḡᾶρρ,  
 'S ὀρό . . .
28. Δ'ῖ ὀρό . . .  
 uirḡe boḡ ἄ'ῖ ἁῖρᾶᾶ ἁiῖῖᾶ ἄ ἁῖῖᾶ ᾶḡ  
 ᾶiῖῖᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἁ ῖᾶḡᾶiῖ.  
 'S ὀρό . . .
29. Δ'ῖ ὀρό . . .  
 ἡᾶ λειḡῖῖ Ὅᾶ 'ῖ muipe! ἱρ ὅᾶρ ἄ  
 ἁᾶᾶḡ ῖᾶᾶ ᾶἡ ᾶῖᾶᾶᾶ.  
 'S ὀρό . . .
30. Δ'ῖ ὀρό . . .  
 "Your love would eat as much ceallais  
 (colcannon) as would plaster a stone wall."  
 'S ὀρό . . .
31. Δ'ῖ ὀρό . . .  
 "Your love would carry the kettle for the  
 sake of the ἁῖᾶᾶ (gruel)."  
 'S ὀρό . . .
32. Δ'ῖ ὀρό . . .  
 "My love would carry the sack, where  
 another ῖᾶḡ (lout) would fall."  
 'S ὀρό . . .

## TRANSLATION.

1. Oró, my thousand loves, Here's boberó come to bother you till the bright day comes. |  
 2. Here's a penny for you, and don't be annoying me. | 3. If you have a penny piece, go and buy  
 a load of herrings. | 4. May a peeled potato with a moon in its middle choke you. | 5. You are a  
 liar, little old man, those are lies you are telling. | 6. Skib and skab bracked skins, and it isn't a  
 lie I am telling. | 7. Your love's nose would make a fine coulter for a plough. | 8. Musha! your  
 love's nose would make a fine pocket pistol. | 9. To walk in Killclooney on a dewy morning with  
 my love. | 10. That I might walk the church field on my knees with my love. | 11. You'd see  
 beyond in England the radiance of my love. | 12. There is the yellow blush of consumption on  
 the cheeks of your love. | 13. My love went through this town in his jaunting car. | 14. Your love  
 did not pass this townland since he stole the white gander. | 15. A caroline from Ballindine and  
 leggings out of Claremorris. | 16. Up and down, etc. :— | 17. My love went to England to earn a  
 pound a day. | 18. Your love went to England to live at the women's expense. | 19. My love went  
 to England to buy cloth for a mantle. | 20. I'd dance a reel with the treasure of my heart beside  
 the white rock. | 21. Sheela and John have the little seven-acre field. | 22. Your love has stocked  
 the seven-acre field with crows. | 23. Sheela and John have a little sandy road through the  
 marsh. | 24. If there was a grain of pepper on your lip no bobero would be better. | 25. I thought  
 for a time, long ago, that my love was a steward's son. | 26. It's lies you're telling, you leprehaun  
 and you ragman. | 27. Many a time the tall man bought potatoes from the small man. | 28. Soft  
 water and yellow tow, which is all the old women get. | 29. God and Mary prevent it; it's nicely  
 they rock the cradle.

52.—*sal-íú-nú-aer-í.*Sung by MRS. HOBAN, Milltown,  
Tuam.

*♩* = 180

1. *Sal - íú - nú - aer - í Rú - nú - aer - í, Siubalpaib tú*

*éapc a - gur fáig mo mían féin dam, Sal-íú - nú - aer - í Rú-nú - aer - í.*

2. *Sal-íú-nú-aer-í, Rú-nú-aer-í,*  
Bridget Burke, *a buail ar an mbeul mé,*  
*Sal-íú-nú-aer-í, Rú-nú-aer-í.*

3. *Sal-íú-nú-aer-í, Rú-nú-aer-í,*  
Dennis Flannery, *a beirim go h-éas out,*  
*Sal-íú-nú-aer-í, Rú-nú-aer-í.*

## TRANSLATION.

1. . . . You will go over and find my love for me. | 2. . . . Bridget Burke, who struck me on the mouth. | 3. . . . Denis Flannery, whom I give for ever to you.

53.—*bí liom bí.*Sung by MRS. HOBAN, Milltown,  
Tuam.

*♩* = 144

1. *bí liom bí, 'ar nód' ná bí, Cá gcuirfead-muro a*

*éoo - lað lánáthain éroibé? 'S bí liom bí, 'ar nód' ná bí.*

2. *bí liom bí, 'ar nód' ná bí,*  
*i leabaib áitinn i o-tóin an tighe,*  
*'S bí liom bí, 'ar nód' ná bí.*

3. *bí liom bí, 'ar nód' ná bí,*  
*Cé an bean óg a éail a éroibé?*  
*'S bí liom bí; 'ar nód' ná bí.*

4. *bí liom bí, 'ar nód' ná bí,*  
*Seasán mac doiré a éóigfead mo éroibé.*  
*'S bí liom bí, 'ar nód' ná bí.*

## TRANSLATION.

1. . . . Where shall we put the married couple to sleep? | 2. . . . In a bed of turze at the end of the house. | 3. . . . Who is the young woman who lost her heart? | 4. . . . John McHugh it is would raise up my heart.

51, 52, and 53. Those three numbers are examples of the game or occupation songs given to me by Mrs. Hoban. The couplets of No. 51 are as she remembered singing them in her youth. They were not all improvised, as I have heard some of them from other sources. They are as a rule very personal in character, but I suppose half their attraction lay in the fact that, under cover of the game, the singer could be insulting with impunity.

For other airs of this class see Petrie, Nos. 1367, 1368, 1369; 1366 and 1474.

# 54.—'S ÓRÓ, DOWNEY.

(ÓRÓ, DOWNEY.)

Sung by MRS. HOBAN, Milltown, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 120$  *Dorian mode.*

1. 'S ó - ró, Down - ey, 'S ó - ró dee, τά Downey 'n-Δ  
 έοο-λαδ 'r nάp έιp-ιgιp pέ έοιpέ! τά Downey 1 Lincoln, 'r τά Downey 1  
 Leeds, 'S τά Downey 'n-Δ έοολαδ 'r nάp έιp-ιgιp pέ έοιpέ. 'S ó - ró,  
 Down - ey 'r ó - ró dee, 'r τά Downey 'n-Δ έοολαδ 'r nάp έιpιgιp pέ έοιpέ.

2. τά Downey 1 Lincoln, 'r τά Downey 1 Leeds,  
 'S τά Downey 'n-Δ έοολαδ, 'r nάp έιpιgιp pέ  
 έοιpέ,  
 'S óró, Downey, 'r óró dee,  
 τά Downey 'n-Δ έοολαδ, 'r nάp έιpιgιp pέ έοιpέ.

3. έαιε μέ pεαεε pεαεετμάιne 'r ceipε lά  
 veuξ,  
 τά Downey 'n-Δ έοολαδ, 'r nάp έιpιgιp pέ έοιpέ,  
 'S óró, Downey, etc.

4. Δ' cpυnnuξαδ na gcailíní pábáil an  
 feip  
 τά Downey 'n-Δ έοολαδ 'r nάp έιpιgιp pέ έοιpέ,  
 'S óró, Downey, etc.

5. τά Downey 1 nξaillín, 'r τά Downey 1  
 gCluanrín,  
 τά Downey 'n-Δ έοολαδ 'r nάp έιpιgιp pέ  
 έοιpέ.  
 'S óró, Downey, etc.

\* There is a peculiar note which occurs in the word "dee." It is neither C nor C#. I heard Mrs. Hoban sing it many times, and she never varied.

## TRANSLATION.

1. . . . Downey is asleep, and may he never get up! . . . | 2. Downey is in Lincoln, and Downey is in Leeds. . . . | 3. I spent seven weeks and fourteen days, . . . | 4. Gathering the girls for saving the hay. . . . | 5. Downey is in Galway, and Downey is in Cluan-sheen. . . .

This song differs from the preceding ones in that it seems to have been used not so much as an occupation song as a "wake game." Mrs. Hoban tells me that she remembers this song being sung in her youth, but only on the occasion of the wake of an old person. Such practices, however, have long since ceased among the Western peasantry. It is not easy now to get even an accurate account of how the game was played. I have been told that one of the gathering simulated the dead man, stretching himself across some chairs and covering himself with a sheet. The others who took part in the game would then gather round and sing verses, for the most part of an impromptu kind, until the seemingly dead man would get tired and come to life again.

Lady Wilde speaks of these rude dramas and games in her "Myths and Legends."

55.—ΑΝΑΪ-ΪΟΥΔΗ.  
(ANNAGHDOWN.)

Sung by PAT O'NEILL,  
Drumgriffin, Co. Galway.

$\text{♩} = 68$  *Dorian mode.*

1. μά φάξιμ-ρε ρλάιντε ιρ πασα βέρθεαρ τράττ-αθ, αη αν μέιτο το  
 βάιτ-εαθ αρ αν - αέ - έουαμ 'S mo έρμαξ α - μέη - αέ ξαέ άέ-αιρ'ρ  
 μά - έαιρ, βεαν ά'ρ πάιρ-τε τά α ριλ-εαθ ρύλ. α ρι να  
 η-ξήρ-τα, έεαρ νεαμ ά'ρ πάιρ-έαρ, ηάρ βεαξ αν τ-αθ-βαέτ ουμν βειρτ ηά  
 τρύρ. αέ' λά έομν βρεάξ λειρ ξαν ξαοιέ ηά  
 βάιρ - τεαέ, λάν ά' βάιτο α - εα α ργυαβαθ αρ ριυβαλ.



2. Νάρ νιόρ αν τ-ιουγνιότ ορ κόηαιρ να  
νοδοιμε

Δ βρεϊριντ ρίντε αρ έύλ α ζοιιν,

Σςρεαοαό δ'ρ καοιμεαο το ρζαννιόαό  
οδοιμε

Σρναδ ο'ά αιαρσ 'ρ αν έρεαό ο'ά ροιιν.

Βι βυαόαλλιότε όζα ανν τιζεαέτ αν ρόζήαιρ,

Ο'ά ρίνεαό αρ έρσάαρ, 'ρ οά οταβαιρ ζο  
αλλ,

'S ζυρ β'έ ζλευρ α βπόρτα οο βι ο'ά  
οτόρμ

'S α Όια να ζλόιρε, νάρ νιόρ αν ρεαλλ!

3. Αννιότ Όια η-δοιμε έλνιρσά αν καοιμεαό  
αζ τεαέτ ζαό ταοβ, αζυρ ζρεαοαό βορ,  
α'ρ α λάν ταρ οιοόε τρομ τυιρρεαό ελαοιότε  
ζαν αεό λε οέανμ αα αέτ α' ριμεαό  
οορρ.

Α Όια 'ρ α έρσόρτα ο'φύλαινζ ιοόβαιρ

Οο έεαννιυζ [ζο] ρίρυννεαό αν βοέτ 'ρ αν  
νοέτ

Ζο ράρρρεαρ ναοιόα ζο οτυζαιρ ραορ λεατ  
ζαό [ρεαατίρ] οιοό οά'ρ έυιτ ραοι αν  
λοτ.

4. milleán гэар ар ан ionao ceáona  
νάρ λαραιό ρεulte ανν 'ρ νάρ έιριζιό ζρμ αν,  
Οο βάιό αν μέαο ύο οο έρμλλ ι η-έινρεαέτ  
ζο ζαλλιμ αρ αοναό ζό μοό Διαρροαοιμ.  
ηα ριρ ζο ζλευρσό αιαό 'ζυρ αέαέτ,  
Οο έρεαδσό βρέαηρα 'ρ οο έρμιόεαό ριόλ,  
α'ρ να μνά οά ρέιρ ριη οο όεανρσά ζαό αον  
ρσο  
Οο ριότιρσάό βρέορ αζυρ αναιρτε έαοι.

5. baile-éilair oo bi anaise laime  
νιόρ λειζ αν τ-αό όόιβ α ζαβάιλ ανιόρ,  
Βι αν βάρ έομ λάιρμ ναό οτυζ ρέ αάιρτε  
Ο'αον ημ αα μάέαρ οά'ρ ρυζαό ρμμ.  
μμνα ρζéal α αεαρσά όόιβ αν λά ρο α  
μβάιότε

α ριζ να ηζράρα νάρ βοέτ αν μσό,  
αέτ α ζαλλεαό υιλε ζαν λοό ná ράιλε,  
λε ρεαν-βάο ζράννα 'ρ ιαο λάιμ λε τίρ.

1. If my health is spared I'll be long relating  
Of that boat that sailed out of Anach Cuain,  
And the keening after of mother and father  
And child by the harbour, the mournful croon!  
O King of Graces, who died to save us,  
'Twere a small affair for but one or two,  
But a boat-load bravely in calm day sailing  
Without storm or rain to be swept to doom.

2. What wild despair was on all the faces  
To see them there in the light of day,  
In every place there was lamentation  
And tearing of hair as the wreck was shared ;  
And boys there lying when crops were ripening,  
From the strength of life they were borne to  
clay ;  
In their wedding clothes for their wake they  
robed them,  
O King of Glory, man's hope is vain.

3. And then on Friday you'd hear them crying  
On every side as their hands they wrung,  
And morning found them unnerved and power-  
less  
When the laying out of each corpse was done.  
O Jesus Christ, by the Cross You died on,  
To offer Your life for the poor and the slave,  
Bring them safely home to the light of glory,  
Oh ! rest the souls of the drowned that day !

4. Misfortune light on the spot they died in,  
May no star shine there or dawning ray,  
It drowned such numbers who made the journey  
That fatal Thursday to Galway fair ;  
Men who could manage the plough and harrow,  
And break the fallow and scatter seed,  
And women whose fingers were deft and nimble  
To spin fine linen and frieze to weave.

5. On the shore beside Ballyclare was lying,  
But fate was unkind when they made for port;  
Strong Death was sudden, no pity stirred him,  
No mother's son could escape his stroke.  
If their drowning day wasn't fixed and fated,  
O King of Graces, their lot was hard,  
Not on lake nor ocean, yet weak and hopeless,  
In a wretched boat, and in sight of land.

6. Δ Ριξ̄να ηξ̄ιάρ̄α ἐρῡταιξ̄ η̄εᾱη̄ δ' ῥ̄ π̄άρ̄η̄τ̄αρ̄  
 δ' ῥ̄ ᾱ Ὁ̄έ, τ̄ῑᾱ ᾱη̄ ε̄άρ̄ οὐ̄ιη̄η̄ β̄εῑρ̄τ̄ η̄ᾱ τ̄η̄ύ̄ρ̄  
 Δ̄ε̄τ̄ λ̄ά̄ ε̄ο̄η̄ β̄η̄ε̄άξ̄ ῥ̄η̄ ξ̄ᾱη̄ ξ̄ᾱο̄ῑτ̄ ξ̄ᾱη̄ β̄ά̄η̄τ̄ε̄ᾱδ̄,  
 Δ̄ξ̄ῡρ̄ λ̄άν̄ [ᾱη̄] β̄ά̄ῑο̄ Δ̄ᾱ οὐ̄ οὐ̄λ̄ ξ̄ο̄ τ̄ό̄η̄.  
 Ὑ̄ρ̄η̄ρ̄ ᾱη̄ β̄ά̄ο̄ Δ̄ξ̄ῡρ̄ β̄ά̄ῑτ̄ε̄ᾱδ̄ η̄ᾱ ο̄ᾱο̄η̄ε,  
 Σ̄ξ̄αρ̄ η̄ᾱ ε̄ᾱο̄η̄η̄ξ̄ ᾱη̄ο̄η̄η̄ ῥ̄ᾱη̄ τ̄η̄ν̄ά̄η̄,  
 Δ' ῥ̄ ᾱ Ὁ̄έ, η̄ᾱε̄ ᾱη̄η̄ῥ̄η̄ β̄ί̄ ᾱη̄ τ̄-δ̄η̄ μ̄ό̄η̄ ο̄έ̄ᾱη̄τ̄ᾱ  
 Δ̄η̄ Δ̄ο̄η̄ ῥ̄ε̄ᾱη̄ ο̄έ̄αξ̄ Δ̄ξ̄ῡρ̄ ο̄έ̄τ̄ᾱη̄ η̄η̄ά̄.

7. Ὑ̄ῑ ᾱῑτ̄η̄ε̄ δ' ῥ̄ μ̄ά̄ῑτ̄η̄ε̄ ᾱη̄η̄, η̄η̄ά̄ 'ξ̄ῡρ̄ π̄ά̄η̄-  
 τ̄η̄ε̄,  
 Δ̄ξ̄ ξ̄ο̄λ̄ 'ῥ̄ Δ̄ξ̄ ξ̄ά̄η̄τ̄ᾱο̄ῑλ̄ 'ῥ̄ Δ̄ξ̄ ῥ̄ε̄ῑλ̄τ̄ η̄ᾱ η̄ο̄ε̄ό̄ρ̄,  
 Δ' ῥ̄ η̄η̄ά̄ ο̄ά̄ ῥ̄έ̄η̄η̄ ῥ̄η̄ η̄ο̄ ὀ̄έ̄ᾱη̄ῥ̄ᾱδ̄ Δ̄ο̄η̄ ῥ̄ῡο̄  
 Ὁ̄ο̄ ῥ̄η̄ο̄η̄ῥ̄ᾱδ̄ β̄η̄έ̄ρ̄ο̄η̄ δ' ῥ̄ ᾱη̄ᾱη̄η̄τ̄ ε̄ᾱο̄λ̄.  
 Δ̄ τ̄ο̄η̄ᾱη̄ Ὑ̄ῑ Ἐ̄ᾱτ̄ᾱῑλ̄, β̄ᾱ η̄ό̄η̄ ᾱη̄ ῥ̄ξ̄έ̄ᾱλ̄ ἔ̄ῡ  
 Ὁ̄ο̄ ἔ̄η̄ε̄ᾱδ̄ῥ̄ά̄ β̄η̄ᾱη̄η̄ῥ̄ᾱ οὐ̄ ε̄ῡη̄ῥ̄ε̄ά̄ ῥ̄ί̄ο̄λ̄  
 Δ' ῥ̄ ᾱ λ̄ῑᾱτ̄ᾱ β̄ῡᾱε̄ᾱῑλ̄λ̄ οὐ̄ ε̄ῥ̄ᾱῑτ̄ῥ̄ε̄ᾱδ̄ λ̄ά̄η̄  
 λ̄ε̄ᾱτ̄,  
 η̄η̄ο̄ λ̄ε̄ῡη̄ 'ῥ̄ τ̄ύ̄ β̄ά̄η̄ῥ̄ε̄τ̄ε̄ ἡ̄ η̄-Δ̄η̄ᾱε̄-Ἐ̄ῡᾱη̄.

8. Δ̄ ξ̄ε̄ά̄ξ̄ᾱη̄ Ὑ̄ῑ Ἐ̄ο̄ῥ̄ξ̄ᾱη̄ β̄ᾱ η̄ό̄η̄ ᾱη̄ ῥ̄ξ̄ε̄ῡλ̄ ἔ̄ῡ  
 ξ̄ῡη̄ ῥ̄ε̄ᾱη̄ τ̄ύ̄ Δ̄η̄ᾱη̄ ἡ̄ λ̄ῡη̄ξ̄ η̄ά̄ ἡ̄ μ̄β̄ά̄ο̄  
 Δ' ῥ̄ ᾱ λ̄ῑᾱτ̄ᾱ ε̄ο̄η̄ξ̄ε̄η̄ λ̄ύ̄τ̄η̄ῥ̄ᾱ ῥ̄ῥ̄ύ̄β̄ᾱῑλ̄ τ̄ύ̄  
 Ο̄ λ̄ο̄η̄ḡ̄η̄ ᾱη̄ᾱλ̄λ̄ ξ̄ο̄ ο̄τ̄ῑ β̄έ̄ᾱλ̄-τ̄η̄ά̄τ̄,  
 ᾱη̄ Ὑ̄ᾱη̄ η̄ο̄ ῥ̄ᾱο̄ῑλ̄ τ̄ύ̄ ῥ̄η̄ά̄η̄ η̄ο̄ ὀ̄έ̄ᾱη̄ᾱη̄  
 ῥ̄ῡξ̄ η̄ᾱ η̄η̄ά̄ ὀ̄ξ̄ᾱ ο̄η̄τ̄ 'Ὑ̄ο̄ῥ̄ δ' ῥ̄ ε̄ᾱλ̄λ̄,  
 'Σ̄ ξ̄ῡη̄ ῥ̄ᾱο̄ῑλ̄ η̄ο̄ μ̄ᾱῑτ̄ῥ̄η̄η̄ ο̄ά̄ μ̄β̄ά̄ῑτ̄ῥ̄η̄ε̄ ε̄έ̄ᾱο̄  
 ῥ̄ε̄ᾱη̄  
 ξ̄ο̄ ο̄τ̄ῑη̄ξ̄ῥ̄ά̄ ῥ̄έ̄η̄ 'β̄ᾱη̄ε̄ ῥ̄λ̄ά̄η̄.

9. Ὑ̄ῑ μ̄ά̄η̄η̄ η̄η̄ε̄ ῥ̄ῡᾱḡ̄ά̄η̄ ᾱη̄η̄, β̄η̄η̄η̄ε̄ᾱη̄  
 ξ̄λ̄έ̄ξ̄ε̄ᾱλ̄,  
 ᾱη̄ ε̄ᾱη̄λ̄η̄ ῥ̄ῥ̄έ̄η̄η̄ε̄ᾱη̄ᾱῑλ̄ β̄ί̄ Δ̄ξ̄ᾱη̄η̄ ῥ̄ᾱη̄ ᾱη̄τ̄;  
 ξ̄λ̄ε̄ῡρ̄ ῥ̄ ἡ̄ ῥ̄έ̄η̄ ξ̄ο̄ μ̄ο̄ε̄ Ὁ̄η̄ᾱ ε̄ε̄ᾱḡ̄ᾱο̄η̄  
 λ̄ε̄ οὐ̄λ̄ ε̄ῡη̄ Δ̄ο̄η̄ᾱη̄ξ̄ ο̄ Ἐ̄η̄ο̄ Ὁ̄ε̄ᾱλ̄ά̄η̄,  
 Ὑ̄ῑ ε̄ό̄τ̄ᾱ Ὑ̄η̄ῥ̄η̄ η̄ε̄ ἔ̄ο̄ξ̄ᾱ ᾱη̄ ε̄ά̄ο̄η̄ξ̄  
 ε̄ά̄η̄ῥ̄η̄η̄ lace δ' ῥ̄ ῥ̄η̄β̄η̄η̄ḡ̄ β̄ά̄η̄',  
 Δ̄ξ̄ῡρ̄ ο̄'ῥ̄ά̄ξ̄ ῥ̄ ἡ̄ μ̄ά̄ῑτ̄ῥ̄η̄η̄ β̄η̄ḡ̄η̄ᾱε̄ ε̄ῥ̄ᾱη̄ῥ̄ε̄  
 Δ̄ξ̄ ῥ̄ε̄ῑλ̄τ̄ η̄ᾱ η̄ο̄ε̄ό̄ρ̄ Δ̄η̄ῥ̄ ξ̄ο̄ β̄η̄ά̄τ̄.

10. λ̄ο̄ῥ̄ξ̄ᾱḡ̄ ῥ̄λ̄έ̄η̄β̄ε̄ Δ̄ξ̄ῡρ̄ ῥ̄ξ̄ᾱλ̄λ̄ᾱḡ̄ ε̄λ̄έ̄η̄β̄ε̄  
 ᾱη̄ ᾱη̄ ᾱη̄τ̄ ᾱη̄ ε̄ά̄ξ̄ᾱḡ̄ᾱη̄, δ' ῥ̄ η̄η̄λ̄λ̄ε̄ā̄η̄ ε̄ῥ̄ῡᾱη̄ḡ̄,  
 η̄ᾱη̄ ῥ̄ ἡ̄ η̄ο̄η̄ḡ̄ᾱ ε̄ῥ̄ε̄ᾱτ̄ε̄ῥ̄η̄ ο̄'ῥ̄ά̄ξ̄ ῥ̄é̄ Δ̄ξ̄ ξ̄έ̄ᾱη̄-  
 ξ̄ο̄λ̄  
 Δ̄ξ̄ ῥ̄η̄λ̄ε̄ᾱḡ̄ 'ῥ̄ Δ̄ξ̄ ε̄ά̄ξ̄ε̄ᾱο̄η̄ ξ̄ᾱε̄ μ̄ᾱη̄ḡ̄η̄ λ̄ῡᾱη̄.

6. O King of Graces, who died to save us,  
 'Twere a small affair for but one or two,  
 But a boatload bravely in calm day sailing,  
 Without storm or rain, to be swept to doom!  
 The boat sprang a leak and let all the people  
 And frightened sheep out adrift on the tide;  
 It beats all telling what fate befell them,  
 Eleven strong men and eight women to die!

7. What calling and crying of mother and child  
 then,  
 Of husband and wife, what despair and tears,  
 And women whose fingers were deft and nimble  
 To spin fine linen, and frieze to weave.  
 Ah! 'tis you were matter for grief, Tom Cahill,  
 You'd plough the fallow, o'er furrows you'd  
 stoop,  
 And men around took your handshake proudly,  
 My grief, and you drowned now in Anach Cuain.

8. We mourn your loss, too, brave Seán  
 O'Cosgair,  
 You towered aloft in the ship or the boat,  
 And a long, long journey you came amongst us,  
 Across from London to Béaltrá's shore.  
 When you tried to win to the shore by  
 swimming,  
 You were held by women, your strength they  
 broke;  
 But your mother was proud, and she'd say  
 about you,  
 Though a hundred were drowned, you'd come  
 safely home.

9. And Mary Ruane, too, the star of maidens,  
 The sky-bright lady, the light of our lives,  
 She was long preparing, that morning early,  
 To go to the fair dressed up like a bride,  
 In a coat well made with a narrow waist-band,  
 A cap of lace and streamers of white;  
 But her mother awaited her footstep vainly,  
 And never a day comes to dry her eyes.

10. May burning mountains come tumbling  
 down on  
 That place of drowning, may curses fall,  
 For many's the soul it has filled with mourning  
 And left without hope of a bright day's dawn.

ní níoḡbáil eólaíṛ do éuir o'á nreóir ias  
 ácc mī-áð mór bi ran ḡCairleán nuadh,  
 'Sé criochnuḡuð an ábráin ḡur báiteað  
 mórán  
 o'páḡ áðbair eólaíṛ aḡ Anac-Éuin.

The cause of their fate was no fault of sailing,  
 'Twas the boat that failed them, the Caisleán  
 Nuadh,  
 And left me to make with a heart that's breaking  
 This lamentation for Anach Cuain.

I took this song down from my friend Pat O'Neill, who lives at Drumgriffin, Annaghdown. I never heard it sung to any other air than the one given. The poem was composed by Raftery to commemorate the terrible disaster which befell the people of Annaghdown when on their way to the Fair in Galway.

About thirty villagers with ten sheep and other goods set off in an old boat from the shores of Lough Corrib to go the eight miles into Galway. In those days there was no direct road, and the lake was the nearest way. The boat was rotten, and when within two miles of Galway a leak was sprung. One of the men endeavoured to plug it with his coat, and pressing with his heel to drive it more firmly in, drove the whole plank out of the boat. In a few seconds all these poor people were struggling in the water, and although they were close to the land, nineteen of them were drowned, eleven men and eight women.

Pat always maintains that there were two songs written on the subject, one by Raftery, and one by a local poet named Cosgrave (Cofḡorac), as he says Raftery was a stranger and could not have known the people's names or anything about them. What probably happened was that some local man added verses to Raftery's original poem.

I have been told that the song is sometimes known as "Cnoc a' Ōealáin," the name of the place (mentioned in the song) at which the Fair was held. I give the full version of the song as contained in "Songs of Raftery," p. 146, with Dr. Hyde's permission. The translations of this and the next song are from a different pen.

## 56.—máire ní eirínn.

(MARY HYNES.)

As sung in this neighbourhood,  
Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 76$  *Dorian mode.*

1. Dúl éuis an aipíonn sam le toil na ngráda, do bí'n lá  
 a' b'áir-tiḡ as-ur o' áir-tiḡ ḡaoḡ, carad an ain-nir liom le taoib' éill-  
 tar-tain, as-ur éuit mé láirneac i ngrádo le mnaoi. Labair mé  
 léi - te go mún-te mán-la, 's do réir a cáil - eac't' reab' o' f'neasair  
 rí, 'Seurto subairt rí rairt' - rí tá m'inn - tinn  
 rár - ta, 'Sur gluar go lá liom go b'ail - e - lias.

2. Nuair fuair mé an tairgint níor leis  
 mé ar cáirde é,  
 Rinne mé gráir asur seir mo éiríde,  
 ní raib le sul asainn ac't trairna páirce  
 'S ní éugmair an ló linn ac't go tóin an tigré.  
 Leasad éugainn boir a raib glóine a' r'cárta  
 air,  
 asur cúlíonn fáinneac le m'air'ndairíde,  
 'Sé subairt rí, "Raírtir, bí 'ḡ ól 'r céad  
 páirte,  
 tá'n railear láirir i mbail'-u-lías."

3. Ir doibinn déreac ar éaoib an trléirbe  
 as b'neacnaḡad ríor ar b'ail'-u-lías,  
 as rúbal rna gleannraib' bairt cnó asur  
 rnéara,  
 'S geall ceileabair éan ann le ceólráib  
 ríde.

1. The Mass-path led to the Lord of Graces,  
 The skies were rainy, the wind was high,  
 Beside Kiltartan I met a maiden  
 Whose eyes waylaid me with sudden wile.  
 I gave her greeting polite and stately,  
 She answered gracious as any Queen:  
 "O Raftery," said she, "could fate be kinder?  
 Now step beside me to Ballylee."

2. I stood bewitched by that voice of sweet-  
 ness,  
 My heart was leaping, my pulses raced;  
 I walked beside her across the meadows,  
 And evening fell as we reached the gate.  
 Glass shone on tables, the ale was winking,  
 Head of the ringlets, I felt you near!  
 "Raftery," said she, "now drink, you're welcome,  
 There's strength in cellars of Ballylee."

- Cíad'n b'p'g ran méad r'n go b'p'g'ce áiléar'gur,  
 Ar bláé na g'raé'b a'tá le n-a éad'ib,  
 ní'l maid' o'd' reuna'd a'r ná ceil ar aenne,  
 'Sí r'p'p'ir na g'p'p'ine a'g'ur g'p'ad mo éno'óe.
4. Síubail mé Sa'p'ana 'r an f'p'anc le céile,  
 An Spáin, an g'p'p'is, a'g'ur ar m'air a'p'ir,  
 ó b'p'ad loé g'p'p'ine go b'éal na Céibe,  
 'S ní f'acaid mé f'p'p'ir ar bié ma'í.  
 Oá mbéinn-re p'p'ra le bláé na h-óige  
 Tré loé an t'p'raic oo lea'p'ann í,  
 Cuanta a'r có'p'ad go r'ubal'p'ann a'r b'ó'p'ne  
 A noia'g an t'p'p'ro-b'ean tá i mbailé-  
 ui-liag.
5. 'Sí má'p'ne ní h-é'p'ir an t'p'ad-b'ean b'p'p'ad,  
 Ba b'p'ne méin a'g'ur b'áille g'p'ad,  
 Oá éad' clé'p'p'ad, 'r a g'p'ur le céile'  
 a'g'ur t'p'ian a t'p'p'ne ní f'p'p'ad r'g'p'p'ob.  
 B'p'ad r'í O'p'p'ne le b'p'p'p'ad a'r b'p'p'ne,  
 'S oá n-a'p'p'ann h'p'p'le le'r r'g'p'p'ad  
 an t'p'p'ad,  
 a'c' r'p'p'ad ban é'p'p'ne ar u'c' an t'p'p'ne r'n,  
 an p'p'p'ad g'p'p'p'ad tá i mbail'-ui-liag.
6. A p'p'p'ann an t'p'p'ur a'g'ur a g'p'p'ann an  
 f'p'p'p'ann,  
 A é'p'p'p'ann ó'p'p'na a'g'ur a é'p'p'p'ne t'p'p'p'ad,  
 an n'g'p'p'p'ad liom-r'p' p'p'ad é'p'p'ann an  
 O'p'p'p'ad.  
 no go noé'p'p'p'ann o'p'p'p'le cá mbé'p'  
 ár p'p'p'ne.  
 ní'p'p' liom ceól ouit g'p'ad son o'p'p'ne  
 O'p'p'p'ad,  
 p'p'p'ne ar b'p'p'ne a'g'ur oá n-ól'p'ad f'p'p'ne,  
 a'r a r'p' na g'p'p'ne go t'p'p'p'ann an b'p'p'ne,  
 go b'p'p' mé an t-é'p'p' go b'ail'-ui-liag.
3. 'Tis airy walking beside the mountain  
 And looking down upon Ballylee,  
 Through glens of blackthorn bush and hazel,  
 And birds like fairies in choir you hear.  
 What use is all unless fate allots you  
 The Branches' Blossom to crown delight?  
 I can't deny or conceal it ever  
 That she's my treasure, my sunlit sky.
4. I walked through England and France for  
 years once,  
 Through Spain and Greece and the long way  
 home,  
 And from Loch Gréine to Galway's quay-side,  
 But her beauty's equal I've never known.  
 Were my bride this Flower of Tír-na-n-óg now,  
 Through Loch an Tóraic I'd ride my steed,  
 By coasts and harbours and trackless oceans  
 If I lost the Rosebud of Ballylee.
5. Oh, Mary Hynes is my choice of ladies  
 For matchless face and bewitching eyes;  
 The host of learned scholars of Erin  
 One-half her fairness could hardly write.  
 Don't talk of Venus or Deirdre's true love,  
 Or Helen whose beauty filled Troy with spears,  
 The Blossom of Erin outshines their glory,  
 The bright-hued Posy of Ballylee.
6. O Sun of Harvest, O Starlight glancing,  
 O locks of amber, my share of joy,  
 Will you fly with me now, before next Sunday,  
 Through all the world we can dwell at choice.  
 On Sunday evenings I'd play you music  
 When wicks illumine the wine and mead;  
 O King of Glory, make dry the roadway  
 That leads me over to Ballylee.

This is one of the most popular of Raftery's songs, and is sung to the same air as "Anac-Ćuan" (No. 55).

At p. 330 of the "Songs of Raftery" An C'p'p'p' gives a very interesting account of Mary Hynes told to him by a relative of hers, Tommy Hynes, from whom also he obtained this song.

Petrie has an air of this name, No. 1542.



57.—*peigiú mistéal.*

(PEGGY MITCHELL.)

Sung by MISS BRIDGET FORDE,  
Sylane, Tuam.

*♩ = 88*

1. b'áit liom bean o'impeó - éad clear, 'r nac gclirreab ar a

griab, siubalrab ar - tead le spreann ar fear, 'r nac fearrab leir ran

críao, béil-in veap 'r mil - re blas ná mil na mbeac faoi

daírs, cúl trom, tair, pionn, páinnead glar, 'ri peig - ú tá mé 'ráo.

2. Ir míne a veac ná cluim mín geal 'r ná cúbar na tuille ar trídís, crioite breágs glar, oo fár nár meac, map éirigeap ouileabap 'r blác.

Go oteiró mé i breapre tá m'innuinn leat, a p'eigiú a míle griab, mo leun 'r mo éreac san tú 'r mé leat ar éuantaib amepicá.

3. A rtoir mo érioire ná tréig oo mian aet breacnuig 'rteac rán gcár, nuair éuapap an trlige beiró ol ar fion 'r ní baogal oúinn éoitec báir.

A blác na gceab nac epuab an rgeal munab tú tá dam i noán, ar uairle an ceogail oá mbéinn mo ruig ir leat oo éraicéinn lám.

4. Oá brágaínn-re caoi no áit le ruidé ní ceapainn bliabain a' r lá.

Go rgríobainn ríor le peann veap caol oo cum a' r oo cáil.

níor ruabó ruam don bean ran tír oo beaprab uait an báir,

ó rgríorab an traoi map geall ar mhaoi, a' r ó cuireab oéirope cum báir.

5. Tá lonnrao an óir i bpolc mo rtoir 'ré as fár go páinneac pionn

Go beal a b'roige eom glar le veor 'ré ríge or a cionn,

A blác na n-úball ir breágsa ruabó ná ouilleabap báir na gceann,

fás réir oia luam go oteiréam cum ríabail a' r réac go bfuil ré i n-am.

6. Tá breágsaet a' r gile fuil a' r cuirle a' r lapab veap oá réir,

i mblác na finne ir epuinne glaire ríul a' r leagan béil,

ní breágs ar bíe an rgeal tá amuig, nac fear mé tá ar mo ééill

le bliabain moiu gac don lá fuil 'r mé as ruuáineam ar blác na gceab.

7. Mo griab pá oó na mná go veó gíó o'fás ruo mipe tinn

as véanam b'róin faoi luac an óil oo oioz-báil é beir epuinn,

b'fearr liom pós ó p'eigiú ar noóis 'ri beir i n-uaigneap liom,

ná raibear seoirre gíó buó móir a leat oá mbeir ré epuinn.

8. Ծօ Բ՛աւ Լիօմ յօրտօծ Եւթ Դր քօրտըմ Դ՛ր	մօ չըսծ Դ՛ր մօ րտօր Եւթ օր մօ ճօհայր Դ՛ճ
canmarō lān ve leann,	cauit ʾr Դ՛ճ cōmṛāḡō liom,
Թսսմիբ Դր Բօրո Դ՛ր ջլօմմեւ ջքօլմ ճօմ ք՛աօ	Իր Լէւ օ՛ղբսմմ Լսւճ նա մերօճ օճ մբեւ մօ
ʾr beiv mo ḡōca teann,	ճօճա ւ յցալլ.

## TRANSLATION.

1. I like a maid who's not afraid, but loves so well a man,  
 She goes with him, both out and in, and loves him all she can.  
 A mouth fine, small, and sweet withal as honey in the spring,  
 And heavy hair flung backward there, 'tis Peggy fair I sing.

2. Smoother is her countenance than smooth white down and than the froth of the flood on the shore, A fine green heart of growth that did not wither, (rising) as the foliage and blossoms rise; Until I go into the tomb my mind is with you, O Peggy, thousand loves, My grief and my destruction that you are not, and I with you, on the harbours of America. | 3. Treasure of my heart, do not forsake thy desire, but look into the case, When the means shall come there shall be drinking of wine and no danger of death to us for ever; O blossom of the branches, is it not a hard story if it be not you are laid out by fate for me? Over the nobility of the world, if I were King, it is with you I would shake hands. | 4. If I were to get a way or a place to sit, I would not cease for a day or a year Until I should write down with a fine thin pen your shape and your quality; There was never born any woman in this country who would take the sway from you, Since Troy was destroyed on account of a woman and since Deirdre was put to death. | 5. The gleam of gold is in the hair of my treasure, and it growing ringleted and fair To the mouth of her shoe, as bright as a tear, and it woven over her head; O blossom of the apples, finer in beauty than the foliage of the tops of the trees, Get ready on Monday until we go travel, and see that it is time. | 6. There is splendour and brightness, blood and veins, and a pretty glow accordingly In the blossom of whiteness, of roundest and brightest eye, and set of mouth; It is no lie at all the story that is about, that I am a man out of my senses, For a year to-day, each day of mirth, and I thinking of the blossom of the branches. | 7. My love twice over are the women for ever, although they have left me sick, Making lament over the price of the drink for the loss of its being gathered (?); I would sooner have a kiss from Peggy, surely, and she to be in solitude with me, Than the wealth of King George, though great were the half of it, if it were to be gathered together. | 8. I would like an outpouring to be on porter, and cans full of ale, Punch on table and glasses prepared, so long as my pocket should be stiff (full); My love and my treasure to be over against me, talking and discoursing with me, It is with her I would drink the price of my shoes, (even) if my coat were in pledge.

This song was sung to me by Miss Bridget Forde, Sylane, Tuam. She told me that she had learned it from her father. I give with his kind permission the complete version by Դո Գրաօրին in his "Songs of Raftery," p. 336. A version of seven stanzas was published by the Rev. Professor T. O'Kelly in U. C., Galway, *Journal*, 1917.

## 58.—CILLADODÁIN, nó CONTOAE MHUIGEÓ.

(KILLEADAN, OR COUNTY OF MAYO.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,  
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. A-noir, teac̃t an earraig beir̃t an lá uil 'un rinead̃, a' r t̃ar éir na féil  
 bhríge ar-o-éad mo féil, ó cuir mé in mo éann é, ní rtorrair̃ mé  
 coir̃c-e go rrairrair̃ mé rior̃ 1 lár contoae muiḡ - eó. 1 ḡclár-éoinne-  
 - muiur̃ bér̃ mé an éad coir̃c-e, 'S imbaile taob rior̃ ve, t̃or-ó-éar mé aḡ  
 ól, go coille - mac̃ raḡad̃, go noéanrao cuair̃t  
 míor' ann, 1 b̃roḡ-ur oá m̃il - e go béal - an - á - móir.

2. r̃áḡaim le h-uḡad̃a go n-éirigeann mo  
 éir̃oḡe-remar̃ éirigeannr̃ an ḡad̃, no mar̃ r̃ḡarar̃  
 an ceónuair̃ r̃muad̃inḡim ar̃ chearra a' ar̃ ḡhaill̃in  
 taob rior̃ vear̃ r̃ḡeac̃ad̃ a' m̃ile no ar̃ pl̃áinéad̃ m̃huiḡ-  
 eó.Cilladodáin an baile a b̃rárann ḡad̃ ñó  
 ann,tá r̃méara 'r̃ r̃úḡ-éar̃oḡ ann a' r̃ mear̃ ar̃  
 ḡad̃ r̃óir̃,'S oá mbéinn-re mo r̃earaḡ 1 ḡcearr̃t-lár̃  
 mo ḡad̃omeo' m̃ic̃eod̃ad̃ an doir̃ oíom aḡur̃ béinn ar̃ir̃  
 óḡ.3. bíonn cruic̃neac̃t a' r̃ coir̃ce, r̃ár̃ eóir̃na  
 'ḡur̃ lín ann,Seag̃al 1 ḡearaob̃ ann, 'r̃án pl̃úir̃, aḡur̃  
 féil̃,luḡt̃ oéanta poit̃in ḡan license o'á oíol  
 ann,m̃ór-uaire na t̃ipe ann aḡ im̃ir̃t 'r̃ aḡ  
 ól.tá cur̃ aḡur̃ r̃eab̃ad̃ ann, a' r̃ learr̃uḡad̃ ḡan  
 aoir̃eac̃,1r̃ iom̃ḡa riñ ñó ann ná r̃aḡair̃ mé go  
 r̃óilac̃anna 'r̃ muill̃te aḡ obair̃ ḡan r̃ḡic̃  
 annḡeair̃han caim̃t ar̃ r̃iḡin cior̃a ann ná  
 oad̃air̃ o'á r̃éir̃.

4. Τά γὰρ υἷε φόρτε δόμῳ οὐδ' ἢ ἐόρη τοῦ ἐν  
 ῥίῳ ἄνν,

bíonn rícamór 'r beech ánn, coll, grúbair,  
 á'r fuinnreós,

box ásur cuileann, iúbair, beicé, ásur caor-  
 éan

'S an glar-daíre o'á nóeantair báo lonḡ  
 á'r crann reóil.

An logwood, mahogany, 'r γὰρ δόμας οὐδ'  
 υδαίρε,

'S an ríor-máire óeantair γὰρ υἷε gléur  
 ceóil

Oltoir (P) 'r rḡeac ḡeal ánn o'á ḡeairiáð 'r  
 o'á rnoigmeað

'S an tḡlac ánn το οἰανταὶ εἰρ ἐλεῖθ ἄσῳ  
 lóio.

5. Τά ἀν ἐυαδ' ῥ ἀν ῥιόλας ἀς ῥεαḡαιρε ἀ  
 ἐίλε ἄνν,

τά ἀν lonoub 'r ἀν ἐίρρεαδ' ἀρ ḡur, or ἀ  
 ḡeómaíre,

An ḡúlo-ríre, 'n cḡeabair, 'r ἀν linnet i  
 ḡcage ánn

An naorḡac ἀς léimniḡ, á'r ἀν eala ó'n  
 Róim.

An t-iorḡac ἀρ ácaill 'r ἀν ῥiac oub ó'n  
 ḡCéir ánn,

An ῥeabac ἀρ loc éirne 'r ἀν ῥuḡeós ó'n  
 móim.

'S oá mbeicéá ánn ἀρ maíoin ῥoim éirḡe na  
 ḡrème,

ḡo ḡcloirreá γὰρ éan áca ἀς ῥeimn ῥan  
 "nḡrób."

6. Τά ἀν láir ánn 'r ἀν ῥeairiáð ἀ ḡroḡair ἀ  
 ἐίλε,

An tḡeirreac 'r ἀν ceuécá, an tḡeabac 'r  
 an ῥíol,

na huain ánn ἀρ maíoin ḡo ῥairḡiḡ ἀς  
 méiðliḡ,

bíonn caoirḡ á'r tḡeáoa á'r leabḡ ἀς an  
 mnaoi.

ní'l tinnear, ní'l áicío, ní'l ḡalar, ní'l éas  
 ánn,

áct ῥaḡar á'r ἐλείρḡ ἀς ḡuḡe na  
 naom,

τά mionáin ἀς ḡabair á'r baímb ἀς an ḡCéir  
 ánn,

'S an loilḡeac ἀς ḡéimniḡ ἀς tḡiall ἀρ  
 an mnaoi.

7. Τά ἀν t-uirḡe ῥan loc, ásur ábnaéa  
 líonta,

na coracá oéanta, 'r na líonta i  
 ḡCóir

τά ἀν líur á'r ἀν ḡreac á'r ἀν eaircon 'na  
 luḡe ánn,

An ḡurcán, an ῥaoḡan, an ḡunaé, 'r an  
 ῥón.

τά ἀν ḡraoán 'r ἀν baíllac na ḡeóimniḡe  
 ῥan oḡe ánn,

'S an luḡán ἀς tḡiall ánn ó'n ḡairḡe  
 móir,

An tártoir 'r ἀν ḡliomac 'r ἀν tḡrabc  
 ḡuabac,

Onúoáin á'r iafḡ ánn eóim ῥairḡiḡ le  
 móim.

8. Τά ἀν eilic 'r ἀν ῥiáð 'r γὰρ míle φόρτε  
 "ḡeém" ánn,

An maḡab-ḡuab 'léimniḡ, an ḡioc 'r an  
 míol buḡe,

Ceóltá na ḡḡabair 'r na h-áḡarca o'á  
 ῥéireac

'S le h-éirḡe na ḡrème το éḡḡá το  
 éroide.

τά oáime uairle ἀρ eacraib ἄσῳ maḡicḡ  
 oá ḡeacáim

ἀς ῥiáðac tḡe na ἐίλε ḡo tḡiḡó an  
 oḡé,

Soiléar ḡo maíoin aḡir oá ῥeabac

ól ἀς na cénoaib á'r leabáir le  
 luḡe.

9. ʔáðann úileáda ʔr baimeaðad cábaip  
 aʔr réútead  
 Slíge bíð, aʔr éadaið, aʔr talam ʔan  
 cíor,  
 ʔsoláipíde bóda ʔʔríob, ʔʔoil, aʔur léið-  
 eann ann,  
 Luét iarpata na úéipe ann, aʔ tapraimʔ  
 ʔr aʔ ʔpiall.

Sháipíʔ ʔé an uóimán in a h-uile úeáð-  
 éipéipíð  
 Thuʔ Raipcepi an épaeb uó ari a bpaaið  
 ʔé piam,  
 Sé ueipead na caime: ʔaoðal ʔao aʔ ʔpianc  
 ʔaape ann  
 Slíóet loimipíʔ na ʔéile ná ʔoiʔil an  
 ʔiaðad.

## TRANSLATION.

1. Towards the Eve of St. Brigit the days will be growing,  
 The cock will be crowing and a home-wind shall blow,  
 And I never shall stop, but shall ever be going  
 Till I find myself roving through the county Mayo.  
 The first night in Claremorris I hope to put over,  
 And in Balla below it the cruiskeens shall flow;  
 In Coilltemach then I'll be living in clover,  
 Near the place where my home is and the house that I know.

2. I solemnly aver it, that my heart rises up, Even as the wind rises or as the mist disperses, When I think upon Carra and upon Gallen down from it, Upon the Mile-Bush or upon the Plains of Mayo. Killeadan (is) the village in which everything grows; There are blackberries and raspberries in it, and fruit of every kind; And if I were only to be standing in the middle of my people, The age would go from me and I should be young again. | 3. There be's wheat there and oats, growth of barley and of flax; Rye in the ear (?) there, bread of flour, and meat; People who make "poteen" selling it there without a licence, The great nobles of the country there playing and drinking, There is planting and plowing there, and top-dressing without manure; There is many a thing there of which I have not spoken yet, Kilns and mills working and never resting, "Sorra" talk there is about a penny of rent nor anything of the kind. | 4. There is every sort of timber that it were fit to put down there; There is sycamore and beech in it, hazel, fir, and ash, Box and holly, yew, birch, and rowan-berry, And the green-oak, of which is made boat and ship and mast; The log-wood, mahogany, and every timber no matter how expensive, And the fior-mhaide (?) which would make every musical instrument; Oltoir (?) and white hawthorn a-cutting and a-hewing, And the rod there that would make basket creels and lods. | 5. There is the cuckoo and the thrush answering each other there, The blackbird and the ceirseach hatching over against them, The goldfinch, the wood-cock, and the linnet in a cage there, The snipe leaping up, and the swan from Rome, The eagle out of Achill and the raven out of Kesh Corran, The falcon from Loch Erne and the lark from the bog, And if you were to be there in the morning before rise of sun, Sure you would hear every bird of them a-singing in the grove. | 6. There is the mare there and the foal, beside one another, The team-of-six and the plow, the plowman and the seed, The lambs there in the morning numerously bleating, There be's sheep and herds, and the woman has a child. There is no sickness, no disease, no plague, no death there, But priests and clerics praying to the saints; The goat has kids, the sow has bonhams, And the milch-cow is lowing as she goes towards the woman. | 7. The water is in the lake, and the rivers filled, The weirs are constructed, and the nets in working order, The pike and the trout and the eel lying there, The crab and the periwinkle, the mackerel



and seal; The salmon and the ballach resting there at night, And the liubhan (little eel, or lamprey?) voyaging thither from the great sea; The tortoise and the lobster and the grey turbot, The gurnets and fish are there as plenty as turf. | 8. The fawn and the deer and every kind of game is there, The red-dog (fox) a-leaping, the badger and the yellow miol (i.e. the hare), The music of the hounds, and the horns a-blowing, And with the rise of the sun you would lift up your heart. There are gentlemen on steeds and horsemen being tried, Hunting all through other until comes the night, (Then) cellar until morning again a-rending, Drink for the hundreds and beds to lie down. | 9. The orphan and the widow get assistance and redemption, A way to get food and clothes, and land without rent; Poor scholars get writing and schooling and learning there, And the people who ask alms are drawing and journeying thither. It overcame the world for all its good qualities, And Rafferty has awarded it the branch, over all that he ever saw; The end of the talk is this: Long life to Frank Taafe in it, The descendant of the Lynch of hospitality, who never spared the hunt.

Sung to me by Miss Maggie Hession, but known everywhere throughout Mayo and Galway. The words are from Δῆριον ἀν Ρεαδτῦρε, p. 96. The air is a variant of an old tune, commonly known as "Nell Flaherty's Drake." For another variant see O'Neill's Collection (Chicago), No. 763.

# 59.—CAISMIRT AN PÓTAIRE LEIS AN UISGE-BEATA.

(THE ARGUMENT OF THE DRUNKARD AND THE WHISKEY.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSION,  
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 63$

1. Δ - έομπάιρ - ις τί - ληρ Δι έαίτ μέ μορδογιάλεατ, Όαρ  
 m'fíir-unn' oo íaoil mé beít cnear-τα, Συρ b'iom-θα ριν οiόε - e oo  
 έαίτ μέ leat ρin - τε 'S μέ εαίετ' Δι μο έαοiβ coip Δι βάλλ-Δ. Δρ  
 έομπάιρle na píoγάετα níop ργάρ mίr-e piam leat, Συρ τίόις cú mo ξηυαίς Δ'ρ mo  
 mál - Δ, In ραν οiόε - e Όiα h-Δοime λά  
 Δοναίς έιλλέριόρτα, 1 Suróρinn 1 oεαé pεαοαίρ uí έαρρέαίς.

2. Σεάκῆμαιν ζο πριακλά 1 βρεανναισ 'ρ 1  
βριανταῖβ

οτιζ ὅμοαιρ ὡ ἔλοινν ἀρ μο λεαβαῖθ,  
ὅμο ὅλεμρ ζαέ δον οἰόε 'ρ ἀρ μαισιν ἀρίρ.  
— ἡδὲ βοζαῖθ ὅια οἰόε μο ἐαριαισ !

Σεαλλῆμαιν ζο πίρεαννὰς το βειρμ το  
ἐρίορ

ζο νοῦλτόεαῖθ μέ ο'ὅλ υἱρζε-βεάε,  
'S ζο βρμλ φιορ ἀζ ἀν ραοζαλ νὰς λε οῦλ  
ἀνν ἂ βῖμ,  
ἀέτ λε ζράθ το να ὁαοιμβ βίορ 'να ἀίε.

3. 1ρ ρεαρ ἀν ρωσ βόλαέτ, πέαρ μαιέ ἀζυρ  
ζαβαλταρ,

ὀρμυῖνεαέτ ἀζυρ εὐρνα λε ζεαρραθ,  
μιν ιν ραν ζοόφῆα, 'ζυρ τειμε, τριακτόνα.  
ἀζυρ οἰοιωνν ο'φεαρ βόεαιρ ἀ'ρ βεαλαῖζ.  
λέιμε 'ζυρ κότα ἀζ ἀν ἀιρμιοιωνν ὅια ὀόμῆναιζ,  
ἡατα 'ζυρ βρόζα 'ρ ἀν βράιρμν,  
ἀ'ρ ζο ραοιλιμ-ρε, ἀρ νοόιζ ζυρ φεαρρ ριν  
ζο μόρ  
νά βεῖθ 'ζ ιμτέαέτ 'ρ ἀζ ὅλ υἱρζε-βεάε.

4. 1ρ λιον-ρα ἐιζ ἂ μῖνιυζαθ μαρ ἐαῖθ μέ  
μο ραοζαλ λεατ

ὅ βαῖνεαθ ἀν ἐίος οἰομ 'μο λεανθ,  
ζυρ ἐρείζ μέ μο ὁαοιμε, μο ὁάιθ, ἀ'ρ μο  
ζαολτα,  
'S νί πέανραινν ἐὺ ἀρ ἐόμῆιρλε να ἡ-εαζ-  
λαῖρ'.

ὅο ρτόρ 'ρ το μῆοιμ ραοζαλτα 'ρ ἀρ ροερμυζ-  
εαθ ἀρμῆθ ορτ,

ἀζυρ εαῖθ ἐ ζαν ρζιέ ἀζ μῆαῖβ λεαννα  
μά φιλλεανν ἐὺ ἀρίρ ἀ'ρ το ρυρρα βεῖθ ρρίοντα  
νί ἐυβραῖθ ριαθ βραον σιιτ ἀρ μαισιν.

ἀν τ-υἱρζε-βεάε :

5. Μαῖρεαθ ! 1ρ ραθα μέ ἀζ εἰρτεαέτ λεατ ἀζ  
ρζελεαζαθ βρέαζ λιον,  
ἀζυρ εαῖθρὶθ μέ πέμ λαβαῖρτ φεαρτα,  
ἀ'ρ ζυρ β'ιομῶα ριν ναέζαρ ἀζ ιαρραῖθ να  
οείρπε

'S ζαν λυαέ ἀίγε λε μ'εἰλιυζαθ ἀέτ ἂ  
wallet.

ἀν τέ ἐρμυμυζεαρ να ἐάοτα λε ἐρμυαόταμ  
'ρ οἰέεῖλλε

ἀ'ρ νὰς βρλιυέφαιθ ἂ βεάλ, ἀζυρ ταρτ ἀρ,

τιυεφαιθ οἰρπε 'να ὀείζ ἀζυρ φεαρ-ερμυθε  
ναέ ηζέλλρτὶθ

ζαν βεῖθ 'S ὅλ κοῖραν ἐλαῖθε νο ἀν βάλλα.

6. ἡὰς κομλυαοαρ ρεῖν μέ ἀρ ἐομ-ἐρμυμ-  
νιυζαθ 'ρ ἀρ ἀοηαέ

ἀζ ἀν τέ φυῖρφεαθ ζο ριαότα ρίορ ιμ' ἀίε.  
νί'λ σιιτ-ρε ἀέτ οἰέ-εἰλλε βεῖθ ἀνοῖρ το μο  
πέαναθ

ἀ'ρ νί ἐρμυρτὶθ το ρζεάλ ἀέτ φεαρ μεαέτα.  
λυέτ εαραέτ' ἀ'ρ πέυμα 'ρ μέ το ὁέανρὰθ ἂ  
ρεῖρτεαέ

ἀζυρ τὰ φιορ ἀζ να ἐάοταῖβ ἀρ ρεο,  
ἐεαν,

'S ζο μβῖμ-ρε ἀζ να λαοιερ, ἀζ ραζαῖρτ, 'ρ  
ἀζ ἐλέιρ,

'S ἀζ μάιζιρτιρ ρε λέιζεαν ἀζυρ λαοιον.

ἀν πόταιρ :

7. Μαῖρεαθ ! ὁόεαρ ἀζυρ ζράμ ορτ 1ρ ἐὺ  
λαβραρ νεαῖθ-νῆιρεαέ

ἀ'ρ νί ἐυβραμνν-ρε εαῖλ λεαέ ἐοῖθ μαιέ  
ορτ,

ὅο ἐαῖθ μέ μο ὁάεα ὁά οἰόε 'ρ ὁά λά λεατ,  
ἀζυρ νίορ ζαβ το ἐάρ ζο ρό μαιέ ὁαμ.

ὅο ὁόιζ ἐὺ ἐλάρ μ'έαοαμ ἀζυρ βάρρα μο  
μῆερα

'S ἀρ να τέαοαῖβ νί πέαοαμ ἂ λεαζαν,  
νί'λ ἀον φεαρ ραν ραοζαλ ρο ἐυμλεόεαθ ρό  
ζέαρ λεατ

ναέ ἐ ἂ ὁυαλζυρ φεαν-έαοαέ 'ρ ὁρο-  
λεαβα.

ἀν τ-υἱρζε-βεάε :

8. Ὑρμλ ζαβα-σὺβ νο εαρμυζεα νὰς νοέαν-  
ραθ ὅιομ ράιρτὶθ ?

1ρ μέ βυαέαιλλ ἀν βάιρ ιμρ ζαέ βεαλαέ,  
νί'λ ζρεαρμυθε νὰ ταῖλλιρ ο'ὰ ὅτυζ ἀρμῆθ  
ράέαθ

ναέ μβεαννυζεαθ ιν ραν ἐρράο ὁαμ ἀρ  
μασιν.

νί'λ βεαν ὅζ ὁά βρεαζαέτ νὰς νοέανρὰθ  
λιον ζάιρ

ἀν ἐραέ το λεαζραῖθε ἀρ ἀν ζελάρ μέ 'να  
ἡ-ἀίε,

'S ζο μβῖμ ἀζ ἀν βράρα, ἀζ ραζαῖρτ, 'ρ ἀζ  
βράιρτῖβ

ἀ'ρ νίορ ἐάιν ριαῖθ μέ ἀέτ φεαρ μεαέτα.

Ἀν πότῃρε :  
 9. Ψαῖν ραιττεῖν ῖσῖοβῆα ἰ λεῶβαν νᾶ  
 ὠδονναῶτ'  
 λυῶτ πόιτε σο μβίονν τῦ ὠ'ά μελλῶ  
 Σαν ῶρ-ῖνιὸν το ὀέανᾶν πο ῖάῖαθ ἰν ραν  
 ραοῖαλ ρο  
 Σο ὠυιτῖρὸ ῖαὸ ὠδορ ἰν ραν βρεαῶθ.

1 ῖσῖονῖα νᾶ ἰ νῖοῖα μᾶ ῶιλλεαρ ρεαρ  
 ῶοῖῶε  
 Ὁε ῶᾶρ ἁ βεῖτ κομῖᾶῖοεῶε λεᾶτ-ῖα,  
 Ὁεῖρ βεῶα νᾶ ναοῖν ῖινν ῖυρ ῶαντ ἰ, οὐβ-  
 ᾶῖτ ῶῖοῖτ  
 Σο ῶιντε ναῶ βῖαῖῖῖρὸ ῖε νᾶ ρῖαῖῖρ.

## TRANSLATION.

*The Drunkard :*

1. O comrade of sweetness I've spent my best years with,  
 I thought you were cheerful and able ;  
 But many's the evening that, wholly defeated,  
 You laid me to sleep in some stable.  
 The life I am leading I find not too cheering,  
 See ! you burnt my beard on the table  
 That night I was feasting within in Kilcreestha,  
 When I lay like a sheep by the gable.

2. For a week in peril, in punishment, in pains, In the house of Thomas O'Flynn, on my bed,  
 (My wounds) being dressed every night, and again in the morning—(May God never weaken my  
 friend !) A promise truly do I give to Christ That I shall renounce the drinking of whiskey,  
 And sure the world knows that it is not with liking for it I do be, But with love for the people  
 who are near it. | 3. A nice thing is cattle, good grass, and a holding of land, Wheat and barley  
 to cut ; Meal in the chest, and a fire in the evening, And shelter to offer the traveller ; A shirt  
 and a coat at Mass on Sunday, A hat, and shoes in the fashion, And I think, surely, that that  
 is greatly better Than to be going and drinking whiskey. | 4. It's I, too, am able to expound it,  
 because I have spent my life with you, Since I was weaned, and I a child ; Sure I have forsaken  
 my people, my kith and kin. And I would not deny you, (and follow) the advice of the Church.  
 (Take) your store and your worldly goods, and all that was ever settled upon you, And spend it  
 without resting with the ale-women, (Still) if you return again, and your purse to be despoiled,  
 They will not give you one drop in the morning. | 5. *The Whiskey* (answering) : Musha ! it's long  
 I'm listening to you shelling lies at me, And myself must speak out in future ; Sure it's many's  
 the naygur looking for alms (like you), And without his having the price to ask for me, except  
 his wallet. He who gathers together hundreds (of pounds) by hardship and foolishness, And  
 who will not wet his mouth, and thirst on him, There will come after him an heir, and a man  
 of heart, who will not refuse To be drinking it beside the fence or the wall. | 6. Am not I  
 courteous company at a gathering or at a fair For the man who would sit down shyly (?) beside  
 me ? It is only want of sense in you to be now refusing me, And no man but a poltroon will  
 believe your tale. People of coughs and phlegm, it is I who could relieve them, And the hundreds  
 know this already ; Sure the ladies have me, the priests, too, and the clergy, And the masters  
 of learning and of Latin. | 7. *The Drunkard* : Musha, trouble and disgust on you ! it's you who  
 speak shamelessly, And I would not give you a character half so good ; I have spent my term  
 of two nights and two days with you, And your case has not gone too well with me, You have  
 burned my forehead and the tops of my fingers, And on the strings (of the violin) I cannot lay

them ; There is no man in this world who would rub too closely against you, But his due will be old clothes and a bad bed ! | 8. *The Whiskey* : Is there a blacksmith or a tradesman who would not make friends with me ? I am the lad of the goal in every road ; There is never shoemaker nor tailor of all who ever gave a stab (of an awl or needle) Who would not salute me in the street in the morning. There is no young woman, however fine, who would not laugh with me When I would be laid on the table beside her, And sure the Pope has me, and the priests and the friars, And nobody ever dispraised me except a poltroon. | 9. *The Drunkard* : Raftery has found it written in the Book of Humanity (About) the people of tippling, that you be deceiving them, And without making their reparation and satisfaction in this world That they shall fall grievously into sin. In some scuncheon or some dike if a man be ever lost, Through his being a comrade of yours, The life of the saints tells us that it is a word what Christ has spoken, That certainly he shall not gain the Heavens.

I never heard this song sung by anyone but the Hession family. They learned it from their grandmother. The words are found in "Δὐριάν Ἀν Ρεᾶδτῦμε," p. 184.

60.—ΜΑΪΡΕ ΣΤΑΝΤΟΝ.  
(MARY STAUNTON.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,  
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 72$

τὰ πόρ-αιὸ γλέ-ζεαλ ἀρ βρυᾶε να céib-e, ἄς-υρ βυαίλ ρί  
ὀείροπε le ρζέιη ἀ'ρ ζηδοι, 'S τὰ η-ἀβραιην hé-len ἀν βαιη-μιοζαν  
ξηέας-ἀε, ἀρ εῦτε να céαυ-τα ο'ὰ βάρη' ραν τραιοι. τὰ λαράθ' ρ  
ζιλ' ιηη-τι 'ρέιη ἀ céil-e; ιρ βιηη' ἀ βέιλ-ιν νὰ κυᾶ ἀρ  
ἐραιοιβ, 'S ἀ μέιν νὰ ἀ τρέιτ-ρε νί ξεοβραιθε ι  
η-αον βεαν, ὁ ο-έας ἀν πῆαίλ-ἀ βί ι μβαίλ-υι-λιᾶε.

2. 'Oá bpeicéá an ppéirbhean a'p í gábhá  
 gleurta,  
 Lá bpeáí gpeime ran tppáio, 'p í púbal,  
 Solup larpá a'p a bpollac gléíeal  
 'Oo éúbhraó léirígeap oo íeap ían púil.  
 Tá íráó na gceutoa í gcláir a h-éaoam,  
 íp geall a pceúaint le pceult a' luan,  
 'S oá mberéao í í n-éiníeaoí le linn na  
 noéite  
 ní puap oo benuy oo béarpaióe an t-úbail.

3. Tá a polc ag capáó léi píoí go glúnaib,  
 ag pilleao 'p ag lúbaó go béal a bpóí,  
 na noualcaib í íapáca, 'pé eoí glap le  
 opúca,  
 'S na tpoilpíóe a' í ípuabaó na oiaíí ían  
 pío.  
 a'p púo í an éúilíonnn íp íle múnice  
 Tá'p íopíail púil agup o'á maípeann beó,  
 'S oá mbuo liom-pa oúitee an tíígeapna  
 lúcan  
 Oap bpíí mo éúipe buó liom-pa an tpeóio.

4. Tá a cum caol caile 'p a ípuab map na  
 pópáib  
 'S a oá éic cóm-épuinn op cómáir a cpioíóe,  
 a bpáíapio a leaca 'p a cúlín ómpa,  
 a'p map opúéc an íógímaí íeao bpeac-  
 nuíígeann íí.

Úiríí, Ciceio, no cómáéc hómep  
 ní éúbhraó í gcoím-méap a ííéim 'p a  
 ínaoi,  
 Éuit mé í bpeacaó leac a blác na h-óige  
 'S muna ois íú ag ól liom ní maíípeao  
 mí.

5. Ag púbal no ag oamípa oá bpeicéá an  
 plannoa  
 'Oo béarpá t'annpáéc oo blác na ícpaoib,  
 a ípuab tpe lapab 'p a cpioíóe ían amííap,  
 'S naé láíac an puo ceanníuáó le n-a  
 bpollac mín.  
 Cómaécá íampíoi no alexanoeí  
 Ap nooíí, ní íanníóóamnn í n-aíe mo  
 mian,  
 'S map bpáíao ceao camte le máípe  
 ícanon  
 Tá mé í n-amípa íup íeapí mo íaoíal.

6. Éus íí "mapa" óam go moé le pléipíup,  
 leag íí íeac agam agup ní 'pa ícláio,  
 'O'ól íí oeoí opm, b'í cpioíóe na íéile í,  
 ín ían am ap éipíí mé le oul éum íúbaí.  
 'Oo buaí mé 'labáípc a'p cómíráó léi,  
 íp muínice o'íeác íí opm, blác na n-úbail,  
 aéc ío bannabí beíl oaoib ían íocal bpéííe,  
 íup íáíí mé an épaob aicí ó mlaípe  
 bpún.

## TRANSLATION.

1. There's a lovely posy lives by the roadway,  
 Deirdre was nowhere beside my joy,  
 Nor Helen who boasted of conquests Trojan,  
 For whom was roasted the town of Troy.  
 Her cheeks like roses through lilies growing,  
 Her mouth melodious with songs of glee;  
 Such mien and motion were never noticed  
 Since died our posy was in Ballylee.

2. If you were to see the sky-woman and she prepared and dressed Of a fine sunny day in  
 the street, and she walking, And a light kindled out of her shining bosom That would give



sight to the man without an eye. There is the love of hundreds in the forehead of her face. Her appearance is as it were the Star of Monday, And if she had been in being in the time of the gods, It is not to Venus the apple would have been delivered up. | 3. Her hair is twining with her, down to her knees, Twisting and curling to the mouth of her shoe, In scattered strands, as shining as the dew, And the twists-of-hair sweeping after her up the road. And there is the coolun brightest and most mannerly Of all who ever opened eye, or live in life; And if I were to have the estate of Lord Lucan, By the virtue of my conscience, the jewel would be mine. | 4. Her waist is narrow, chalk-white, and her countenance like the roses, And her two breasts equal-round over against her heart; Her neck and her cheeks and her amber back hair And it is like the harvest dew she appears. Virgil, Cicero, or the power of Homer Would not bring a comparison for her beauty and mien; I have fallen into sin (desiring) you, O Blossom of Youth, And unless you come to drink with me I shall not live a month. | 5. Walking or dancing, if you were to see the plant, You would give your affection to the blossom of the branches, Her countenance lit-up, and her heart without trouble, And were it not a lovely thing to be close to her smooth bosom? The power of Samson or of Alexander Surely I would not envy in place of my desire; And if I do not get leave to talk to Mary Staunton, I am in doubt that my life will be short. | 6. She bade me good-morrow early with pleasure, She set a seat for me, and not in the corner, She drank a drink on me, she was the heart of generosity, At the time that I rose up to go on my journey. I began speaking and conversing with her, It is mannerly she looked at me, the apple blossom; Here is my bail of mouth for you without a word of lie, That I have left the branch with her away from Mauria Brown.

This is a well-known song by the poet Raftery. It was sung to me by Miss Maggie Hession, and the words are taken from Dr. Douglas Hyde's Volume, "Δῆμιον ὁ Ρεσέρτιμ," p. 320, now unfortunately out of print. Ὁν Γραοιβίν has kindly given me permission to use the words and translation.

## 61.—ΟΙΛΕΑΝ ΕΑΘΑΙΣ.

(ISLANDEADY.)

Sent to me by DR. CONOR MAGUIRE,  
Claremorris, Co. Mayo.

$\text{♩} = 80$  *Pentatonic scale.*

1. Ἰν Οἰ - εὐάν ἐα - θαίς α - τὰ μο ἐάσῃς ἀρ λειγ μέ  
 λεί - τε μο γύν σο ἡ-ός, ἀ βρεῖλ τριῦρ ἀρ δον ἐείλ δ' ἔσλ n-α  
 οἰαῖθ οἷμ, 'S γαν βεαν 'α μβρέας-αὐ μο ἐρεάε le φάξαιλ. τὰ μῖρ - e  
 τρεῖτ-λας, νί'λ γαρ ο'ά φέαν-αὐ, νί'λ μέ ἀρ δον ἐορὰετ μαρ ἀν ἐέ, 'S α ῖτόρ μο  
 ἐλείθ 'r τὺ ο'φάξ λιον φέιν μέ, 'S ῖρ ἐυαῖθ τὺ ἰ γερ ἐυαῖθ ἢ το ἐαῖλ-ἰν ὅς.

2. θυὸ βεῖρε ἀ ἡ-έαναν 'r α κοῖρεῖμ ἐάστρομ  
 ἡδ δον βεαν ἰ n-έριμν δς γιύβαλ ἀν τ-ριάο,  
 ἀ τὰ ἐὶς ἑλέγεαλ' le na λεανδ ἀ βρευσάθ,  
 ἀε ἀ ῖτόρ νιορ φέσ μο μέ ἰ ἐαβαίρε ὅ'n μβάρ.  
 β'φειρρ λιον σο μόρ-μὸρ μο οἰαῖθ ραν γόσ ἰ  
 δς βλεξάν μο βό νό ἰ γσιονν μο ἐῖγε  
 ἡδ ραῖθ βρεαρ ἑοῖρε 'S ῖρ φάξαιμ ραοι ὅό ἐ  
 'S γῖρ ραοι nα φόρε αὐ φάξ μέ ῖτόρ μο ἐροῖθε.

1. In Islandeady my first love's grave is,  
 My heart I gave her when I was young;  
 To hear the wailing of her three lone babies,  
 Sure none can please them, my heart is  
 wrung.

I'm weak and weary, I may as well say it,  
 A shadow fading with grief and woe,  
 My heart is aching, why did you leave me,  
 Avourneen dheelish, in the clay, ochone?

2. Her face was fairest, her footstep airy,  
 No girl in Erin of equal grace,  
 Her bosom heaving, to her baby cleaving,  
 But I could not save her from cruel fate.  
 To me far dearer 'twas to be near her,  
 Than all the pleasures of the world wide;  
 Than King George's gold store, and that twice  
 over,  
 But beneath the green sod we've left my bride.

When sending this air, with several others, Mrs. Maguire regretted she could not give me the words also, owing to the unfortunate loss of a precious MS. The two verses are all that Dr. Maguire could remember from the singing of an old man named Ned Gibbons, near Claremorris. “Σαῖλ ὅς

Ῥυαδῶ," No. 16, given in an earlier part of the book, is another version of this Mayo song.

Οἰλεάν Ἐδουαῖς (Islandeady) is a place between Castlebar and Westport.

62.—Δ Ἰρῆνιλλίν βευσάδ.  
(POLITE LITTLE MAIDEN.)

Air sent to me by Mr. T. O'SULLIVAN.

1. Δ Ἰρῆνιλλ - ἰν βευσάδ 'ῖρ τὴ Δ ἰμέδουαῖς μιλ'  
 ὀρ - να 'ἡ μο λάρ, 'ς ζο λυαῖτεαῖν να εέουτα le  
 εέιλ - ε ναδ ἑρὸρ - ἀνν ζο ἑράτ. ὅο ὅά ῖνιλλ - ἰν  
 εέλον - α 'ῖρ ὅο βέιλ - ἰν εέῖνν ταν - ἀῖτε μῖν τλάτ, 'ς τὴ μο  
 ῖρὸρ-ἰν le ἑρεῖζαδ 'ῖρ ὅά ἑρέδουανν ε ἑδῖανν ὅο εέανν.

2. 'ς ναδ μῖρε βίῳρ εὐαῖλ 'ῖρ ἑλῦτο ναδ  
 μβῖονν ἀῖνε ὀρμ ἀνν,

Δς κυῖννιουζαδ ἀρ μο ἡῖῖῖνν τῖάτῖνὸνα 'ῖρ  
 ζο μοδ λειρ ἀν λά.

Δς ὅα μορ 'τά να κυῖννὰτ, νίῖρ ῖνυαῖλ ῖε  
 ῖεαρ εἰλε νίῖρ ῖεαρ,

Δ ῖρὸρ, νά εάδαιρ εὐλ ὅομ ἱρ τὴ μο ἡῖῖῖνν  
 le n-α τυαζ μέ ὅοιτ ῖράδ.

3. ῖεὅδαιρν τοζα εέἰλε ὅὅμ ῖεῖν ὅά μβέῖνν  
 ῖεἰλεαῖνναδ ὅὅ (= οἰρεαῖνναδ),

βεαν 1 n-α λειμὸ ζαν εάουαδ, εαοραδ νά  
 βό.

Σαῖὅἑρεαρ na h-εῖρεανν, νί ζαδ δον ὅοῖνε α  
 ἑρεἰλεανν ῖε ὅὅ,

ζο ὅοἑἑρεανν ἀν μέο ῖεο ῖεῖ εέἰλε ὅ'ῖεαρ  
 ἀν εῖρεδ ἡῖῖν.

4. 'ς λὰ ἀρ εὐῖρ τὴ 1 ῖεἰλλ ὅομ ναδ n-εἰλεοῦα  
 μο ἡῖαλῖρε ὅο ἡῖναι,

ναδ μέ α βί ζαν εέἰλ 'ῖρ ῖεἰλλεαδ ὅο λεα-  
 ὅαῖτε ὅε ὅο ῖὅρε.

ἑὐὅ ὅεαῖρα ὅοἑτ m'εἰλῖζαδ νά na h-εἰνῖν  
 α ἡεαἰλλεαδ le εάῖτ,

'ς ζῖρ μορ ὅε ὅο ἑρέαζα ῖρε εέἰλε α εὐαῖρ  
 ἱρτεαδ ἡν μο εέανν.

5. Τά ζεαν [ὅ] μῖζ-ἡὅρ ὅο μο ῖρὸρῖν ἱρτῖζ  
 ἡν μο εῖρεῖτε,

'ς ῖἰλ μέ ζο ὅεο ναδ ὅὅῖζῖρεά na εαῖτεῖζε  
 ῖῖν ὅὅμ.

Δετ ἀνοῖρ ὅ εάῖμ ῖὅρτα ῖεο ῖὅῖζῖν ἀμαδ ὅ  
 μο εῖρεῖτε,

ὅ ἡεαἰλ τὴ ζο h-ὅς μέ τὅῖζ λὅῖρῖν ζο λειζε  
 τὴ ῖῖτ.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>6. 'S Δ εἰληνὶ ὄγα νὰ πόρται φεαρ ἀν ὀά<br/>         ἐποῖτε,<br/>         Ὅά μβέας νότα εἰς βρύντ αἰζε ο'όλφαὸ ρέ<br/>         ὁ ἡατοιν ζο παοῖτ.<br/>         Ὑέαρφαῖνν μο ἡόοτε ἀρ μο ἡλύνιὸς ἡυλ ὀά<br/>         ν-έιρεόδαῖνν 'μο ἡυῖτε,<br/>         Ξυρ τῷ βαιν ὀομ ἀν ὀἰζε, 'μίλε ρτόρῖν, 'ρ ἡοιο<br/>         τῷ μο ἐποῖτε.</p> | <p>7. Δ βυαδαῖλλί ὄγα νὰ πόρται Δ ἡαν νε νὰ<br/>         μνᾶ,<br/>         'S ἡἷλ ι ν-α ἡἡλόρταί ἀττ μάρ ν'έιρεοδαὸ ἀν<br/>         τυῖλε ἀρ ἀν τρᾶιξ.<br/>         Ζο οτρῖομυῖξῖὸ λοὸ ἑῖρνε 'ρ ζο οτρῖῖξῖὸ ἀν<br/>         εἰλα Δ κλυῖαδ βάν<br/>         ἡἷ μνρεόδα μέ ὀ'αον φεαρ cé 'n ρέαρῖν Δ<br/>         οτυξ μέ ὀυῖτε ἡρᾶδ.</p> |
|---|---|

## TRANSLATION.

1. Polite little maiden, 'tis you caused a thousand sighs in my breast—And yet hundreds are spoken of who never marry—Your two roguish eyes, and your quiet, thin, smooth, delicate little mouth, You are my little treasure to woo, and if I could, I would go to you. | 2. And is it not I that am bashful in the corner where I am unknown, Thinking of my Móirín at eve and at dawn of day? With the Great God are the powers!—a better man never walked—O treasure, turn not your back on me since you are my dearest to whom I gave love. | 3. I'd procure for myself an excellent spouse did I suit him, A woman with nothing, no dress, no sheep nor a cow.—The wealth of Ireland, not everyone does it suit—But I'd give it all in one lump to the man of big heart. | 4. And the day you gave me to know that you wouldn't woo such a woman as me! How I was devoid of sense in yielding to such a sluggard as you! To deceive the birds with chaff would not be less difficult than to woo me, Yet many of your lies got confusedly into my head. | 5. In my heart lies exceeding great love for my treasure—And I thought that never would you rouse up those temptations in me—But now that I'm married, here's a little kiss from my heart, Since in youth you seduced me take lodging till you find rest. | 6. Young maidens, do not marry a man of two hearts. Should he have a five-pound note, he'd carouse from morn till eve. I'd swear on my knees ere I'd arise That it was you, thousand treasures, snatched from me my youth and my heart. | 7. Oh, young boys, there are many women you should not marry.—There is naught in their voices but just as the tide striking up on the beach—Till Loch Erne runs dry and the swan deserts her white plumage, To no man shall I give the reason of my love for you.

Mr. T. O'Sullivan, N.T., Organist of St. Patrick's Church, Galway, sent me this beautiful air, which he noted down from the singing of William Gill, of Barna, near Galway, and the words were sent me by the Rev. Nicholas Fagan, who took them down from the same source.

For variants see “Δῆμῖνν κλᾶννε ἡαεῖεαλ,” p. 12; “Σῖαμῖα ἀν ἡεῖμῖνν,” p. 51, ten verses.

## 63.—AN SEAN'OUINE CAM.

(THE CROOKED OLD MAN.)

$\text{♩} = 66$  Sung by MISS BRIDGET FORDE,  
Sylane, Tuam.

1. Bí aít - ne 'gáin 'r éol-ár ar fíean-féar fáctad' toisgeamháil, Sé an áit 'raib' a  
cóm - nuíde éioir m' a' ngleann. Bí ré i nveir móir ann, bí eall-áé go  
léoir aige, aigeas a' r óir buíde 'r é a cúir in a céann.

2. Rinne ré cómairle bean óg a  
rórað  
Go gcoimneódad' ré a éurraí  
feáct n-uair n'oir feárr,  
maidin 'r tráéinóna bí fearg  
'r ghrúaim uiréi  
faoi eódaí an trunnc, a' r ní raib  
rí 'gá fágháil.
3. 1re: Bá ruarad' an' trlúge éuit tú  
bualad' faoi mhaoi ar bít,  
's a fíor a' ao go ruig-máit nac  
sciubháð éuit ghráð!  
nuair nac móir i mo ghaoi oir,  
nár fágha tú vo fághal é  
Go b'fágha mé taoib leat, a  
fean'ouine éaim!
4. Eiréan: Nac scug mé go léoir éuit, aig-  
geas a' r óir buíde,  
báio beagda'rbáio móira, capall  
'r cárr,  
le n-ite vo éódaín, beáda máit  
i gcoimnuide,  
togha leabhad' clúmháig 'r ceao  
coulað ráim?
5. Sin a' r' é aon tróir eile a gcuir-  
feá-ra r'róir ann,  
Go ríu an páraóil le taobairt  
leat in vo láim;  
Capall maíe nó róimí le cur  
fúe i gcoimnuide  
'Oul 'un aig'innn Oia Oimháig  
má togháfeá óul ann!
6. 1re: Óá scugad' an móir-fághal le  
n-ite 'r le n-ól tam,  
Saiób'fear Rí seoirre, bað móir  
é le ráð,  
Loingearfaoi feoltaib a' r cóirí  
an bóiríib,  
b'fearr liom fear óg 'ná éú, a  
fean'ouine éaim.
7. Eiréan: Nuair nac nglacra tú cómairle  
téimig' ó'á éómuideáct,  
Cuir oir vo b'róga, vo élóca ar  
vo b'rághaio,  
bí ar na cior-bóiríib tíbeáct  
an tráéinóna,  
Tá fearr an fear óg a' ao má  
bionn tú i b'fao ann.



8.             $\eta\mu\alpha\iota\eta$   $\epsilon\iota\omicron\epsilon\phi\alpha\rho$   $\alpha\eta$   $\omicron\iota\omicron\epsilon$  'r  $\eta\alpha\epsilon$   
                    $\beta\rho\iota\upsilon\zeta\epsilon$   $\tau\acute{\upsilon}$   $\alpha\omicron\eta$   $\omicron\iota\omicron\epsilon\alpha\eta$ ,  
                    $\tau\omicron\rho\acute{\omicron}\epsilon\alpha$   $\tau\acute{\upsilon}$   $\alpha\zeta$   $\epsilon\alpha\omicron\iota\eta\epsilon\alpha\delta$  'r  $\zeta\alpha\eta$   $\alpha\omicron\eta$   
                    $\eta\eta\alpha\iota\epsilon$   $\omicron\iota\iota\tau$   $\alpha\eta\eta$  ;  
                    $\epsilon\iota\upsilon\beta\eta\mu\alpha\iota\eta\eta$   $\alpha\eta$   $\beta\iota\omicron\beta\lambda\alpha$   $\alpha\eta\eta\eta\eta$   $\lambda\epsilon$   
                    $\zeta\lambda\alpha\eta$ - $\phi\acute{\iota}\eta\eta\eta\eta$   
                    $\zeta\omicron$   $\mu\beta$ ' $\phi\epsilon\alpha\eta\eta$   $\lambda\epsilon\alpha\tau$   $\beta\epsilon\iota\epsilon$  'r  $\eta\iota\tau$   $\alpha\zeta$   
                    $\omicron\omicron$   $\phi\epsilon\alpha\eta\omicron\iota\eta\epsilon$   $\epsilon\alpha\eta$  !
9.  $\eta\eta\epsilon$  ;        $\eta\eta$   $\mu\alpha\eta\alpha\epsilon$   $\alpha\eta$   $\eta\iota\delta$   $\mu\omicron$   $\phi\alpha\eta\eta\alpha\iota\lambda$   
                    $\omicron\epsilon$   $\eta\eta\eta\alpha\omicron\iota$   $\beta\epsilon\iota\epsilon$   
                    $\alpha\zeta$   $\epsilon\alpha\iota\epsilon\alpha\eta$   $\mu\omicron$   $\phi\alpha\omicron\zeta\alpha\iota\lambda$   $\lambda\epsilon\alpha\tau$   $\zeta\alpha\eta$   
                    $\mu\acute{\upsilon}\zeta\mu\alpha\delta$   $\eta\alpha$   $\zeta\eta\eta\epsilon\alpha\eta\eta$ ,  
                   'S  $\alpha$   $\phi\alpha\eta\eta\eta\eta\epsilon\alpha\epsilon\tau$  'r  $\tau\acute{\alpha}$ ' $\eta$   $\mu\alpha\omicron\zeta\alpha\lambda$   
                    $\alpha$ '  $\alpha\eta$   $\omicron$   $\zeta\alpha\iota\lambda\lambda\eta\eta$   $\zeta\omicron$   $\lambda\iota\mu\eta\eta\epsilon\alpha\epsilon$ ,  
                   'S  $\alpha$   $\lambda\iota\alpha\epsilon\tau\alpha\iota\zeta\epsilon$   $\mu\eta\eta$   $\mu\iota\mu\eta\eta\eta\epsilon\alpha\epsilon$   $\eta$   
                    $\zeta\omicron\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta\epsilon$   $\alpha\eta$   $\epsilon\lambda\alpha\eta$ .
10.            $\eta\omicron$   $\tau\acute{\alpha}$   $\beta\rho\acute{\alpha}\zeta\alpha\eta\eta\eta$   $\omicron\iota\omicron\epsilon\alpha\eta$   $\tau\iota\mu\epsilon\epsilon\alpha\lambda\lambda$   
                    $\eta\alpha$   $\zeta\alpha\omicron\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta$   
                    $\omicron$ '  $\phi\epsilon\alpha\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta$   $\alpha\eta$   $\zeta\epsilon\eta\eta\eta\eta\epsilon\alpha\delta$   $\alpha$   $\epsilon\alpha\iota\epsilon$ -  
                    $\epsilon\alpha\eta$   $\zeta\omicron$   $\mu\alpha\eta\eta$ ,
- $\zeta\alpha\mu\acute{\omicron}\epsilon\alpha\delta$   $\mu\epsilon$   $\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta$  'r  $\eta\iota$   $\beta\epsilon\alpha\delta$   
                    $\tau\iota\eta\eta\eta$   $\epsilon\eta\iota\eta\epsilon$   $\omicron\eta\eta$   
                    $\alpha\zeta$   $\mu\alpha\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta$   $\tau\alpha\omicron\iota\beta$   $\lambda\epsilon\alpha\tau$ ,  $\alpha$   
                    $\phi\epsilon\alpha\eta\omicron\iota\eta\epsilon$   $\epsilon\alpha\eta$  !
11.  $\epsilon\eta\eta\epsilon\alpha\eta$  :  $\omicron\alpha$   $\mu\beta\epsilon\iota\epsilon\alpha$   $\epsilon\omicron\eta$   $\epsilon\mu\eta\eta\eta\eta$  'r  $\beta\alpha\delta$   
                    $\epsilon\epsilon\alpha\eta\tau$   $\omicron\omicron$   $\beta\epsilon\alpha\eta$   $\tau\iota\zeta\epsilon$   $\beta\epsilon\iota\epsilon$ ,  
                   'S  $\tau\acute{\upsilon}$   $\omicron$ '  $\phi\epsilon\alpha\eta\eta\eta\eta$   $\alpha\eta$   $\zeta\epsilon\eta\eta\eta\eta\epsilon\alpha\delta$   $\alpha$   
                    $\epsilon\alpha\iota\epsilon\epsilon\alpha\eta$   $\zeta\omicron$   $\mu\alpha\eta\eta$ ,  
                    $\omicron\lambda\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta$ , 'r  $\zeta\omicron$   $\eta$ - $\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta$   
                    $\mu\epsilon$   $\alpha\eta$   $\epsilon\iota\eta\eta$   $\omicron\epsilon\alpha\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta$   $\epsilon$   
                    $\beta\epsilon\iota\epsilon$   $\mu\alpha\omicron$   $\eta$ - $\alpha\eta$   $\lambda\alpha\eta\eta$ .
12.            $\eta\iota$   $\mu\alpha\eta$   $\mu\eta$   $\alpha$   $\beta\iota$   $\tau\acute{\upsilon}$ ,  $\alpha\epsilon\tau$   $\lambda\alpha\eta$   $\omicron\epsilon$   
                    $\omicron\eta\eta\eta\eta$ - $\mu\mu\alpha\omicron\iota\eta\eta\eta\eta$ —  
                    $\eta\eta$   $\eta\omicron\eta\eta\eta$   $\mu\acute{\omicron}\eta\eta$   $\eta\eta\eta\eta$   $\alpha$   $\epsilon\iota\zeta\epsilon\alpha\eta\eta\eta$   
                    $\omicron\omicron$   $\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta$  ;  
                    $\alpha\epsilon\tau$   $\tau\acute{\alpha}$   $\mu\epsilon$   $\mu\acute{\upsilon}\zeta$ - $\epsilon\eta\eta\eta\eta$ ,  $\omicron\alpha$   
                    $\mu\beta\epsilon\iota\epsilon\alpha$   $\mu\alpha\epsilon\epsilon$   $\epsilon\alpha\omicron\iota\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta$   
                    $\eta\alpha\epsilon$   $\eta$ - $\alpha\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta$   $\epsilon\omicron\iota\eta\eta\eta$   $\zeta\omicron$   $\mu\alpha\iota\beta$   
                    $\tau\acute{\upsilon}$  '  $\zeta\alpha$   $\mu\alpha\eta\eta$ .

## TRANSLATION.

1. I was well acquainted with a fairly respectable old man, Who dwelt down in the glen. He was well off, and had plenty of cattle, Silver, and gold, and adding to it. 2. He determined to marry a young woman In order to get on seven times better. Morning and evening she was vexed and troubled For the key of the trunk, which she couldn't find. | 3. " 'Twas a pitiful thing for you to come under the control of a woman When you knew quite well that she would not give you love ; Though my affection for you isn't great, may you never get it Till I remain beside you, crooked old man. | 4. "Have I not given you enough gold and silver, Small boats and large, a horse and a car, Enough to eat, and always a good living, Choicest feather bed, and leave to sleep tranquilly? 5. That, and every other thing you take delight in, Even to the umbrella to have in your hand, A good horse, or pony, to ride always, Going to Mass on Sunday, if you wish to do so?" | 6. "If you gave me the whole world to eat and to drink, The riches of King George, which were very great, Ships under sail, and coaches on the roads, I would prefer a young man to you, crooked old man." | 7. "When you won't take advice, go in search of it. Put on your boots, your cloak on your shoulders (breast); Be at the cross roads when the evening comes, And perchance you'll get a young man, if you remain there long. | 8. When night comes and you cannot get shelter You will begin to lament, but it will be of no avail. I'd swear by the Bible with perfect truth, You'd prefer to be again with your crooked old man." | 9. "It's wretched for such a woman as me To spend my life with you, without joy or delight, And the world so wide for me from Galway to Limerick, And numerous Munstermen in county Clare. | 10. Or if I got shelter round Seershin, I could spend the winter comfortably, I'd be

satisfied in my mind, and no weariness of heart on me Remaining beside you, crooked old man." |  
 11. "If you were as staid as a housewife should be, 'Tis you that could spend the winter comfortably, The wool of the sheep would pay the rent for us, And what more we should make would be at our hand. 12. But you are not like that, but full of bad thoughts.—Many are the changes that come to women's minds.—But I am quite certain that if you were comfortable and well off, You would never admit that such was the case.

This is a song by the Connemara poet, Colm Ó Súilleabháin, p. 9, whose poems were collected some years ago by the late Pádraig Mac Ríada, and published by the Gaelic League. I give the words with the kind permission of the Gaelic League.

# 64.—IS TRUAḂ ḂAN MÍ'S' I SASANA.

(A PITY I'M NOT IN ENGLAND.)

$\text{♩} = 76$  *Dorian mostly.* Sung by MISS BRIDGET FORDE, Sylane, Tuam.

1. 1ṛ truaḂ Ḃan mí's' i Sasana, 1ṛ 1  
 Ḃṛaṁne nó 1ṛ a Spáinn, nó éall 1ṛ na Síar—  
 1n - oia - éab, 'S an áit a gcomnuigeann mo Ḃrób bán.

2. ΔḂṛ máire an éúil oualaḂ  
 'Na ruithe 'oir mo óá láim,  
 Δ'ṛ go mbéirinn-ṛe 'Ḃá bréaḂaḂ  
 Ḃo h-éirḂe an lá bám.

3. nuair a luíim ar mo leabaḂ  
 ní'l ruaimnear le páḂáil:  
 Éáimic arṁaḂ in mo éaḂíḂ óear  
 ΔḂṛ loir pí mo láir.

4. Oócúirí na cruinne,  
 'S iao uile le páḂáil,  
 ní'l mo leḂear ΔḂ an méio rin  
 Δét ΔḂ máire an éúil bám.

1. I would I were in England,  
 In Spain or merry France,  
 Or in the West on Indian shores,  
 To meet my white love's glance.

2. O Maure! of the plaited locks  
 If you were here with me,  
 Sure, 'tis myself would woo you, love,  
 Till morning came to see.

3. I lay me on my bed of pain,  
 I lay me not to rest,  
 My heart it is a bleeding heart,  
 A wound is in my breast.

5. 1r fada mé aḡ imēaēt  
 Δι ευαιριγς mná tige,  
 Δ macraíñail ní fadaíð mipe  
 1 mbáile ná 1 otir.

6. Nó go bfaea mé an rtaio-beat  
 Δι εδοιð Cnuic-na-Síðe,  
 'S a ḡruaḡ 'n-a tpi oualaiḡ  
 Δḡ rḡúabað le ḡaioið.

7. ḡeall mo rtor céao tam  
 'S óá míle bó,  
 'S ḡeall pi 'n-a óiaio rin  
 ḡo nobanpað pi teac mór.

8. Aēt map éipugeap an ḡealaē  
 'S a rḡalaap an ḡrian,  
 'S bliaðaim 'r an lá amápaē  
 beirð an faipuge rior.

9. Tupa beic 1 Sarana  
 Δḡur mipe ra Spáinn,  
 'S go n-éaloéaimn in mo léine  
 le máipe an cúil báin.

4. The leeches of the world all  
 Would pity my sad plight;  
 There is no lance to probe my wounds  
 Save Mary's glance of light.

5. 'Tis long I have been roving  
 In country and in town,  
 But never in my wanderings met  
 A maid of such renown ;

6. Until I saw my white love  
 On the slopes of Knock-na-shee,  
 Her tresses in the fairy wind  
 A streaming wild and free.

7. My true love she did promise me  
 Two thousand ambling kine,  
 And on her ample pasture-lands  
 To rear a mansion fine.

8. I swear me by the midnight moon,  
 And by the noonday sun,  
 I'll leave the seas behind me  
 Ere another year is done.

9. O, would you were in England,  
 And I in sunny Spain,  
 That I might rise and speed me thence,  
 To woo my love again.

I have given this song as I heard it sung by Bridget Forde, Sylane. It will be observed that the 7th and 8th stanzas have already occurred in the song, "Ταοὸ Ἐλλοε Ἰαίρε να Τεόρann" (No. 14, p. 26). Another song of this name is printed in "Ceól Síðe," p. 92, issued by the Irish Book Company, and a version of the same, with music, is given in "Ἰαίρεαδ να n-ḡaeoēal," Part II; but neither the words nor air bear any resemblance to our song. Petrie also has two airs of this name, Nos. 1178 and 1179.

## 65.—LIAM UA RAĞALLAIĞ.

(WILLIE REILLY.)

Sung by Miss MAGGIE HESSION,  
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 80$  *Aeolian mode.*

1. Δη cuimh-in ligh-re'n oiré' úo, bí an t-ghráo reo lán de  
ead-ráide, aς rāgaire a' r aς bráideib, 'r iao aς  
tráct ar an mbain-ir; bí an fear - il - ar  
clár ann, aςur an clár - reat oá rpreağat, a' r bí  
tráir de na mnáib bán' ann, le mo ghráð geal a' cur ar leabaib.

2. 'mo baintreabac 'r 'mo mairgean a  
ráğat mé go h-ós,  
's tabair rğeal aς mo muintir gur báiteat  
mo míle rtor.  
Oá mbéirinn ar an tráğ an lárinn aςur mo  
oá láim beir 'ra rğo,  
m' focal oir, a bean uir Rağallaiğ, irvear  
a leigearrainn do bñon.

3. ní hionğnat rğeal cpáirte a beir aς do  
máctair 'r aς t' aςair.  
a' r aς banactra na gcioc mbán a bíot a'  
tráct oir 'r t' 'so leab.  
ní áirğim do bean pórtá nár óirğis ariat  
do leabaib,  
's ó eadit t' uir na tráğ an lárinn, mo léan  
gur fáirğis oir a cğeact a baile.

4. a' r nioir mór liom do, 'liam ó Rağallaiğ,  
a beir 'na cláimain aς an ríğ,  
's cuiríní geala gléi-geala ar aςat taob de  
uir an oiré',  
mairgean éuim éuille a beir aς péirteat a  
éinn;  
's ó luairteat rinn lé éuille, ir truağ mar  
o' aς t' le mo linn.

5. t' do fúile aς na péirte aςur do beal aς  
na porcáin,  
t' do oá láim geala gléi-geala rai gğair-  
rmaet na mbraoan;  
Cúis búnt a bearrainn do'n t' a cğisreao  
mo óian-ğrát,  
aet 're mo léan t' beir t' aonraic, nelli  
gléigeal nio síurcáin.

6. beannaíct Dó do'n ttriúr a éuaibh go Cill  
 Eanann,  
 aḡ íoblacan an aḡar beaḡar bí i n-aoir a  
 éiríre ríro.  
 Ó a scéigead fadó éann míora, aḡt mo léan,  
 éiríde ní éiocraibh,  
 'S naḡ truaḡ rin, beaḡ 'ran oirde, 'r a caomh-  
 éad i mbárr tuinne !

7. mo máláct do na rḡoraibh a rinne an  
 báo,  
 naḡar aḡrur dom féin go raibh an t-éaḡ mḡ  
 na cláir!  
 Ó a scéigead go Coill tóḡar 'r an t-áḡmas  
 a éannaíct rḡar  
 ní báiríre mo rḡor-ra ar éḡraibh Mal-  
 Bay.

## TRANSLATION.

1. Do you remember that night? the town was full of horses, With priests and brothers who were speaking of the wedding. There was a fiddle on a table, and the harp was being played, And there were three fair women there to lay out my love. | 2. A widow and a maiden was I left while yet young! And bear the news to my people that my love was drowned. If I were on the strand that day and my two hands on the sheet, My word to you, Mrs. Reilly, 'tis well I would cure your sorrow. | 3. No wonder sorrow now distracts your mother and your father And the nurse of the white bosom, who spoke of you when a child. I'd pass by your wedded wife, who never made your bed, Since you went to the strand that day, and alas! failed to come home. | 4. I would not consider it above Willie Reilly to be son-in-law to a king, With bright shining curtains on each side of him in the night, A gentle, sensible maiden to be arranging his head (on the pillow). Since we were engaged to one another, Alas, that you should have died from me (in my time)! | 5. The monsters have your eyes, and the crabs your mouth; Your two bright white hands are in the power of the salmon. I would give five pounds to the person who would take up my love, But, my grief, that you are left alone, fair Nelly Jordan! | 6. The blessing of God on the three who went to Kilannin To hurry Father Peter, who was eighty years old. If you came in a month's time, but, my grief, you will never come! How sad for a woman in the night, and her spouse upon the waves! | 7. My curse on the tradesmen who made the boat, Because they did not tell me that death was in the boards. If you had gone to Killtoghger and bought timber that was dear, My love would not be drowned on the coast of Malbay.

This is a song that is very popular in Connacht, but is not to be confused with the ballad in English of that name.

An Armagh version of this song is given in "Ceolraibh Uladh," p. 140, and in "Siampas an ḡeiríre," p. 112. Professor O'Maille, U. C. Galway, has kindly given me permission to use these words. See p. 85, "Anḡrín Cláinne ḡeḡeal."

Another version of this song was given by Seán Macḡiolla-an-Áḡa in the *Irish Review*, August, 1912.



66.—*SIUBÁN NIS UÍÓIR.*

(JUDY MAGUIRE.)

Sung by Miss BRIDGET FORDE,  
Sylane, Tuam.

♩. = 76

1. Ó - - o'éir-ig mé ar maidin as earraimse cum don - aig  
móir, as oíol 'r as ceannas mair éamais mo 'doime - - romam, buail  
earc mé ar an mbealach a' r fuid mair - e ríor as ól, 's gur le  
siubán nis uíóir a' o'ól mair - e luac mo b'róg.

2. 'S a siubán nis uíóir, an mair leat mé  
beir tinn?

mo éirí! m'ar mair leom ear beir rinte  
i gcill—

b'róime 'sur muilce beir 'r gileas ar éadib  
so éinn,

asur ceas a beir i n-torpur go oigead ríol  
éada ann euminn.

1. In the dawn-time ambling early unto a  
neighbouring fair

To bargain and to barter, and to rid me of my  
care,

Thirst smote me by the wayside, and, oh, fair  
one of my heart,

I drank thy health in bumpers, though I saw  
my wealth depart.

3. 'S a siubán nis uíóir, 'r tú bun asur  
bárr mo ríeíl,

's ar rinnáib a cinn go ois rí an báire  
léi

le gile, le pinne, le mair 'r le oá oirían  
ríeíl,

's nac mair an earas rinnair 'r mé 'r garra-  
mair amárac léi!

2. And, Judy, do you pity me that I am making  
moan,

As I might keen you, darling, were you sleep-  
ing 'neath a stone,

With the mill-wheels whirring round you, in  
the daylight and the gloom,

In the cold tombs of Erris till the trumpet-call  
of doom?

4. Ó, raisiúir rinne mé bairead ar gáirde  
an ríod;  
Do'n ré ríonn agham a beirinn ar éirte  
oige;  
Do buailfínn an oíomha 'sur feinnfínn ar  
éilírfí gáirim;  
Ag currad éilí-odra sur ríadair le gáirde  
mo éiríod.

5. Éirí n-íorruir tá ríadair agur ríod mo  
éilíod,  
plannra an leim a o'eití gáirim ríod  
'noé;  
Beir ríadair uaim éirí, má éirí mairé ríod  
o'á beir,  
Go oíuairínn oí tuille o'á gáiríod ríod  
bólaod léi.

6. Beir ríadair uaim éirí, go oíuairínn ná  
bóiríod é,  
Ó éirí mairé sur éirí ríod le bólaod mé;  
Má tá buairí agat ná an íomairíod móiríod  
rírí,  
Do'n ré beir agat 'r beirí mairé ar mo éirí-  
airíod féin.

3. She haunts my tale for ever as a sigh might  
haunt the calm,  
And from her fairest women-folk she bears  
aloft the palm;  
Her beauty floats for ever on the ripples of my  
song;  
God! must to-morrow part me from her I loved  
so long!

4. I am an old-time soldier who once upheld  
the king;  
I swigged the brimming tanker, and made the  
tavern ring;  
I would wake the drum to fury, and from the  
harp snatch woe,  
But, alas! 'twas at the Curragh I beheld my  
loved one go.

5. Westward in Erris dwells the fair one of my  
heart,  
Who yesterday refused my troth and bade my  
love depart;  
Oh, bear a message to her that for each kiss  
of mine,  
A thousand more I'd give her were she present  
with her kine.

6. "Oh, bear those tidings to him," were the  
bitter words she said,  
"That since he loves my herds and lands myself  
he ne'er shall wed;  
If herds and ample pastures be his to have and  
hold,  
His be the fair one of his choice, not mine, his  
love grown cold."

This song was sung to me by Miss Bridget Forde, Sylane, Tuam. She learned the air from her father, who had forgotten the words. She used the words found in "Ceol Síod," p. 11, published by the Irish Book Company. For variants see Petrie, Nos. 1440, 1517, and 594.

67.—*an sgeilpín troiḡneac̃.*

(THE THORNY CLIFF.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSTON,  
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 108$

1. 1 maio - in ciúin 'dár éirigear a - mac ar fuo na  
gcoill - - te, go cinn - te caic̃ - ead̃ rāḡao liom, ár mo  
leigear ní raib̃ le fáḡáil. nó gur̃ 'dearc mé'n bhuinneal  
méir̃ - reac̃ raoi b'rác̃ na rḡeil - pe troiḡn - - e, 'Sur  
ḡeit mo éir̃de le méir̃ - - pe ár níos̃ éir̃ - iḡ liom í fáḡáil.

2. 1r t'ruaḡ ḡan mé 'mo r'ióilín, 1r 'dear  
'eulócáinn 'ríto an mbóic̃rín,  
ár go mbéinn aḡ r'einnm ceol 'daoib̃ go  
n-eirigead̃ an lá bán.  
'Dá b'fuirginn-pe rean-bean 'ríonna a mbéad̃  
aic̃ bó nó caora,  
'tiomáinfinn í cun an aonaig le go mbain-  
finn airt̃i ḡreann.

3. Tá mná na leanna aḡ caoinead̃ ár nár  
fóir̃t̃ oir̃a mac íora,  
nuair̃ a bíor̃ an r'parán r'pionta 1r ar mo  
éir̃de 'r'ic̃ḡ bíor̃ an b'ón.  
'Sé mo fúil go b'fuirginn airt̃i í, 'ré mo  
leun, ní ḡeob'rao ná 'c̃oir̃de,  
'S gur̃ ḡeall ar r'air̃ḡe ar r'pile í, 'r nac̃  
claoir̃de an ḡalrao ḡrád̃?

4. Tá mo ḡrád̃-ra ar cúl an ḡáir̃oín, 'rí  
an cú, 'rí an luac̃, 'rí an láir̃ í,  
1r í 1r ḡile b'air̃ḡe ná a b'paca aon f'ear̃  
ar'iaí,  
Cé gur̃ b'ár̃o é an c'pánn fáir̃neoir̃e ár go  
'tuir̃teann an bláic̃ le r'ánaí,  
ní luir̃geann o'ruic̃ an fá'raig̃, ár tá r'ḡad̃  
mór̃ inr̃ an nḡréin.

5. Rāḡad̃ mé go h-éir̃it̃ nó 'o'n oileán le  
'n-a 'daoib̃ riñ,  
nó go 'Meir̃ioca 'o'túr̃ an t-r'ár̃áin le mo  
éad̃ f'earc̃ má bím beo,  
Ar airt̃i go b'rác̃ ní f'ill'f'eo go lab'raí an  
cúac̃ 'ran nḡeir̃nead̃  
'S go mbí̃o c'air̃leán rinne na m'ilead̃ o'á  
'd'eanáin ar an nuad̃.

6. Ե՛ձ մօ միսսնեարս ար ցա՛ն Եսօ՛ն օմօմ 'ր նի ք՛նսօսմ Եօմրա՛ն Վ Ե՛նանմ 'Տ ցօ Երսի՛ւ արեւօ՛ր Երսա՛ն ցնար օրմ մա՛ շնչիսմ ամա՛ն քան օրօ՛ն;	նա՛ Եանցլա՛նչի՛ն մօ մե՛արս Դ՛ն ք՛նսօսի՛ն քաօ՛ւ քնի՛ւ ւսօ Տի՛ մօ Եօմրա՛ մօ Եսօ՛ն Ե՛նանմ 'ր նի Եիւեօ՛ն մե՛ ան Երսա՛ն.
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## TRANSLATION.

1. One morning as I roved out by the outskirts of the woods I was stricken by an arrow, and no cure could be found for me. I beheld a sportive maiden beneath a thorny cliff. My heart within leaped high for joy—and no cure could be found for me. | 2. Alas, that I am not a mavis, Through the laneway would I deftly steal, And my strain would I sing for you till the day would brightly dawn. If I came across a wise old woman who owned a cow or sheep I should drive it to the fair with her and have amusement thereby. | 3. The women-topers wail aloud—Jesus, Son, give them no help. When the purse is empty, and my heart within is grieved, My hope is yet to find her—Alas, I never shall. And it's like a dart from a wedge of iron—is not love a wasting ill? | 4. My love is adown the garden—a hound, a deer, a steed, She's a fairer captive than man e'er laid eyes upon. Though tall be the elder, and fall its blossoms low, No dew lies in the desert, and there's darkness in the sun. | 5. I shall hie me off to Egypt, or some island hard by; Or to America shall I go at eve of summer with my first love, if I live. Back till doom I will not come—till the cuckoo calls in winter, And till the castle which the Milesians built is being raised again anew. | 6. My friends are on all sides of me—no converse can I hold. There's hard strict watch kept over me if I go out at night. Do not tie up my fingers—leave them prepared. My suit of clothes, my coffin—I will not ask a shroud.


This song comes from Connemara, where Miss Hession (now Mrs. McCann) learned it from the singing of Eamon Breathnach, Spiddal.

Another version of this song was published in “Շնչիսմ նա ի ցնարս” under the name, “Ան Երսսնեւ մեղի՛ն,” and still another in “Տարսն ան Շնչիսմ,” p. 73. See also Walsh's “Irish Popular Songs,” p. 82.

68.—*an tsean-bean liad.*  
(THE GREY-HAIRED OLD WOMAN.)

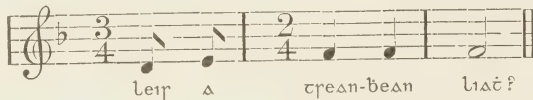
Sung by *micéal na Coimhir*,  
Tawin.

*♩* = 76



1. O cār - aḃ an tsean-bean oim, ar [Δ] beul na  
beap - nán, an ceat - raḃaḃ lā tap éir an  
coḡ - aḃ Δ éigeadt. an fear Δ - tā meadtā  
tū, nó an marb Δ - - - tā tū, nó Δ'  
uiocepaḃ tū Δ bpaḃtiḡeadt leir an tsean-bean liad?

*An alternative  
ending.*



leir Δ tsean-bean liad?

2. ní fear atá meadtā mé 'r ní marb atá  
mé  
'S ní raḃaḃ mé Δ bpaḃtiḡeadt leir an  
tsean-bean liad,  
aḃt o'iompaḃgear tairm aḡur miḡneap-ra  
ḡáirḃe,  
'S má tā an rpaḃán lán aḡat teann aniar.

3. O! cuip rí Δ lámh in a h-opeal ḡrána,  
'S nár aḃ tsear an mair no'n tsean-bean é?  
Seo tuit-re an t-airḡeao 'r ná caimtiḡ ḡo  
bpaḃt air,  
tā ríap na h-eaḡlar' uilḡ rór 'oo tairḃ.

4. O! caḃaḃ an Saḡarḡ oom aḡur mionuḡ-  
ear an cār tó,  
ḡo raḃ ceatair paḃrḡi ḡo laḡ i mo tairḃ,  
'S ḡo raḃ mátaḃrín oona sca naḃ noean-  
peaḃ cār tóir  
O! luḡtair paḃte nó tuilleaḃ 'r bliatāin.

5. O! pill Δ baile Δ oear ré, Δ peacaḃ  
ḡrána,  
'S meap atá tū 'ná an t-é bpaḃt Oia.  
Smaonuiḡim ḡur bean oo baḃ an t-uḃall  
'ran nḡáirín,  
'S cuip cúl oo lámhe leir an t-sean-bean liad.



6. O! r̥gr̥iob̥raim̥ l̥it̥ir̥, ḁveir̥ r̥í, ḁsur̥ l̥éig-  
rim̥ mo̥ ūiob̥la

an̥ l̥á buailead̥ o̥raoib̥eac̥t̥ o̥im̥ ḁsur̥ r̥mut̥  
o̥e'n̥ c̥eó.

Ūiob̥ cul̥aib̥ ūeal̥ o̥im̥ o̥e̥ c̥oḡad̥ an̥ t̥r̥iob̥a  
ḁsur̥ r̥áca c̥ipe̥ c̥om̥ o̥ub̥ le̥ ūal̥,

Ūiob̥ bucl̥aib̥e̥ ḁir̥ḡo̥ in̥ mo̥ b̥r̥óḡaib̥ r̥iob̥a,  
'S nḁr̥ ūeap̥ an̥ m̥iān̥ le̥ meall̥ad̥ mé.

7. ní r̥eān̥-ḡeān̥ m̥ipe, ḁveir̥ r̥í, ac̥t̥ caíl̥ín̥ óḡ  
mé...

r̥uaip̥ r̥ḡoíl̥ ḁsur̥ r̥óḡluim̥ i̥ o̥-c̥úr̥ mo̥ r̥aoḡaíl̥,

'S o̥á m̥aip̥eāb̥ mo̥ ḡeāo̥ḁ o̥om̥ ḡo l̥á mo̥ r̥óḡta

ḡo m̥ḡeíḡim̥-r̥e i̥ ḡoḡiḡo̥i le̥ cl̥aīm̥ nḁ r̥iob̥ḡ;

ac̥t̥ bl̥iāb̥aīm̥ 'r̥a tḁca r̥eo, 'r̥eāb̥ r̥uḡneāb̥  
r̥aoi̥ an̥ b̥r̥óo̥ é

'S 'r̥é l̥iāc̥ ḡo h̥-óḡ mé ḁsur̥ ní le̥ haōir̥.

#### TRANSLATION.

1. Oh, I met the old woman in front of the gap On the fourth day after the war had begun.  
“Are you a worthless coward, or are you dead, Or would you become a partner with the grey-haired old woman?” | 2. “No coward am I, nor yet am I dead, Still I'll not enter into partnership with the grey-haired old woman.” Then I turned away, and laughingly said, “But if you have your purse full, come over to me.” | 3. Then she put her hand under her ugly arm,—Did not that become the old woman well?—“Here's the money for you, and never say a word about it, But you have yet to reckon with the whole law of the church.” | 4. I met the priest and explained the case to him—That there were four weak children behind me, And that they had a bad little mother who would not pity them, If they lay up for a quarter or more than a year. | “Oh, return home,” replied he, “you heinous sinner, You are worse than he whom God has judged. I call to mind that it was a woman who took the apple in the garden, So turn the back of your hand to the old grey woman.” | 6. “Oh, I used write letters and read my Bible,” said she, “Till the day I was bewitched and caught in a mist. I used to wear a bright dress of the best silk, And combs for my hair black as coal, And silver buckles on my silken shoes; So was not I to be desired and wooed?” | 7. “No hag am I,” said she, “but a young girl Well educated from my earliest youth, And had my father lived to see me married, I should be (riding) in coaches with royal families. But a year ago he was buried, And it is that, and not old age, that has caused my grey hairs.”

Mícéál ua Conn̥ir̥ was awarded first prize for the singing of this song at the Galway Féir̥, July, 1918. I heard him sing it there, and afterwards in Tawin, where I spent a very pleasant week. Mícéál, who himself hails from this little happy Irish-speaking village—consisting in all of fourteen families—told me that he learned the song from a young man from Connemara who used to come periodically to Tawin to help with the harvest.

There is a version of this song of fifteen stanzas given in “Siam̥r̥a an̥ ḡer̥im̥r̥ó,” p. 127.

There is an extra bar given in the first half of the tune which is not required in all the verses.

## 69.—τά μο έλεαίννας οέαnτα.

(MY MATCH IS MADE.)

Sung by MR. TOM HOLLAND,  
Tawin.

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. τά μο έλεαίν - νας οέαnτα ό άτ-ρύξάτ ά-ρίην 'S ní  
My match is made since ere last night To the

μό 'νά σο οταίνεανν άn βεαν λιον φέιν άέτ  
girl I neith - er love nor like, But I'll

ράξαιό μέ 'μο ύιαό ί άξ-υη ιmτεόάιό μέ λιον φέιν ά -  
take my own ad - - vice, and I'll leave her far be - hind, And I'll

μαέ τυο na γεοίλλ - - τε γεραόβ - άέ.  
trav - el the wild woods all ov - er.

2. ό! ήυβαίλ ηυρε ποη άξυη ήυβαίλ ηυρε  
ήαη,  
'S ήυβαίλ ηυρε κορκαίξ άξυη ήήαίσε ύ'λ-άέ'-  
αίαέ,  
άξυη ήαήαίλ οε μο άαίλιν οεαη ήί ήαα ηυρε  
'ήαή,  
'S ί άn βεαν ουβ ο'ράξ μο έποιθε έραίότε.

2. Oh, I walked up and I walked down,  
And I walked Cork and Dublin town,  
The likes of my true love I never yet did find,  
She's the dark-eyed girl is my darling.

3. ό! ο'έηνιξ ηυρε φέιν όά υαη' ηοήν λά  
ά'η ήυαη ηυρε λιτιη ό μο ήίλε ήράό:  
έυαλα μέ άn ήμóλιν 'η άn λονουβ ό'ά ήάό  
ήυη έάλυξ μο ήήάό έαη ήάίλε.

This is another Connemara song which I took down from Mr. Tom Holland, Tawin. It was sung in Irish and English alternately—a custom which I have been told very frequently prevailed among Irish singers in the West; but this is the only illustration of it which I have been able to register.

3. Oh, I got up two hours before day,  
And I got a letter from my own true love;  
I heard the blackbird and the linnet say  
That my love had crossed over the water.

4. η ήαα τά μο έαηηαηγε ηηη ά ηβαίλε  
ηεο λε βλαιοάην,  
ήί μαη ήεαλλ άη ήήυηη 'η ήί μαη ήεαλλ άη  
ύια,  
άέ' μαη ήύίλ 'η σο ήφυήμην άήαηηα άη βλαιοάη  
n-uball

η η έ άn βεαν ουβ ά οτυξ μο έποιθε ήήάό ήί.

4. Long have I come for a year to this place,  
And not for God's sake or Mary's,  
But hoping for a glance on the apple blossom's  
face,  
She's the dark-haired girl who's my darling.

70.—**ΒΕΑΡΤΛΙΝ ΚΙΝΓ.**  
(BARTLEY KING.)

$\text{♩} = 176$  Sung by MR. PHILIP WALDRON.

1. **ΒΕΡ ΓΕΑΛ - Α ΥΑΙΜ ΕΥΝ ΒΕΑΡΤ - ΛΙΝ ΚΙΝΓ, ΑΝ**  
**Τ-ΟΙΣ - ΦΕΑΡ ΜΟΙΣΛΙΘΕ ΜΥΙΝ - ΤΕ ΘΕΑΡ. ΉΣΥΡ ΪΔΟΙΛ ΜΕ Α -**  
**- ΡΙΑΙΝ ΝΑΡ ΑΕ - ΡΥΙΣ ΕΛΑΘΝ - ΤΑ ΘΑΪΤΕ' 'Ν ΠΡΙΟΝΝΡΑΙΣ 1**  
**ΝΣΙΟΛΛ ΛΕ ΦΕΑΡ. Right fol de dol ol, de dol ol de dol**  
**ol, Right fol de dol ol, de dol ad - di di ό. Right**  
**fol de dol ol, de dol ol de dol ol.**  
**ΘΑΪΤΕ' - Ε ΑΝ ΠΡΙΟΝΝ - ΡΑΙΣ 1 ΝΣΙΟΛΛ ΛΕ ΦΕΑΡ.**

2. ΣΥΝΟ Ε ΑΝ ΡΑΕ ΉΡΥΙΛ ΜΕ Θ'Α ΡΑΘ,  
 ΜΑΡ ΕΥΣ ΡΕ ΑΝ ΒΑΡΡ Ο ΕΥΑΙΟ Δ'Ρ Ο ΘΕΑΡ,  
 ΑΕΤ Α ΒΕΑΡΤΛΙΝ ΚΙΝΓ, ΜΟ ΣΡΑΘ ΕΥ ΕΟΡΘΕ--  
 ΤΑ ΜΝΟΣ ΝΑ ΤΙΠΕ ΒΥΑΘΑΡΕΑ ΛΕΑΤ.  
 Right fol, etc.

3. ΝΙΛ ΕΑΝ ΕΕΔΡΟ 1 ΒΡΥΡ ΝΟ ΕΑΛΛ  
 ΝΑΡ ΪΥΒΑΙΛ ΜΕ ΑΝΝ Δ'Ρ ΜΕ ΣΟ ΛΑΣ,  
 ΉΣΙΟΝ-ΕΥΡ ΤΥΑΙΡΥΡΣ' ΔΡ ΑΝ ΜΒΥΑΕΑΙΛΛ  
 ΒΑ ΘΕΙΡΕ ΣΡΥΑΙΟ Δ'Ρ Β'ΔΙΛΛΕ ΟΡΕΑΕ.  
 Right fol, etc.

1. My greeting bring to Bartley King,  
 The handsome, gracious-mannered boy ;  
 Say, fools have spoken, no hearts are broken  
 In Frenches' country where love's a toy.

2. But tell the youth 'tis God's own truth,  
 That north and south he killed his game ;  
 Oh ! Bartley dear, since you were here  
 No girl her heart again may claim.

4. Οἰζρε οὐίτσε Δ ο'άρουιζ Δι ριυβάλ é  
Δζυρ τὰ μο ρύιλ ζο ζαυραῖθε Δι Διρ,  
Δέτ Δ θεαυελίν Οινζ, μο ξιρόθ εὐ εοιόθε—  
τὰ μνά να τίρε βυαῖδαρεΔ λεατ.

Right fol, etc.

5. Τριάτ εἰζ να ρλυαίγτε ζο τεαé Δν έοιλ,  
νίλ βριζ ρα ρρόιρε ζο οτιζ ρέ ιρτεαé;  
ὕι ειον Δ'ρ ζηαοι Δζ 'έ υίλε ὀρεαμ Διρ,  
μαρ βί ρέ μοιζλιθε μύιντε οεαρ.

Right fol, etc.

6. Σιύο é Δν ράτ Δ βρυίλ μέ ὀ'ά ράθ,  
μαρ εἰζ ρέ Δν βάρη ο' έυαῖθ Δ'ρ ὀ'ό οεαρ,  
Δέτ Δ θεαυελίν Οινζ, μο ξιρόθ εὐ Δ εοιόθε—  
τὰ μνά να τίρε βυαῖδαρεΔ λεατ.

Right fol, etc.

3. And up and down through every town  
I've worn my brogues and asked all day,  
If any rover had seen the lover  
Whose glance has stolen my heart away.

4. Since you went abroad with the gay young lord  
By day and night I call your name;  
Oh! Bartley dear, since you were here,  
No girl her heart again may claim.

5. The floor may crowd and song be loud,  
All sport his absence will destroy,  
For all who met him must still regret him,  
The handsome, gracious-mannered boy.

6. Oh! tell the youth 'tis God's own truth  
That north and south he killed his game,  
And Bartley dear, since you were here,  
No girl her heart again may claim.

I took this song down from the singing of Mr. Philip Waldron, Gaelic League Organizer. As he could remember only the first verse, I have taken the others (with the kind permission of Professor O'Maille) from "Δήμιον Ἐλαμνε Ξαεόεαλ," p. 74. Mr. O'Maille gives no indication as to where he got the song.

### 71.—ΔΝ ΡΑΙCΙΝ ἈΛυιων. (THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE COMB.)

Sung by MISS CHRISTINA FAHY,  
Tawin.

♩. = 66

1. ὕι μέ λά βρεάξ ζιέινε 'ρ μέ Δζ ουλ Δν ρόο ρεο ρίαρ,  
εαρ - αθ εαίλ - ίν ὅζ ορη Δ'ρ ί Δζ ριυζαῖθ να μβό εοιρ έλαῖθε.  
θειρμ - ρε ρέιν μο μόρο Δ - ζατ Δ'ρ Δ ρόρ Δ βί μ Δ η-Δζαῖθ,  
ζλυαιρ-ιρ έαρμ ζο ηεό-έαίλλ Δζ βαίτε Δν ρόζ-ήαιρ βυῖθε.

2. Bí mé glic go leor leir an rphóir to éur  
 éun éinn,  
 Éuairt mair go tigh 'n óil le pé, ir toóc 'súr  
 fúir mair ríor;  
 Bí punch 'r fíon ar borro aghainn aóc ir oim-  
 ra a bí é íoc,  
 'S súr iméig pé ríor an bócar uaim a'ir mo  
 pac' i n-a póca éirir.
3. A'ir nac b'ónac an bean go lá mé, a r'óirín  
 ó, aoubairt rí?  
 ní éanraib mé rúgrab ná a' gáirib nó go  
 oéigib pé an róo ro a'irir.
4. Nácaib pé an róo ro amáirac aghur cuir  
 céao fáilte faoi,  
 Socruig caéaoir élaib nó go h-áro ar lár  
 an tigh,
5. Bain a hac a' á éann aghur ná bíob cár na  
 náir oir faoi,  
 nó go b'raigib tú an raicín áluinn a bíob go  
 h-áro ar cúl mo éinn.

## TRANSLATION.

1. One fine sunny day as I went down the road I met a young girl who was stripping cows by the roadside; I give you my word that the rose was in her cheeks, She brushed by me to Eochail (Youghal) at the cutting of the yellow harvest. | 2. I was artful enough to promote the merriment, We went to the tavern for a while, and of course we sat down. We had punch and wine on the counter, and I had to pay the score, And he went adown the road from me—and my comb below in his pocket. | 3. "And am I not the sad woman, my darling O?" said she, "No cheer nor laughter shall I have till he comes this road again. My hair is falling in ringlets,—I have nothing to fix it up, Since I lost my beautiful little comb which sat up behind in my hair." | 4. He will come this road to-morrow and welcome him right well, Arrange a wooden chair for him in the middle of the floor. Take the hat from off his head—be not ashamed of him. And you'll find the beautiful little comb which used to be behind in my hair."

Miss Fahy told me she learned this song from her father. The air seems to be a variant of the well-known song in English, "Oh, Limerick is beautiful," and it probably hails from Munster, as there is a tradition amongst the Tawin people that they originally came from Clare to settle in Galway a few generations ago.

Another version of this song is published by Rev. P. Walsh in his "Cnuiracó Úeas Amráim," Part V, p. 7.

Petrie also has an air of this name, No. 1082.



## 72.—COINNLEAC GLAS AN FÓGHÁIR.

(THE GREEN AUTUMN STUBBLE.)

Sent to me by MRS. CONOR MAGUIRE,  
Claremorris, Co. Mayo.

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. Δρ κοιν - λεά γλαρ αν φόγμάρ, Δ  
 ρτόρ - ίν, 'ρεαδ' θεαρ μέ tú, buò θεαρ το φαρ - ám 1  
 mbró - γα', 'r buò ριγ - θεαρ το λεγαν ρúl. το  
 ξηυαδ buò θειργε 'νά αν ρόρ - α, Δ'ρ το cúil - in bí ριγ - te  
 ulút, 'sé mo léan γέαρ γαν μέ Δ'ρ tú ρόρ - τα, nó αρ  
 bóro luing - e αγ ουλ Δ - - nonn.

2. Ο'έριμξ μέ οια Céadom, αρ liom féin,  
 bí an máirim ruar,  
 Cía o'feicrimm in a léine áct mo céad-φearc  
 Δγυρ í φαοι ξηυαίμ;  
 Όρνωεαμαρ le céile Δ'ρ οά b'éioimír  
 ξεοδαμοιρ 'un ruam  
 Δ'ρ buò é súbflán o'φearaib éipeann mo  
 céad-φearc Δ cónγbáil uaim.

1. When stubble lands were greening you came  
 among the stooks,  
 And grace was in your feet then, and love was  
 in your looks,  
 In your cheeks the rose grew redder, and your  
 hair in clusters lay,  
 And I would we lived together, or together  
 slipped away.

3. Dìomaid Rìog na h-Àoine do'n t'é a' òibhir  
mo shràd i b'fao uaim,  
San neart a'm oul 'n-a shaober lá raoire  
nà go mo'c Dia luain;  
Dá mbeir é a'g báirtig éoitíe, a'g go ríor-  
ruig a' cup rneaceta a o-tuaid,  
Le mo mian dá b'fadainn ceao rínead, b'éitinn  
com h'auibinn leir an eal' ar cuan.

2. I had a dream on Wednesday that bitter was  
the frost,  
And I saw my love lamenting at dawn that I  
was lost;

Methought I came beside her and held her  
tenderly,  
And all Erin I defied then to part my love and me.

3. My curse on him is spoken who keeps my  
love from me,  
And swears that to our courting he never will  
agree;

For though skies should send the deluge, or the  
snowy North its flakes,

We two could live as pleasant as the swans  
upon the lakes.

4. 'S cruasg san mire 'm' éimín ir veap a léim-  
pinn ó dom go tom,  
nó 'm' eapcun ar loch éirne, ir veap do  
fnám-fainn í ó cuan go cuan;  
Léirpinn-re glan-shaobilge asur r'píobfainn  
í le bair mo pinn,  
'S ní féadaim comrád a'éanaim le 'n-a  
éascpuime a'g 'tá 'mo éann.

4. The sea-gull's heart is merry when the fish  
is in his beak,

And the eel within Loch Erne can swim from  
creek to creek,

And I spoke tripping Gaelic, and merry songs  
I've sung,

But now my wits are crazy, and leaden is my  
tongue.

Mrs. Maguire tells me that this air was familiar to her husband as a boy in Joyce Country.

The words given are taken from "Siamra an Shéimh," p. 130. Another version is given in "An Fíabín," p. 3.

Petrie has an air of this name, No. 1181.

## 73.—CAISTLEÁN UÍ NÉILL (iv).

(CASTLE O'NEILL.)

♩ = 88

Sung by CAITLÍN NÍO ŠABANN.

1. Céad ríán leir an oíche' a - réir, 'Sé mo léan na é a -  
 - noct a - tá ann! mo buacail - in binn veap a  
 bpreágraó mé real ar a glúin. Óa n-annrúginn mo  
 rgeal uirt ir baoglaé naé noéan-rá - ra rún, So bfuil mo  
 ghráó do mo éirígrint, 'Óia gléigéal a' a mhuir, naé truađ!

2. Óo gheallair-re féin dom  
 So mbreágra mo leanb ar oír,  
 Óo gheallair i na óeib rin  
 So mbeaó don-tigear ioir mé ađur tú.  
 Óa ghealláó i nađaró an lae óom  
 no gur leigear-ra leatpa mo rún,  
 Ac, fairíoir gáar buaó,  
 Tá mo éiríóe 'rígí óom uib leir an ngual.

3. Tá mo gáiríoin breáđ 'n-a fáraó,  
 A'r a ghráó géal naé mirt leat é,  
 Šaó pađrae óa áille  
 Tá 'rár 'n-oir éirí bárr glar na cré.

ní éloirir 'ra 'tgráio reo  
 Ceol cláirrighe ná ceileabap na n-éan,  
 Ó o'éalaig mo ghráó uaim,  
 Caitlín áluinn, so Cairleán uí néill.

4. Tá mórán ve'n brón reo,  
 A óianróirín, a óul timéall mo éiríóe,  
 ađur lán mo óa bróigín  
 Óe óeopa a' ríle liom ríor.  
 Šráó buacail óš a breo mé,  
 'Sé an ghráó óo a bain óiom mo éiall,  
 Ac ní mairpe mé beo mí  
 Má pórair an bean uib ó'n ríab.

## TRANSLATION.

1. A hundred farewells to last evening, My sorrow that it is not to-night! (With) my sweet charming boy Who would woo me awhile on his knee! Should I tell you my story, There is danger you'd not keep my secret, That my love is about to desert me, Oh, God of brightness, and, oh, Mary, is it not sad : | 2. You yourself promised me That you would soothe my child at first. You promised me later That one place of abode would be ours. Two promises for each day (you gave) me, Till my secret to you I confided; But woe, bitter and gloomy, My heart within (me) is black as the coal. | 3. My fair little garden is run wild, And, my bright love, does it not affect you, [To see] every flower, howe'er pretty (growing wild), That grows up through the green surface of the earth; In this street I hear not Harp's music nor song of the birds Since my love has stolen away from me, My fair Coolin, to Castle O'Neill. | 4. Much of this sorrow, My treasure, goes round my heart, And the full of my two little shoes of the tears that I shed (for you); 'Tis the love of a young boy has crushed me, 'Tis that love has deprived me of reason! But another month I'll not be alive If you wed the dark maid of the hill!

This song was kindly sent to me by the Rev. Professor T. O'Kelly, U. C., Galway. He states that it was given to him by Miss Maggie Costello, St. Joseph's Terrace, Galway, who learned it from CAITLÍN NÍ SHÁBÁINN, Gaelic League organizer. The air is quite unlike the other versions given in the early part of this book (see pp. 9-13).

## 74.—AN SHÁBA CEÁRTOCÁINN.

(THE BLACKSMITH.)

$\text{♩} = 92$  Sung by MR. PHILIP WALDRON.

1. Ó, éad mé bliádhain a' r páit - e, 'mo shába ceártcáinn i gcúige  
 laigeann, tuairpís mo shráb' ní bfuairéar, nó go dtáinig mé an - uar a -  
 - nírt. Tá an rasoalreo ar fad .. cráitíte, a' r ní aithní-ighim mo mhúinntir  
 réin, a' ar an gcnocúo éall tá m' ár-ur, 's ar an bpápa ní éilreao é.

## 2. Σοιη ἀτά μο ἐαρρηαιγτε

Ἀγυρ ναέ πασα υαιμ-ρε γρηάδ μο ἐρροῖε,  
 Ἀ ξιόλλα ἀν εἰλίη πέεααίξ,  
 Ἴ οο ὀέιθ-ρε νί ἡαιρηεαο beo.  
 Ἐαρρηαιγ τῷ milleán μόνι ορη  
 Ἀέτ Ἀ ρτόρην νίον ἡαιε λέατ έ,  
 ἡαιο η-υαιρε, β'ἡεαρ ηι om πόρτα λέατ  
 Σο μόν-μόρη 'νά βείε ἰ β'ἡαιεαρ ὀέ.

3. ἡαέ βρεάξ ναέ οταγανν τῷ, Ἀ ἡεαξάιν,  
 Ἀγυρ μέ Ἀ φάξάιλ ὁ μο ἡυιηητιρ φέιν,  
 ἡαέ βρεάξ ναέ οταγανν τῷ Ἀ γρηάδ ξιλ,  
 'Συρ μέ Ἀ φάξάιλ υαεα υιλε γο λείρη.  
 ἡυρη β'ἡυιλ ἡιασ ράρτα  
 λειρ ἀν ἡεάρ ρεο Ἀ φάξάιλ ρέιθ,  
 ὀέαναιγιο τῷ mba cláir ὀom  
 Ἀγυρ φάγαιγιο μέ γο οοιῖηη ἰ ἡερέ.

## 4. ἡαρηάε m' incinn ὀάνα

ἡεοβαιην ἄρυρ υαιθ μο ἡυιηητιρ φέιν,  
 βἈ Ἀγυρ εαοιρηξ βάνα  
 Ἀγυρ ράιρηεανηα λε 'η-Ἀ ἡευρ 'un φέιρη,  
 Coúlað πασα Σάηρηαιθ  
 Ἀγυρ εαο ἡρηανη Ἀ βείε 'ἡἈ εαιεεαῖη  
 λείε,  
 Ἀγυρ γο mβ'ἡεαρ ηι om παο ἡα ταῖηηαέαιβ  
 Ἀγ ριοεαθ ρεαμηρός λε γρηάδ μο cléib'.

## 5. ὀιομβάιρ ἡίοξ ἡα ἡαιοηε

ὀο'η τέ Ἀ ὀίβιρη μο γρηάδ ἰ β'ἡεα υαιμ,  
 ἡί φέιρη ηι om ουλ 'η-Ἀ ἡεοβαρ  
 Ἀον ὀια ἡαιοηε ηο γο μοέ ὀια ἡυαιη.  
 ὀἈ mβιοθ ρέ 'η-Ἀ ρτοιρηη τειηητε  
 Ἀ'ρ ἀν οιοέε Ἀγ ευρ ἡεαεα 'οτυαιθ,  
 λε μο ρύν ὀἈ β'ἡάγαιηη εεαο ριητε  
 βέιηη εοῖη ἡεοιβηη λειρ ἀν εαλα ἀρέυαν.

6. Ἀ' ἡευαιιρη, ἡό ἀν β'ἡυαιρη ρἡεάλ Ἀρ βιέ  
 υαιθ μο γρηάδ-ρα ἀνυαρ λε ἡί  
 ἔαρτ ἐρη οίλεηηηαιη υαιγηεαέα  
 ἡό ἀνυαρ ἀρηίτε ἐρη εαλεαιβ ἡρηαιξ?  
 ἡί ἡαιβ ρυηη Ἀρ βιέ ἡη ὀο ἡλόρ Ἀγαιη  
 Ἀέτ ὀόλάρ μόνι ἡυρ Ἀγ ἡαγαθ βιρ,  
 Ἀγυρ τἈ μέ ὅγ γο λεορ πόρ  
 Ἀ'ρ βέιθ εεαο ρρῳρητ Ἀγαιη ἰ mbaile  
 ειειητ.

## 7. ὀ'έιρηξ μέ ὀια εέαοαοη

ὀ'έαγεαοη (ρ βί) ἀν ἡάοηη ρυαρ,  
 εέ ὀ'ἡειρηηη Ἀέτ μο εέαο-ἡεαρ  
 Ἀρ ἐηοεάηηη Ἀ'ρ ἰ ἡ'ἡεα υαιμ.  
 ἡοιρηἡεαμηρ λε 'η-Ἀ εέίλε,  
 ἡό ἡυρ λειἡεαμηρ ἀν οιοέε 'un ρυαιη,  
 Ἀ'ρ ἡἈ'ρ ἰ ὀο ἡἈίρηη 'τἈ 'οο ὀιαθ ορηη,  
 ἡυιλ Ἀ cléibe αιει Ἀγυρ ἡαλαρ ουβαέ.

## TRANSLATION.

1. I spent a year and a quarter A forge-smith in Leinster, I heard not of my true-love Till I came back again. The people I left are heart-broken, And I mention (count) not my own people, But on yonder hill is my residence, And on the (from the) Pope I won't deny it. | 2. The East is my attraction, And isn't it far from me my own heart's love is? O, Page of the proud tresses (beautiful locks), After you I shall not live. You drew upon me great blame, But, my darling, you didn't wish it. Nine times I'd rather be married to you Than even to be in God's Heaven. | 3. Isn't it *nice* that you come not, John, And get me from my own people, Isn't it nice that you come not, my loved one, And get me from them all (entirely)? If they aren't satisfied To prepare (arrange) this case, O! make ye a tomb of boards for me And place ye me beneath the clay. | 4. Only for my bold mind I'd get a residence from my own people, Cows and white sheep, And parks in which to graze them, A long summer of slumber (sleep of summer), And permission to be spending the time in fun, But (and) I'd prefer (to be) on the shallows (moors) Plucking sorrel with the love of my heart. | 5. (May) the disappointment of the King of Friday Upon the person who drove my love far away from me. I cannot



go near her Any Friday, or early on Monday. (But) if it were a storm of fire (lightning) And the night freezing from the North, And had I permission to rest (stretch) beside my secret love, I'd be as happy as the swan in the harbour. | 6. Did you hear, or did you get any news Of my own love for a month (or more) Over through the lonely islands Or down again through the heathery lands? I paid no attention (heed) to your voice. Tho' in great distress, you were joking. So I am young enough yet, And will be permitted sport in some village. | 7. I arose on Wednesday Lamenting, (and the) morn (was) cold. Whom should I see but my first love On a little hill, (and he) far away from me. We called to each other And rested for the night—And if it is your mother grudges you to me, Her heart's blood be hers, and the black disease!

I took down this song from the singing of Mr. Philip Waldron. He tells me he learned it in Spiddal from Cártaí ní Corroelbá, and also from Cártaí níg Eadúg, Drombane, Ballyhaunis.

# 75.—*NOREEN, MY LOVE.*

(NOREEN, MY LOVE.)

From MRS. CONOR MAGUIRE,  
Claremorris, Co. Mayo.

$\text{♩} = 60$

1. *τὰ μο ἔεας ἀρ ἀν ἀρ - τάν 'ῖα ὅα ἔεανν 'ῖαν ηἰσάοτ, τὰ 'n*  
*feapéannn Δ - nuar ann 'ῖ ní ἀρ - ἰḡim ἀν τῖγεάστ παοι; τὰ 'n*  
*τεim - τεάν ὅα ὀτόγ - ὅαίλ 'ῖ ἀν ὅό 'ουλ 'ῖαν ḡciop, 'S cé 'ῖ*  
*bié áit Δ mbéiréasó mé, 'ῖ ní nóir - in mo mian.*

2. *Δς ουλ ἐπὶ μῦσιγεο ὅom 'ῖ μέ Δ' cómhád*  
*le mnaoi,*  
*ḡlao ῖi mo ῖócaíde Δ'ῖ níop ḡás ῖi Δ'm*  
*ῖḡimn,*  
*τὰ ḡiop Δς Oia, Δ ῖóirín, naé ḡrón 'τὰ opm*  
*παοι,*  
*'S ὅα mbéiréasó uirḡ' Δῖ na ḡóirín 'ῖ ὀóḡ*  
*naé ḡῖuḡimn ḡraon.*

3. *Δ ουλ ἐπὶ ḡráio ḡalla ὅom lá féil'*  
*muiré mór,*  
*Δς oíol mo éuro eapḡaró Δ'ῖ ḡá pómnt le mo*  
*ῖóir,*  
*nuair ḡiapḡuḡear bean na leanna oíom,*  
*“Cia ḡῖuḡ luac na mbḡós?”*  
*“Cuir mé le hanam na maḡb é'τὰ ῖceam-*  
*poll mḡuḡeó.”*

4. Δ' ῥ' ἡ ἀέρος μέγ' ἡ-καὶ σὺν ἡ ἀέρος  
 ἡ ἀέρος, ἡ ἀέρος,  
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## TRANSLATION.

1. My house is on the hill, with its ends to the wind, The rain is down thro' it, and I do not notice my coming under it (i.e. it provides no shelter). The hearth-rent is being raised, and my cow is going as rent, And wherever my treasure is, Noreen is my love's desire. | 2. I was going thro' Mayo, and whilst talking to a woman She plundered my pockets and did not leave me a penny. Before God, my love, it is not lamenting it I am, And if water were running on the roads, I suppose I would not get a drop. | 3. I was going through the street of Balla on Lady-day, Selling my goods, and sharing them with my dearest one, When the ale-woman asked me, "Where is the price of the boots?" "I gave it for the repose of the souls that are in Mayo churchyard." | 4. Am I not a long time in lonely quest of a wife?—No trace of one did I ever get, Until I saw the fair lady sitting on the side of a hill, With her hair in nine tresses waving in the wind. | 5. In Castlebar I slept last night, I had my darling with me, and I didn't feel it long. Putting out my hands, to kiss her mouth, I found the place empty, with the bed to myself. | 6. I'll make no fun, and I'll drink no more, And I'll do nothing but what is right; Until I am laid in the grave, with the clay o'er my head, I'll give my secret to no other woman after you, my love. | 7. I will go to the thickly branched wood to pick berries on a foggy day, To pick apples from the tips of the branches, and drive the two cows. If I should meet my first love, her lips I would kiss, And what is that to anyone whom it does not concern? | 8. You should have seen my Noreen with her back to the waves, A gold ring on her finger, and she smoothing her head. The captain's son said, as he went on board, That he would prefer to have her for

himself than all Ireland. | 9. "Would you take Noreen, if you were to get her for a wife?" I would take her, she is the bright love of my heart. There is neither house, nor dwelling, nor a place to which I would bring her, And since there isn't, leave me, and farewell to my love.

This is another song sent to me by Mrs. Maguire of Claremorris. She sent only one verse of this song, and I have taken the other verses from "Σιανρα να Ξειμπιρό," p. 70. The air is a good version of a fairly popular tune to which the words of an old music hall song, "Villikins and his Dinah," used to be sung.

## 76.—moll toub an gleanna.

(DARK MOLL OF THE GLEN.)

Sung by MR. TOM HOLLAND,  
Tawin.

$\text{♩} = 98$

1. τὰ bó αἶ - αμ ἀν ἴλιαβ, 'S ιρ φα - σα μέ 'η-α υιαρό, νό ζυρ  
 εἰλλ μέ μο εἰλλ le νό - - εἶρ, τὰ  
 ρεόλαδ ροιρ 'r ραρ ιμ ζαέ αἶτ τ'ά υτείξεαναν ἔμιν, νό ζο  
 κυρτά.  
 υπilleαν ρι ἀρ αἶρ τράε - νό - να, 'Sι moll toub an gleann' i, 'Sι  
 moll toub an εαρηαῖς i, 'Sι moll toub ιρ υειρξε νά αν  
 ρό - ρα, 'S τὰ βράξαιμν-ρε ρέιν μο ροζαμ υε ιννά  
 ός - α υεαρ' αν υοιμιν, 'Sι moll toub an gleann' α β'εαρρ ιοιμ.

2. *nuair a bpeachtuigim féin anonn*  
*inr an áit a mbíonn mo rún*  
*Sileann ó mo fúilib rruic theópa,*  
*á'r a rúg seál na nDúl, téan fusirgealt ar*  
*mo cúir*  
*mar 'ri bean ouh an gleanna do bpeó mé.*  
*Cuprá: 'Sí moll ouh, etc.*

3. *Dá b'áiginn-ge bean 'ra munáin*  
*'S triúr bean 'ra laigeann*  
*asur bean mbéad dá míle bó áici,*  
*áct 'ri bean na b'áinne mbuire a éradó go oeo*  
*mo époré,*  
*á'r mo cúig éáo plán go oeo léi.*  
*Cuprá: 'Sí móll ouh, etc.*

4. *Tá m'gean as an iarlá,*  
*'S tá ríre go pioclá,*  
*Do mo iarpaid-ge fáigil le pórad,*

*áct dá b'áiginn-ge féin mo roigáin oé níná*  
*óga oear 'an toimáin,*  
*'Sí moll ouh an gleanna do éogáinn.*  
*Cuprá: 'Sí moll ouh, etc.*

5. *Síú é riár mo éeac*  
*'S an oé óion air áct an r'gairé,*  
*'S é oéanta ar leat-éaoib an b'óéair,*  
*'S ná é oíonna do bíonn an beac nuair a*  
*óéanna rí a neao*  
*le oear asur le grian an f'ógáin.*  
*Cuprá: 'Sí moll ouh, etc.*

6. *nuair a doirigeann an t'rlat*  
*ní fanann uirte oear*  
*áct as tnué leir an ouleóigin ir óige,*  
*áct a éailín áluinn oear, o'éaláir uaim le*  
*r'p'ear,*  
*'S mo cúig éáo plán go oeo leat.*  
*Cuprá: 'Sí moll ouh, etc.*

## TRANSLATION.

1. On the mountain I have a cow, And have herded her for long, Till a fair maiden stole my reason. I lead her to and fro, Wherever the sun goes, Until she returns in the evening. *Chorus.*—She is dark Moll of the glen, She is dark Moll of the Spring, She is dark Moll, redder than the rose, And did I get my choice of the world's prettiest young women, It is dark Moll of the glen I'd prefer.— | 2. Whenever I look around me At the place where my treasure is, A stream of tears flows from my eyes. O, bright God of Might, relieve my misery, For it is the dark woman of the glen that has destroyed me. | 3. Did I get a woman in Munster, And three of them in Leinster, And a woman with two thousand cows, Yet it is the woman of the golden ringlets who has broken my heart for life, Farewell to her for ever, farewell five hundred times. | 4. The Earl has a daughter, Who is highly fashionable, And who's trying to get me to marry her, But did I get my choice of the world's prettiest and youngest women, It is dark Moll of the glen I'd select. | 5. Yonder is my house With no covering but sods of earth, Built on the road-side—How wise of the bee to build up her hive In the heat and sunlight of Autumn. | 6. When the twig grows old No fruit remains upon it, But jealous of the youngest little leaf.—But, pretty, lovely maid, thou hast gone from me with a good-for-nothing fellow, My five hundred farewells to you for ever!

This song is well known all over Ireland, both under this title and as “*Bean ouh an gleanna.*” Some of the stanzas of the above version must, I think, have been corrupted in transmission.

A Munster version appears in “*Cnuasacó beas Amháin,*” Part VI, in “*Poets and Poetry of Munster,*” p. 220, and in nearly every musical publication for the last century.

At page 115 of the "Love-songs of Connacht," Dr. Hyde says this song was written by Donal Considine of the Co. Clare.

The words were written down for me by Mr. Michael Fahy ("Ταυς") and Mr. Michael Connif, Tawin. The fourth verse is taken from Dr. Hyde's version.

77.—CÉARÚDÁ ANTOINE ÚUIB.  
(THE FORGE OF BLACK ANTHONY.)

$\text{♩} = 72$  Sung by Tomás ua Colmán.

1. Ó' éir - iḡ mé féin - ar maidoin ḡo moé, á' r cuairt mé ḡo  
céarú - dá Antoin - e Úuib. "Áb - bar mo láirde 'tá aḡ - am ann  
reo, á' r aḡ iarraidt í fáḡail uéanta a - tá mé." Labhair ré  
liom - ra ḡo có - ra veap ciúin, "Dá mbeab céarú fear  
noim - ra ḡeobad turá túr, Séir na builḡtaob éir ve mo  
éul, a - ḡur coruóairt mé plátáil ro láir - e."

2. Éarrainḡ ré éirḡe tobac aḡur ríor'  
á' r focruisḡ ré caḡaoir á' r fuir le mo éaoib,  
unra ve'n ouilleóis a éairt ré mar bíd  
aḡur coruuisḡ ré plátáil mo láirde.  
Éairt ré an teaghlac ḡo leaḡraó ré ríor,  
ḡur fáit ré le ḡorruab an t-iarann 'r an  
"steel."

Bí na rplannraḡa aḡ éirḡe le rraḡḡtaḡair  
an tíḡe

á' r me á' r fáḡail m' anam aḡ ḡáire.

3. Nuair fuairḡar mo láirde, 'r í ḡléarḡa im'  
láim

ḡocruisḡar 'un obair í á' r o'oirbriḡear an lá,  
ní' l don fear óḡ o'ar beaḡuḡeab ran áit  
nac rḡoḡraim 'ran ḡcoimlinc an lá rín.

"Searraim á' r rpreacab ḡo raib i ro láim  
á' r nac múcḡar ro teaghlac ḡo o'í lá an  
b'ráta,

ainḡlirde na b'pláirḡar ro o' éimhac ḡac lá,  
ir tú an ḡaba aḡá múnḡe i o' céarúta."



4. 'Séapto 'oubhairt an ruiméara bí le mo  
 éaduib,  
 "Dap cinnte, a buadéall, ir veap an ball í,  
 bí an teannaire leatáir a' r an teitceas mór  
 fúití,  
 a' r ghearrfaó rí roimpe an buadán."  
 Séapto 'oubhairt an tabairneadóir bí or mo  
 éóthair,  
 "Dap cinnte, a buadéall, ir veap do éadg  
 mór,  
 b'fearr liom ná gini í agham go veó,  
 ir veap a éearfaó rí galún a' r báirín.

5. ná véanaduib iongnabó pe'n gába bí ann,  
 'Se Antoine ó Siopaodáin rinne an ball,  
 'Stá doime uairle Connacta 'glacabó ár laim  
 aise  
 a' r é a' veánam 'óóbéa "fenders" a' r  
 ghrádaí.  
 'Sé gléarrfaó an éadcta i b'roim 'r i gcaoi  
 go n-ionppróc' rí an fúo ó'n ngrinneall  
 aníor,  
 a' r a 'focpód' an b'ráca go ruirfeabó ré  
 ério,  
 a' r ni maíabó, nac nóeárfabó ré láiré!

## TRANSLATION.

1. I arose early one morning And visited Black Anthony's forge. "I have got the material here for a spade And I want you to make it immediately." He spoke to me politely and calmly, "If a hundred were before you, you'd be the first. Blow the bellows behind my back, And I'll start making your spade." | 2. He produced tobacco and a pipe, And seated himself on a chair by my side, An ounce of the leaves he smoked for food And proceeded to fashion (smooth) my spade. He settled the fire-place until it lay down, And by heating he joined the iron and steel, The sparks were rising to the roof of the house, While I was almost dying with laughter. | 3. When I had my spade finished off in my hand I prepared for work, and worked all day long; Not a young man born in the place But I'd surpass that day in a contest. "Strength and vigour be in your hand, May your hearth be not extinguished for ever, Protected by the angels of Heaven each day, You were the well-mannered smith in your forge." | 4. Thus spoke the carpenter by my side, "Surely, my boy, 'tis a nice article, The bellows was under it and abundance of heat, And 'twould cut before it the bone of a horn." Thus spoke the turner in my presence. "Surely, my boy, your big axe is a pretty one, I'd be better pleased to have it than a guinea, How nicely 'twould shape a gallon and basin." | 5. Don't ye be surprised seeing the smith that was in it. 'Twas Anthony Sheridan manufactured the article. The nobility of Connaught keep him constantly busy Making fenders and grates for them. He could prepare the plough in such a form and way That it would turn the sod up from the gravel, And adjust the harrow so that 'twould tear through it, And not joking, 'tis he that could make a spade!

I got this song from my friend Mr. Colman, Inspector of National Schools. It was taken down by him at Spiddal from a man named *thoclár* ó *bhuáin*. Mr. Colman tells me that *thoclár* was born on *Oileán Ruabó*, which lies in Lough Mask, near Clonbur. The barring in this song is slightly irregular, but the phrasing requires the full bar at the end.

## 78.—MÁIRE INNIS-SEIRC.

(MARY OF INNISHERK.)

$\text{♩} = 56$  Sung by TOMÁR Ua COLMÁIN.

1. Ó ruaidseádh an rathairt mé 'maó fuo na gleadann - ta, tá mo éilí  
caillte a' r caitear mé rí; ní rórraimn - re bean ar bit buailseádh le  
gail mé, 's minic le ráite do éirí rí mé a' gól. 2. Éadó mór ar  
oileán, ba ruidéan an áit rín, tuis mairé rairra liom tré n-a lár  
roir, carad an ainmhir liom, labair rí go  
cláir liom, a' rairraige céir b'ar mé nó cá raib mé ag oul.

3. “Ar raeáran ‘ra bfairrige cuirseádh le rán  
mé  
ar éuairrige mo báirín oiméige le  
rúit.”

Óa mbairseádh-ra ‘n t’airé óom bliaóan  
nó tré ráite  
beádh rós a’ r céad ráite agham ó máire  
innis-seirc.”

4. λέας ῥί ἀνυάρ ἀξάμ βορὸ ἀ παῖς ῥίον  
 ἀν—  
 “ἔηνξ ’σο ῥιῦθε ῥο n-olpaimio τοεό,  
 τὰ λάν buroél ἀξάμπα, ἀ’ῖ na ῥλοινεόδαί  
 lionτα” —  
 “ἑδάρτεδὸ na hoιόθε οὔιν” ἀν-πα μάιρε  
 ἡν-ῖ-Seipc.

5. τὰ περτεῖν na κορόινεαδ ἀν ἑορὰδ ἀ  
 κόιρτε,  
 τὰ πιορταλ ’n-α πόα ἀ’ῖ λανν ’n-α ῥλαιο,  
 τὰ búcali το’n ἀιρῆαο ἀ’ῖ bobpaí το’n  
 όρ’ci—  
 Cé οέάρπαδ naδ “Seó í, μάιρε ἡν-  
 Seipc.”

## TRANSLATION.

1. The priest has banished me out into the glens, My character is lost, and I must depart; I wouldn't marry any woman who would prove false to me, It's often for three months past she has made me weep. | 2. I went on an island, a very wild place it was, And I made a race down through the middle of it; I encountered a fair maiden, who spoke very gently, Asking where I came from, and whither I went. | 3. "I was sent wandering over the sea In search of my boat which had gone with a flood." Even if hardship should be my lot for a year or three-quarters, I'd have a kiss and a hundred welcomes from Mary of Innisherk. | 4. She laid down a table on which there was wine. "Arise, my friend," says she, "and let us have a drink; I've got a full bottle, and the glasses are filled." "The baptism of the night to us," says Mary of Innisherk. | 5. She has a picture of the crown on the front of her carriage, A pistol in her pocket, and a sword-blade in her hand. She has buckles of silver and ear-rings of gold. Who could help saying, "There's Mary of Innisherk"?

This is another song given to me by Mr. Colman, Inspector of National Schools. It is, I understand, fairly well known in the Spiddal and Carraroe districts of Connemara. There is a doubt about the proper title of the song, as a man from Spiddal assures me that they invariably sing it as “μάιρε ἡν’ Ὕτουρ” (perhaps “μάιρ’ ἡν-ῖ-ῤουρ,”—“Mary of Innisturk”?), but Mr. Colman, who has gone to some trouble in investigating the matter, is quite positive that it should be “μάιρε ἡν-ῖ-Seipc.” “The small island of Innisherk (‘ἡν-ῖ-Seipc’) is,” he says, “situated off Lettermullen. Máire was a servant on the island—so I heard from πάοραιο μάc Ὕοννέαδ, ῤόρ-α-Ḅίλ. I inquired from all the school children of Innisherk (they come to Lettermullen N. S.), but none had heard the song. I got, however, a verse or two from a little girl in the school at Carraroe.”

79.—bímís αἷς ὀλ.  
(LET US BE DRINKING.)

♩ = 58

Sung by πάροαις μόρι μας Ὀννέαδα.

1. τὰ λάρ-α θε'η ὀραοῖς ἀρ μο ἡατα, τὰ μο ἐαρ-α-βατ ῥῥαοῖτ' ἀρ μο  
ῥῥοῖς, μο ῥερ - 1 - βῖς τὰ'η α "ship - wreck - a," ἀ'ρ  
ῥῥοῖτ' α - τὰ μο ἐαρ - ὄς. ῥερ - αῖς - 1 - οἱ ῥύοαί ῥερ -  
αοο - αἱ, ῥερ - αῖς - 1 - οἱ ῥύο - αἱ ῥερ - ὄ, ῥερ -  
- αῖς - 1 - οἱ ῥύοαί ῥερ - αοο - αἱ, ἀ'ρ ῥερ - ὄ ἀ'ρ βί - μιρ αἷς ὀλ.

2. Ὑέαρραμν-ρε τῆι βα υαμῖ ρέιν σουτ,  
ἀ'ρ ταρβ 'να ὀιδιὸ ριν 'ῥα ῥόο,  
Σειρρεαδὸ θε ἐαραιλ ἀρ ἐαοῖς ἐνωικ  
Ὀά μβέιτέα ῥαν ῥλαοῦαδ ῥο τῖς ἀν ὀλ.

3. α ἐαλλῖς, νῖορ ὀλ με το ἐαορα,  
νῖορ ὀλ μέ το ῥυντ νά το ἐορῶν,  
Δε' α ἐαλλῖς, ρυλ α βῥάῥαο ἀν τ'αοναδ  
Ὀλραὺ μέ λυαδ θε ὀά βῥός.

## TRANSLATION.

1. There is a band of mud on my hat, My cravat is loose on my neck, My periwig has suffered shipwreck, And my coat is tattered and rent. | 2. I would give three cows of my own to you, And a bull in addition on the road, A team of horses on the side of the hill, If you'd only forsake the drinking-house. | 3. Old woman, I ne'er drank (the price of) your sheep, Your pound or your crown I ne'er drank, But, old woman, before I'd abandon the fair, I'd drink the price of your two shoes.

This song was also given to me by Mr. Colman, who learned it from πάροαις μόρι μας Ὀννέαδα, ῥορ-α-βίλ, Ὀννέμαρα. There should be another verse, but πάροαις had forgotten it.

## 80.—ΑΝ ΟΪΒΙΡΤΕΑΔ.

(THE EXILE.)

Sung by Miss BRENNAN,  
Athleague, Co. Roscommon.

$\text{♩} = 69$  *Mixe-Lydian mode.*

1. mo - - beannaét leat Δ éir mo xprát', ó r̄sar - éar mé 'sur  
 éú! mo beannaét leat Δé' ní xo brát, ní éeir - im leat Δ -  
 - oieú - ní éeir - im leat Δ - oieú, Δ r̄tóir - ní éeirim leat Δ -  
 - oieú; x̄rò - tr̄iall éar an tr̄ail - e m̄ór tá mé liom féin i noú.

2. Ir ouð atá an tr̄áile m̄ór,  
 Ir oim̄in ouð tá r̄i;  
 Δét ó ir oim̄ine tá mo x̄rón,  
 Ir ouibe tá mo époibe!  
 Δét ó ir ouibe tá mo époibe,  
 'S mé tr̄iall uat̄ anoét,  
 San fiop̄ aḡam an x̄p̄ill̄p̄r̄o mé  
 Xo brát oom' oileán boét!

3. Anoip̄ atá mé oul ar fán,  
 Ir tr̄uaḡ atá mo éar,  
 San fiop̄ aḡam x̄p̄uil r̄é a noán  
 Oam teáct xo brát ar air.  
 Liom féin atá mé oul ar fán,  
 Ar fead̄ an tr̄aoḡail m̄ór;  
 An ionḡantaé é, mo époibe beit̄ lán  
 'S mé r̄sar̄m̄ain le mo r̄tóir!

1. Farewell, farewell, dear land of mine,  
 Since I must part from you!  
 And yet—and yet—I hesitate  
 To speak my last adieu.  
 I do not say adieu, asthore,  
 I do not say adieu,  
 For though I sail the deep blue seas,  
 I still remember you.

2. Oh, gloomy are the ocean ways,  
 Deep with a wild unrest,  
 But blacker is the surging grief  
 That trembles through my breast—  
 That murmurs in my vacant heart,  
 Cold in this dark to-night—  
 I wonder if those island shores  
 No more shall glad my sight!



4. ní raib' don bean agham ná clann,  
 ná cailín ghráduig mé;  
 tuis mé ghrád' duit go hiomlán,  
 's tú fuair uaim uile é.  
 Bí pé có teit' aghur có píor.  
 nac bfeudaimn é do roinnt,  
 a' r' tuis mo éiríde í péim o'á tír  
 go glan gan caim' no faint.

5. má éuarraigim an raogal lán,  
 o'n mbáir go dtí an bonn;  
 má fíúblaim trío an domhan iomlán  
 anall aghur anonn;  
 ní bfuigir mé don áit go bráé,  
 don éiríneull, ball, nó clúio,  
 o'á scabairfaimn fearc mo éiríde 'r  
 mo ghrád  
 déit o'éiríonn cá faoi rmúio!

6. má tá rí 'noir faoi rmúio a' r' rghior,  
 tróm rmúio aghur tróm éo;  
 o tógfaimu a rmúio a ní,  
 a' r' rgharfaimu a ceo.  
 déit cá bfuil ráraó dam le rágaíl  
 's mé fao ó tír mo éiríde?  
 atáim ag iméadéit, 'pé mo éiríde,—  
 a bfuilfir mé a éiríde'?

7. déit móiríom é, cuimíneodair mé,  
 's mé míle míl' ó o' éiríde,  
 na cnoic 'r na gleannra o' áitíde mé,  
 na macáiríde 'r na bláé;  
 gíó b'é mo cáir go lá mo báir.  
 cuimíneodair míre éú;  
 a' r' muna bfeudaim teadéit ar áir  
 slán leat aghur a tieú!

3. I wander on my lonely way,  
 And bitter is my lot;  
 Perhaps I'm fated to return,  
 Perhaps—I know it not.  
 Alone I seek the lonely ways  
 Across the lonesome world;  
 Small wonder that the coils of grief  
 Around my heart are curled.

4. No mate I knew, no child was mine,  
 No maiden do I mourn;  
 The fullness of my love was thine,  
 Nor did I seek return;  
 So fervent and so pure it was  
 No soilure did it know,  
 I laid my heart against thy breast  
 And felt its fervid glow.

5. Were I to roam the wide, wide world,  
 And wander o'er and o'er  
 The devious winding ways of earth,  
 By surging sea and shore;  
 O, never, never would I find  
 One sweet secluded place  
 Meet for the loving glance I gave  
 Sweet Erin's clouded face!

6. A ruinous cloud is o'er her brow  
 Of black and ghastly sheen,  
 Yet shall the thunders of our love  
 In lightnings shroud our queen.  
 Oh, whither shall I seek repose  
 Far from the land I mourn,  
 Companion to a haunted heart  
 That hungers to return?

7. I swear I never shall forget,  
 Where alien waters boom,  
 The hills and valleys that I knew,  
 The beauty and the bloom;  
 And ever to my dying day  
 Shall I remember you,  
 And, should I never more return,  
 Farewell, dear land, adieu!

I give this farewell song—the last one in the book—as an example of a modern song creeping into folklore. The words were written by Dr. Douglas Hyde, and appeared in “*Fíor Cláiríneac na h-Éireann*” (p. 67), compiled by T. O'Neill Russell (1900).

I heard them sung some years ago at a Galway Féis by Miss Brennan, Athleague, Co. Roscommon. She told me she had learned the air from her mother.















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